WEEK ENDING JULY 27, 1929

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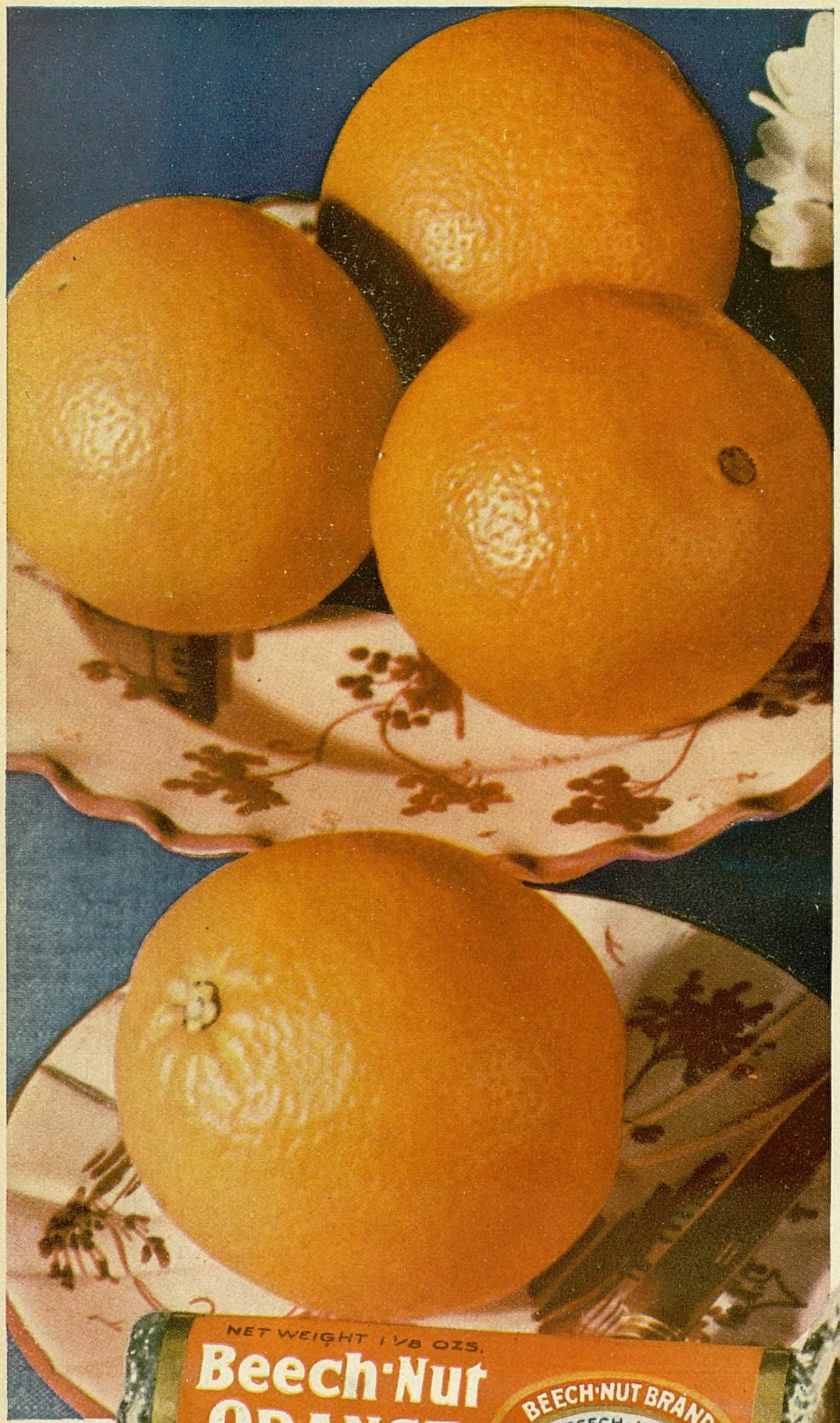

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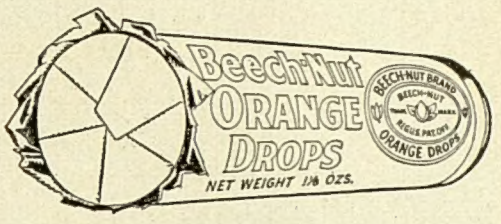

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JULY 27, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 NO. 29

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

YOU'RE NOT MARRIED UNTIL YOU'RE MARRIED

There have been quite a few celebrated breach of promise suits lately—suppressed, open, and otherwise. One of them involved in poignant circumstances a famous and courtly athlete. In another a widely known millionaire manufacturer was the protagonist. And so on.

Where information concerning these matters is available and may be given to the public, we must say it is handed right out without reserve. Certainly the newspapers print the details of the more notable battles of the sexes pretty much in full.

In fact it may be said that one of the greatest Aristophanic pleasures of the American people is to read in the papers the passionate epistles of Big Old Bear to Little Bright Eyes and the fervid messages which passed between Baby Bunting and her stalwart Ephalunt Man.

Trials of these cases are Roman holidays for those in the spectators' seats. But down in the arena the principals are tearing at each other's reputations and being let in for a lot of humiliation and suffering.

We should like to say a word for the principals.

Unquestionably, under existing laws, many breach of promise suits are straight blackmailing propositions. The woman sues not so much because she expects to be awarded money damages in court, but because the filing of the suit provides a lever for extracting a substantial settlement out of court.

A man's humiliation when his love letters are made public, especially if he is already married, is a potent weapon to hold over his head if you are asking for a check.

Some suits of designing females go beyond the limits of credibility in the fantastic nature of their charges.

In one the plaintiff may admit she knew the man was married, but offer the wistful plea that he said he'd get a divorce, and didn't.

In another the lady may have been married herself, and living an amiably ambiguous life with, you might say, her husband on one hand and her gentleman friend on the other.

Or again, a twenty-three-year-old musical comedy cutie from Broadway catches herself a meal-ticket who hails from the back reaches of Oklahoma or the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, and is on the shady side of sixty. Then she sues him because he deceived and deluded her with promises of marriage. And what's more, she collects.

The breach of promise laws of our fair country certainly lend themselves to blackmail, and we say something should be done about it.

It seems to us that when two adult people enter into a companionship, whether actually illicit or otherwise, and when such a companionship is broken off short of marriage, the woman has essentially no more right to complain than the man.

Of course there may be exceptions, as when there is a child or when a young girl has actually been seduced by false representations. But these cases seldom get into court.

In the eternal war of the sexes a pretty woman before a jury of men is apt to get her way. We think it might help if breach of promise cases were tried before mixed juries.

There has long been resistance to the idea of having women on juries on the theory that women would sentimentalize instead of considering a case on its merits. We think that when the plaintiff is a prepossessing female the woman juror is less likely to sentimentalize than the man.

Women can see through their sisters much better than men can divine them.

And while we are on this subject we should like to submit that much of what comes to mind concerning breach of promise cases can be said also of divorce cases.

Where two people are young, have no children, dissolve their marital relation by mutual consent, because they don't like each other, and make their mutual severance legal, it is often a great injustice when the man is taxed for life, maybe half his income, for payments to a woman who agreed with him that living together was much worse than living apart.

This may be, as has been said, a man's world, and it may be, as has also been said, the best of all possible worlds.

But if these laws are the best our lawmakers can do for the lords of creation, the poor fish, there still are certain substantial advantages in being a woman.

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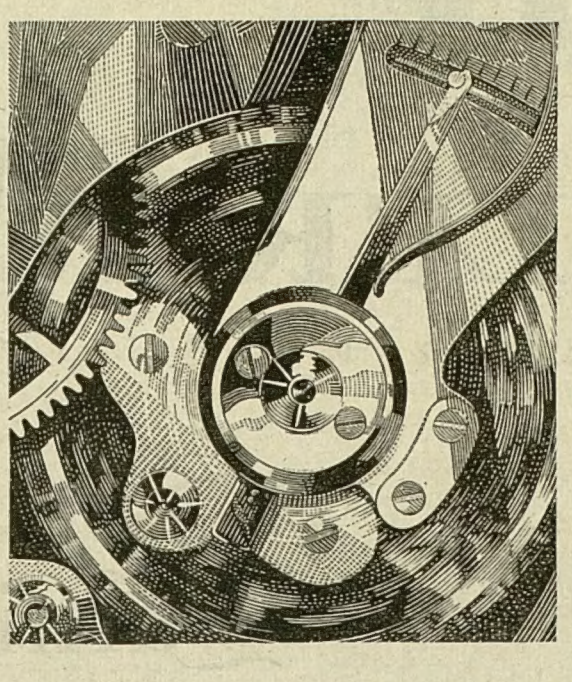

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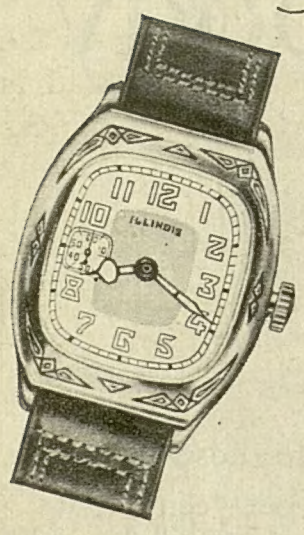

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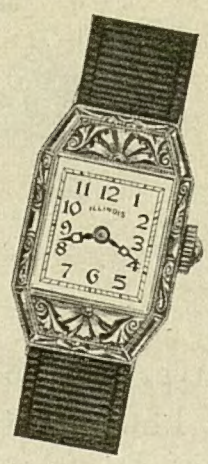

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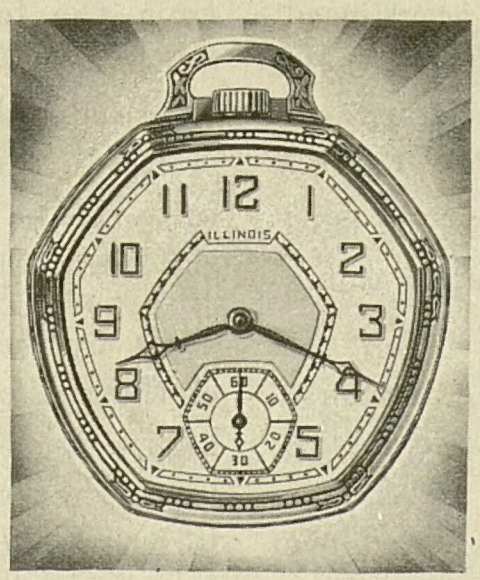

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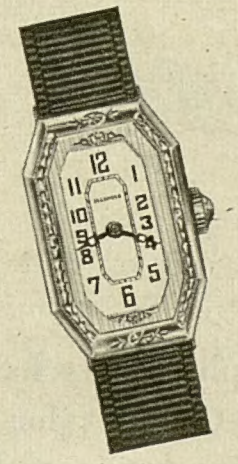

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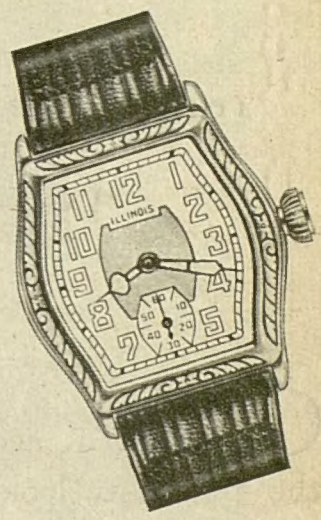

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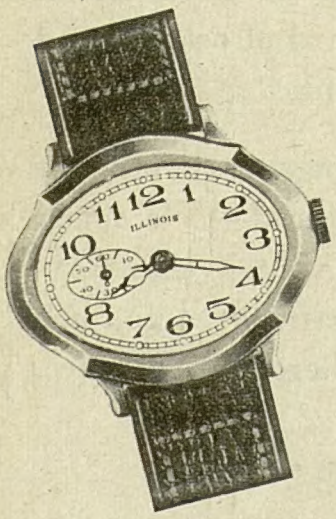

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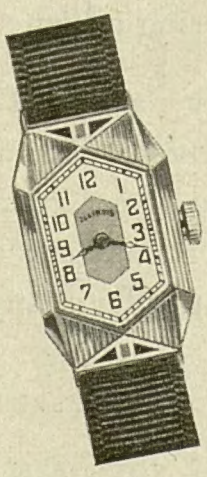

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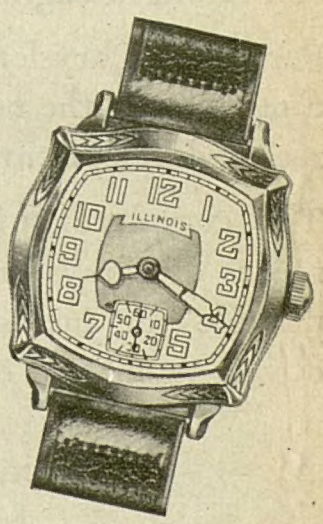

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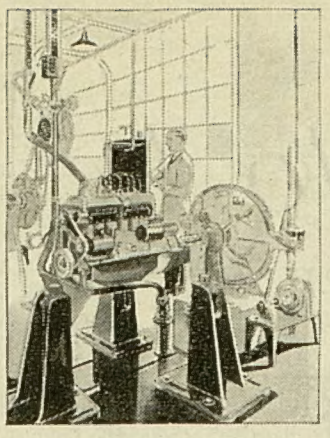

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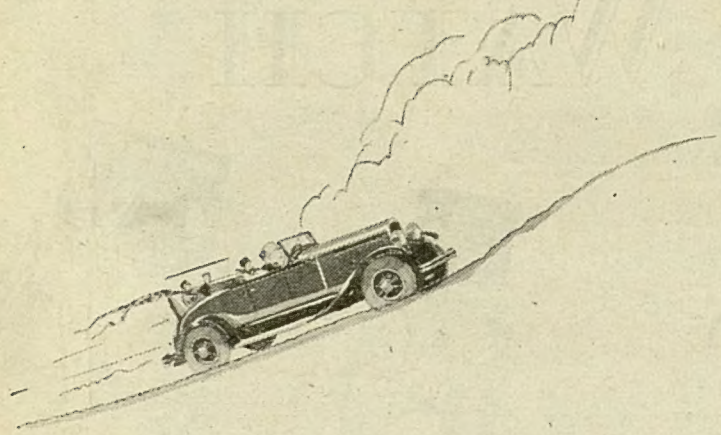

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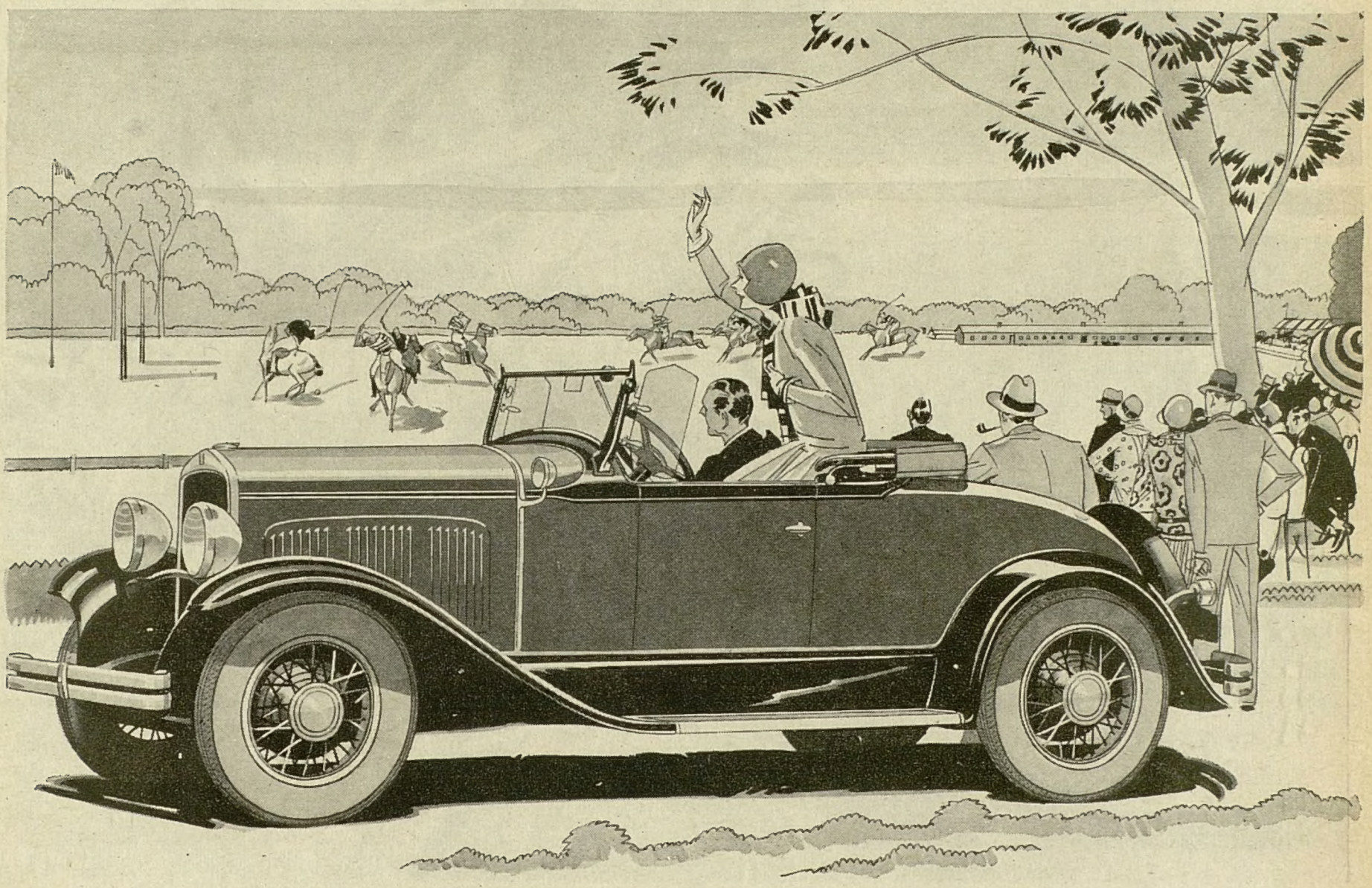

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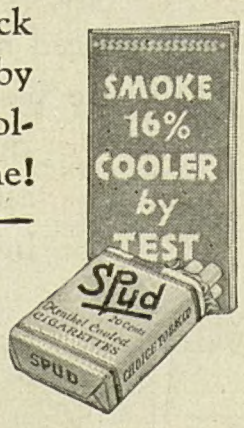

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

A Glass With You

A Tale from a "Dark Island"

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Strange places, strange people, and strange plots are part of the life of Miss Grimshaw. Even her address, Port Moresby, Papua, New Guinea, is at the front door of the last haunt of the cannibals. Most of her travels among savage scenes and savage men have been made alone.

Pictures by HARVEY T. FISK

Joe had cracked this particular New Mercian over the skull with an iron bar.

ON Garia plantation there were four whites — Joe Redfern, his wife Lydia, Dominick Peel (myself), and Gretta Stack—and all of us on that hot morning were in the latex house together.

Garia is a rubber plantation, a privately owned place, in the heart of the great dark island known as New Mercia. You come to Garia by a long forest track, riding for days and days, while your native boys carry your goods. You sleep in rest huts by night; all day you ride through forest that sweeps over you as seas sweep over a drowned sailor. Sometimes the sky looks through in a sparkle of blue stars; and sometimes you come on sudden conflagrations of bloom; and now and again birds break out with sharp beautiful words that you can almost understand.

It is long, but at last you come to daylight again, and a great clearing, and there is Garia at the end of the known world.

I had come thus, six weeks earlier, to take up the post of overseer with Joe Redfern, who was known to be the smartest plantation manager in New Mercia—and, it may be added, the least popular.

I wanted to learn all about rubber, and did not much care what wages I got or how I was treated while learning. Joe had the reputation of being a nipcheese and a bully, rare and unlucky combination. But he could grow rubber and manage natives, and I hoped, if I could learn to do as much, my father, down in Victoria, would furnish money to buy up one of the gone-to-bush plantations that were selling cheap in New Mercia at that time. And there I should be, independent at twenty-two, a master, and, perhaps, a married man as well. You may say I was over-young to think of settling, but—I put it to you—if you had had an estate and a home at two and twenty, who would be wearing your ring and ordering your dinners today? . . .

No, I thought not. But neither you nor I will ever tell her that. . . .

I had seen my girl and chosen my girl before I had well cut my wisdom teeth, just as others do. It is circumstances that beat us, not desires.

She was so young, hardly eighteen, that I did not think it necessary to speak out to her. I had said quite enough, I thought. And so I went off to seek my fortune, like thousands of others, and, like most of them, believed the girl "understood."

Perhaps the old sort of girl, the before-the-war girl, understood when a man loved and motored away, dropping hints instead of diamond rings into her lap. I am in a position to say that the post-war girl does not.

Lydia was very post-war; also she had red hair, and the temperament that goes with it—a perfect cocktail of a girl.

She didn't reach for the nearest spray of willow and

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

[A GLASS WITH YOU
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bind it round her brows; she reached for the nearest man and in no time at all had him round her neck.

This was why, at the end of my first six weeks on Garia plantation, I walked into the latex house one morning and was confronted by Joe Redfern, who had told me he expected his wife up from the port in a day or two, by Miss Stack, the housekeeper, and by—Lydia.

At first I did not understand. I thought she must have come to Garia on a visit. I had left her in Melbourne five months earlier when I went away to look for a job.

Once or twice since then I had written and received no answer. That was comprehensible; I had had no fixed address. But I always thought of her as fixed in her father's pleasant home at St. Kilda, enjoying herself as a girl should do, and waiting. . . .

When I saw her come into the latex house, tall and fit and smart looking, in the prettiest possible frock, with her hat off and her red curls rainbowed against the mounting sun, I experienced such a shock that the bottle of acid in my hand all but fell on the spotless, sacred floor. I saved it, put it down, and turned to her.

I had my mouth open to say I don't know what, when I perceived that she was deliberately avoiding me. I had not taken her by surprise, that was clear. And she did not mean to speak. . . .

"Oh, well," I thought resignedly, "you were always ginger, Lyddy. I suppose I'm due to catch it hot from you by and by. I suppose maybe I deserve—" And then my thoughts broke off with a whir, as a clock stops when you smash the spring. Joe Redfern—Joe with the gray goat eyes, and the flat, white, sweaty face, and the brutal lips that could bellow profanity across a fifty-acre clearing—had her in his arms and was kissing her as if he would kiss her away.

LYDDY—my Lyddy—was "the wife"—the girl who had gone down to port to buy clothes: the sweetheart whose absence Joe had briefly lamented now and then with a kind of simple candor that made one almost like him.

I had heard he was married. I didn't know to whom. I did know that Redfern had taken a holiday in Melbourne some few months before. But I thought nothing of it. All planters, now and then, went down to Melbourne or to Sydney for a little amusement.

Joe, however, had gone to some purpose; incidentally, had broken up my life. What was the prospect of owning a plantation now? What was the calm beauty of Garia that I had so loved, the emerald-lighted loneliness of the long avenues, the sunny clearings about the homestead, where young para, lake-green, stood up to the spreading light, its million pointed-finger leaves playing lightly on the harp of the southeast wind? All that had been a prophecy, a dream to me—when Redfern left me time for dreaming, which was not often. I had seen myself master of just such another place. I had pictured Lyddy, tall and fit and dainty, walking smartly down the star-radiating avenues—my avenues—under the rubber trees. . . .

Well, I saw her—with Redfern's rubber trees behind her, and Redfern's lips, instead of mine, on hers. And the sight—to quote from that stout fellow in the Bible who seems to have experienced every possible kind of ill luck, and who found telling words to describe it—consumed my bones.

You are not to suppose I let her know as much. If the position was not quite clear to me at the moment, I understood enough to know that I had been, in a way, jilted! (Couldn't she have waited? Couldn't she have let a fellow keep his pride; make a living for her before he offered it?) And I was determined to show a stiff upper lip before Lydia at any rate. So I uncorked the bottle that I carried in my hand, and began to measure acid into the beaker as if there were no such person as Lyddy in the world. Yet all the while I was conscious of that hideous feeling of bones melting away, and the rest of it, that the lamenter so candidly and vividly describes. Take my word for it, that chap had been through it all. . . .

Redfern, when he had done kissing her in his brutal way, called me forward and introduced me. "My new overseer, Mr. Dominick Peel," he said, and then, proudly, "My wife."

I have said that there were times when I almost liked Redfern; oddly enough this was one of them. My resentment was directed more against her than against him; and the pride he showed was entirely appropriate to the winner of a jewel like Lydia. Nevertheless, I could have wrung his neck with joy.

I SUPPOSE this feeling, broadcast from my emotion-charged mind, caught an aërial and expressed itself to the fourth person present, for in the same instant I met the eyes of Miss Stack, and, amazingly, read approval. It was but a moment—the curtain went down immediately and she was again the nervous, uncertain creature I had known and scarcely noticed for three weeks. There are many Gretta Stacks in the island world; some of them missionaries, some companions and housekeepers, unskilled occupations attracting them for the most part; all of them verging on a bitter old-maidenhood; all puzzled—disappointed that the lands which hold so many men should not hold one for them. Was it for this—one sees in their sharp faces—for this that we came thousands of miles, hopeful at last?

A common history, but there was something not common about that look in Gretta's face. "She has been one of the victims," I thought, not wronging her in my mind after any conventional fashion, for I did not mistake the case. "Almost better if . . ." I said to myself. But she flitted out of my thoughts as she had flitted in. That was the tragedy of Gretta—you could not keep your mind on her.

I put down the beaker with the acid. I didn't dare to venture on another trough of latex. Felt too badly at that moment.

I wanted to drive my fist, so much leaner and harder than Redfern's, into his fat, flat face and knock the look of triumph off it for good.

Since that was not to be thought of, I "cracked hardy" and pretended not to care.

"How do you do?" I said to Lydia, who should have lain in my arms. "I hope you didn't have a very hot trip up from port?"

And she, who had kissed me and cried, so that her salt warm tears ran into my mouth, said formally, "Oh, not at all, thanks. How do you like Garia?"

So that was it: we were not to have known one another.

"Very well indeed," I answered, Joe Redfern, meantime, looking from one to the other somewhat puzzled. I think he had expected more show of admiration. He liked to display his capture, collect suffrages of envy. . . .

In the latex house, wide, shadowy, and cool, the atmosphere grew swiftly more and more strained until it seemed like a stretched violin string about to break. Nothing but the arrival of Joe Redfern's morning milk saved the situation.

He was a huge, heavy, powerful fellow of the cart-horse kind, but, as I had already learned, there were weak spots in his big body, and the port doctor had counseled him, for the sake of certain needed vitamins, to drink milk. Joe hated it—whisky was more in his line—but he ordered and tossed down a couple of glasses daily. It was Miss Stack's duty to see that these unwelcome drafts were prepared, and she had come into the latex house (where he was generally to be found at 11 o'clock) just ahead of the boy and the tray.

Lydia, of course, knew all about it; she had spent some weeks of honeymoon on the place before escaping to port to consult a dentist—as she said. I think myself—but that is beside the matter.

"You appear to be a Jimmy Woodser," she remarked

satirically to her husband. A Jimmy Woodser in Australian slang is a man who drinks alone.

Redfern set down the glass and wiped his lips with his handkerchief. "Muck," he said comprehensively. "Who—I? Who wants the stuff?"

"What about Miss Stack?" said Lydia, talking, I guessed, for the sake of talking. She could not remain silent any more than a man can stand still upon hot plates of iron. Make no mistake, I was the better man, and she knew it just then; the thought was burning her.

"She can have what she wants," said Redfern carelessly. "She can have anything she likes." Mean in all things connected with the labor of the place, he prided himself on his hospitality.

The look that Gretta sent him out of her pale small eyes! She had been a year on the place. She must have wanted —hoped— But what matter? One never thought of her.

She was speaking. Gretta's voice was soft, and almost musical—the misfit voice of the attractive woman she should have been and was not. She had pretty hands, too; so many ugly women have. . . .

"Lyddy, will you leave him, anyhow? Why not go home?"

"Thank you," was all she said. "You've been very kind to me. I shan't forget it." And then we all went out into the sun again, and I watched Lydia walk away with Joe Redfern across the clearing and down the fluttering light green avenues to the plantation house—low and wide and red-roofed—that was their home. She was eighteen. He was thirty or so. They might live half a century together, loving and eating and drinking and having children, while I, maybe, was a pinch of dust adrift on the island winds. Somehow or other, long life was not in my thoughts or my desires that day.

I went no further than the threshold; there was the coagulating work to do and rubber couldn't be wasted though the world stood still. Six weeks on Garia had taught me the sacredness of that strange white blood of trees upon which the fortunes of half New Mercia hung. Rubber was holy; rubber was king.

OUTSIDE, the sun, white-hot as molten steel, flooded the clearing; shadows were shrunken black as fur. I turned into the grateful shadow of the rubber house, pure and cool as a dairy. The last of the boys were hurrying in with their enamel buckets, filled to the brim with creaming latex. Fluttering green shadows from the leaves outside made play upon the milky lakes of sap as I began to pour.

"It's beautiful, all of it, isn't it?" said Gretta's voice. . . . Confound the woman! I had forgotten she was there.

"Very beautiful," I agreed. "You like Garia?"

"I might as well be here as anywhere else," she answered, not without a certain bitterness. "Mrs. Redfern was kind enough to suggest I should stay on."

I realized that Lydia was no fool; she had sized up the situation without difficulty. Some women would have given the housekeeper her walking papers. Miss Stack, I remembered, had shown no particular gratitude for this condescension; she had winced away from the name of Mrs. Redfern every time it was uttered. If she had been more communicative, things, I reflected, would have been a good bit easier for me. I should have had some idea of what was coming; I shouldn't have been standing here in the latex house, working away with my very heart sick and my fingers cold on the warm glass of the beaker, cursing Miss Stack for being there, cursing myself for being there, at odds with all of life. No, I should have been well out of it all, somewhere a thousand miles away from Garia.

I could not make a bolt for it now. I should have to suffer things out—for a while, at any rate. And by this time I was well aware that plantation life is the worst possible scene for a comedy such as seemed likely to be played with our three lives. There was no other settlement for thirty miles; Joe Redfern and Lydia, Joe Redfern and I, Lydia and I, were the only possible combinations of society, to be repeated and again repeated. . . . Oh, and Miss Stack, of course. There, she was going away at last, thank God. She was gathering up the two streaky tumblers that Joe had reluctantly emptied; she was opening her sun umbrella—Gone!

. . . . .

REDFERN had lost a boy and had sent me out to hunt for him. The job suited me so little that I was sitting on a log not 300 yards from the plantation house, safely concealed by bush, waiting till the boy should have had ample time to clear off beyond pursuit before I obeyed orders. Joe could be cruel at times, not deliberately, but roughly and impulsively. He had cracked this particular New Mercian over the skull with an iron bar, and the native—who by some miracle was not killed—had promptly made off into the uncharted sea of the hundred-foot forest that surrounded the plantation. It was not likely that I, or any white man, could trace the runaway, but Redfern, when he was annoyed, had to be doing something, even something useless. He was one of those jumping-jack fellows, always on the go. What he wanted he wanted; wanted it at once with a bang. . . .

Sitting alone there on the log, a younger man, a better man, yet defeated by just this jumping-jack quality of Redfern's, I felt myself suddenly outclassed, depressed. There was a stream beside me to play Narcissus; take stock of my physical self. No beauty-man looked back at me from that primal mirror; a brown, tough chap with a certain gay musketeer touch about him; for all that, a steady fellow, one who could endure and wait. . . .

And much good enduring and waiting had done me! Much good they were likely to do. What was I enduring for, waiting for, now? I faced the question squarely. I don't know that I had reached an answer, when something happened that drove philosophy out of my head.

Before me in the mirror another face took shape. It was like looking into a magic crystal, seeing therein one's thoughts, one's fate. It was as if I had called her up by a spell; she who was never absent from my mind. Lydia.

I did not turn round. I said coolly, as if no stab of intolerable passion shook me at the sight, "Evening, Lyddy."

The face still looked, unmoving, over my shoulder. Lydia's shadow seemed to stare at mine. And the shadow said to the shadow what the substance had never dared to say (for we had kept on "cracking hardy" all these days, pretending that nothing had happened, or could happen), "Nick, what's going to become of me?"

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[A GLASS WITH YOU
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Answering the woman in the mirror, I said without moving, "Is there anything now?"

"There's this," she said, speaking with concentrated fury. "That I'll kill myself soon. I could stand him before—when I didn't know—but not now." She stopped, and went on, on a quieter note. "You were my man, Nick; you always ought to have been."

"Yes," I said. I knew it, too. She needed the steadiness of me; I wanted the fire and fury of her. Not but what I had fire of my own—but Lydia was a flame, in love, in anger, in daring. The mad impulsiveness of her beat against the same quality in Redfern. They tore one another already. I thought of the boy and the iron bar, and I was frightened for her.

She spoke again, almost as if she had overheard my thoughts. "I'm afraid, sometimes. This place is full of temptation."

"What do you mean?" I asked, swinging round to face her.

There was a look almost cunning in her eyes. "Never mind," she said. "But it is full of gateways, easy gateways. And one never knows one mightn't—walk through."

I suppose I did not quite catch the significance of this: you know how it is when you listen so closely to the speaker that the words seem to miss you. I said what was in the bottom of my heart: "If you'll come with me, I'll honor you like my sister till he gets a divorce."

LYDIA sat down on the log beside me; stretched out her long beautiful legs. Silent, she was looking at the tan shoes that covered her slim feet. "He wouldn't," was her verdict, delivered after some moments' study of straps and rubber soles. "And I know what you're going to say—and I wouldn't. So that's that."

"Lyddy, will you leave him, anyhow? I thought you were going to rub along, but since it's like this—why not go home?"

She jumped to her feet.

"Do you see me—me," she cried, "back again like a bad penny, returned after a wedding in the cathedral and bridesmaids and all of it—gone back to sit on the veranda with a dog and a pack of patience cards for the rest of my life—like an old maid? No, a hundred times worse. Me!"

"No," I answered her. For, indeed, I did not see my cocktail girl filling any such position. Nor did I see her wandering the world at my side, undivorced, a mark for snubs and sneers.

Suddenly she fell from the fiery mood into another. She was soft now; tears were not very far from her eyes. "And you know," she was saying, "they are right when they tell you the islands are made for love. And the plantations most. They are so beautiful and so lonely, and you get right away from the world into a sort of Garden of Eden, only as to Eden—if there ever was one—I don't suppose any place in Mesopotamia, which by all accounts is a pestiferous pighole, ever was half so perfectly top-hole as Garia."

She sat upright, her eyes wide open; she talked and talked. "I will not cry. I'm damned if I'll cry," I could almost hear her say to herself. She was always so plucky, my cocktail girl—who was not my girl, after all. And Garia was lovely, as only these warm paradises are. Nowhere else on earth such a blare of living blues and greens; nowhere such suns of melted gold, day-long and year-long; nowhere anything like the palms, green-gold feathers in daylight, spouting and flashing silver beneath the moon. And the rubber, the delicate stately Hevea, fine-fingered, fluttering, almost alive; trickling white blood into its thousands of latex cups, drinking the furious swift rains like wine. . . . And under its leaves, while rain cascaded, butterflies, white-velvet, sapphire-silk, clinging with folded wings ready to rise and sail like fairy birds as soon as the storm passed by. . . . And paradise birds, well named, that danced on dead trees, high and disposedly as Queen Elizabeth, their golden wings flashing as they sprang. And the strange birds, velvet-coated, that hid themselves and spoke with words almost human instead of songs. And the songs of others, high, piercing-sweet, reproaching us who might be happy and were not. . . . There was one of them now in the forest, fluting to break a star-crossed lover's heart. Lydia spoke no more than truth when she said that Garia was meant for love.

In the next moment Gretta's tumbler was o

THAT was why I got to my feet and dashed upon indifferent subjects. "Did you see the runaway?" I asked, well knowing that she had not.

"If I did," she said, "I'd help him to run. For very little I'd run myself—only where?"

"You've only to say the word and I'll go away and wait," I told her. "I'll wait down in the port. I'll wait a hundred years." Which was not at all what I had meant to say. There'd been a splendid, priggish, self-denying speech somewhere in my throat, but it died before birth and I was glad.

oor and she had sprung to his assistance. "What is it?" I heard her say.

"Oh, what's the use?" she said. "What's the use of anything? Nick, I'm afraid of myself sometimes."

"Why?" I said, fronting her so that her eyes could not escape from mine.

She met the challenge; stared back at me. "I don't know," she evaded. "Nick, I say, Nick—what about that boy? Which boy was it?"

"You don't want to know, but I'll tell you. It was an eastern boy, a fellow who'd been on Kalalu plantation as boss tapper before he came here; looks after the cattle, too, and can coagulate as well as I can at a pinch. The very last boy to go monkeying with when we're so short of labor. It's a pity Redfern didn't go for one of the northern river boys with his crowbar, when he was at it. They'd have given him something to go on with, and maybe cured him. But a tribesman from the eastern island is just a sheep."

"Sheep or not," she said, "we're in for a hot time in the old town tonight if Joe has lost his best tapper. He does run so jealous of the Kalalu people. Gretta Stack and I'll get the brunt of it, I suppose, as if it was our fault. Why didn't she make him fancy her? A woman who's not an absolute idiot can, and Gretta would have loved his caveman ways. I think she did. I think she'd knife me if she dared, but she's another sheep—she might have come from the eastern group herself. Oh, Nick, my heart's sore, but I'm not going to talk any more to you; it does no good and I don't know what's going to happen to any of us. Stop there, don't come back with me. There'll be caveman behavior enough going on without that."

I LOOKED at her and I did not kiss her; there was the thought of Joe Redfern in my mind, and how he had held her in his arms down in the latex house, and kissed her as if he would kiss her away. "Divorce!" I thought in a sullen flash. "If he wasn't dead and stamped down in his grave and rotted in it, I'd not touch your little finger. I'm no sharer with men above ground, anyhow." And I fell to thinking, as she moved away, of that slight trouble of Redfern's and what it might be: whether it would allow him to reach middle age.

"It will," I thought. "He'll live forever if he knocks off whisky, and probably if he doesn't. Hated men live long."

And so the sunset of a most miserable day flared down behind the tree tops and I went home to my cabin; no use, I knew, to look for the missing boy.

Redfern, next day, was in a devilish temper. I could only conjecture what a time Lydia must have had with him last evening, for she did not appear. The work went quicker than usual; everyone feared to meet the master's eye. Twenty minutes or more before the usual time the last of the latex buckets was in and the work of making rubber begun. And, as before, while I was measuring and filling, in came Gretta Stack, a boy behind her carrying the tray with Redfern's dose. That was what he called it; so far, I don't think it had done him any particular good.

It was cool in the latex house, which was built on the newest plan, with floor of cement, tiled shelves, and sliding doors that could be flung open to catch every breath of air.

It was very still, too; the forest came close up about the house, rubber all of it and old enough to carry a heavy top of leaves. A secret, silent place, full of strange romance—or so I had been used to imagine till Redfern's celebrated driving instincts came into full play and ran me along so fast that I hadn't time to think, much less to dream, in working hours.

Joe was the soul of punctuality, for all his jumping-jack character. The last of the buckets had barely foamed its contents into the last of the white-enameled troughs, when horses' hoofs came cantering, tirra-lump, tirra-lump, along the pathway, and the master of Garia slid down from his saddle and stumped into the latex

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[A GLASS WITH YOU
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house. He was fearfully hot; he swabbed his forehead with his handkerchief, and stood for a moment, gasping like a stranded fish. I thought, as I looked at him, that the unpleasant pallor of his face was more than usually noticeable in this heat—when everyone else was flushed—and once again the question flashed into my mind, "How long will he live?"

But I am glad to think—I shall be glad for all my life—that with that thought came another: "You took my girl, and you're the two ends and bight of a damned brute, but, all the same, I wouldn't grudge you or any man an hour of God's sunlight, a day of walking about on earth and finding it good. It's a good earth in spite of all, and I dare say, like the dogs and cattle, you can relish your share of it."

He was in a bad temper, as I have said; he chose to ignore me. It was to the other courtier that he turned his royal face. "Here, Miss Stack," he said. "Lyd was grousing on me the other day because I was a Jimmy Woodser, drinking alone. I'll give you the second glass today." He held out one of the filled, snowy tumblers to her. "Here's luck," he said, and flung the other down his throat as if it had been black draft.

I had the beaker in my hand and was pouring the measured acid which in a brief while would turn the trough of creamy fluid into white solid rubber, ready to go through the wringers and to come out in flat, printed sheets like little Turkish bath towels. Such was the magic of the coagulating house, followed later on by that of the smokehouse, where the opaque white sheets would turn to translucent amber. I wasn't thinking of that, or of anything in particular, as I did my work. Certainly I was not thinking of Joe Redfern and his draft; I had seen him disgustedly toss it down some scores of times by now. . . .

I don't know what it was that made me lift my eyes (at peril of ruining some gallons of latex) and see what I saw; what I am never likely to forget.

Joe Redfern was leaning against the nearest table, his face scarlet, his eyes projecting. One hand was in his mouth. I could not make out what he was doing; it looked almost as if he was trying to choke himself. The other clutched at the glass he had just set down—the empty glass.

I saw all that in a flash, and in the next moment Gretta's tumbler was on the floor, broken, the milk running out of it, and she had sprung to his assistance. "What is it?" I heard her say.

He took his hand from his mouth. "Mustard," he said. "Quick—damned quick! I've drunk latex."

SHE screamed at that; a thin, shrill cry like a ghost's. She ran out of the latex house into the hot sun. She tried to catch the horse, missed it, and let it go. I saw her hurrying toward the house, which was a good half mile away. She might as well have tried to run to the port for all the help she could bring. I did not attempt to follow her. I knew just what the mock milk of the rubber trees, indistinguishable at a casual glance from the real thing, could do if suddenly cast into a human stomach. The gastric juice would coagulate it just as quickly as my acetic acid coagulated the latex in the troughs. The wretch's interior, in fewer minutes than it would take to tell, would be a solid lump of rubber.

"It happened on Kalalu," I thought, horrified, hurrying to Redfern's side.

"I remember—the boy who'd been working on a dairy farm—who would try the latex because it looked like milk—died—no doctor. Here, old man, drink water—drink a lot—it'll maybe help you." I had the water can to his mouth. There was just a chance. . . .

He drank and choked, and drank again. His face grew clay-colored as he struggled to rid himself of the poison. No use!

Panting, he let himself slip to the littered floor in a pool of spilled white liquid that might have been latex, or milk, or both. "I'm done," he said, his harsh voice shrill with astonishment—the immemorial astonishment of life surprised by death.

The nearest surgeon, the nearest help, was three days' ride away. That night we buried Redfern.

Miss Stack had cried hysterically all day long. After the end, I went to her room and walked in without the formality of knocking.

"I want you to tell me," I said, "just how that fatal mistake was made, if you know. You're the housekeeper; it's up to you."

She sat erect on her bed and stared at me. It had grown dark; the incandescent lamps were lighted; a glare of white flame illuminated Gretta's small pinched face. The windows were black; you could not see the stars or the ocean of forest outside, but you could smell the thick-sweet smell of trumpet flower and hear a flying-fox scream angrily among the orange trees. I felt, of a sudden, that we were all very far away from the national, commonplace world of the settlements; that here, in the enormous lonely forests, anything might happen—might have happened. . . .

GRETTA kept silence for a time. I waited. "I don't know what you want," she said at last. "I didn't fill them. I know no more than you."

I thought of the glass in her hand that had fallen shattered to the floor. I thought of something else; of a dark face that had looked, for one moment, out of the thick bush beyond the rubber house, when I was working over Redfern. The face of the runaway boy. . . .

But that might have meant nothing. He was probably hungry—looking for a chance to steal food. And the island boys were sheep, were they not?

Yet—the boy had worked on Kalalu, had seen his comrade die. And poison is the sting of weak creatures. Of women, too. . . .

Was she as clever as that? The glasses of milk—an innocent mistake—filled from the wrong bucket—with the day's milking standing beside a latex bucket and a stupid boy at work. Yes, I could hear that defense. And the floor of the latex house, when I went to look at it that afternoon, had been washed clean. Nothing in that; the floor was washed every day, though perhaps not quite so early. But there was nothing to tell now whether the second glass, so unexpectedly offered to Gretta, had contained milk or the white deadly venom of the Hevea. Much turned on that—if one had known.

I realized that one would never know for certain. Whether she was innocent—and she looked it, crying upon the bed, that little white-faced thing whom no one loved; whether the boy was guilty; whether the two of them had combined to gain a common end; or whether there had been a genuine mistake and no one was guilty at all—I could not tell. And, unless I was much mistaken, the inquiry that I foresaw would find out nothing either.

I left her alone. I went out into the hall and stood looking down the long veranda, splendid with stars.

Was it too soon to remember that the barriers were down, the long pain over; for Lydia and myself a new life might begin?

"I will think about all that," I said, "tomorrow."

. . . . . .

Months afterward she said to me, "I always knew it must have been Gretta, because she ran away after and because of all sorts of things."

"The boy ran away, too," I reminded her.

"Men are stupid," was all her reply.

I have often wondered. . . . She spoke of "temptation"—would those red lips have been stilled forever as Redfern's brutal mouth was stilled, if Gretta or the boy, whichever it was, had not acted first?

I don't know, thank God. I never shall. We are happy together—and I am growing coconuts.

THE END

Garbo

The Mystery of Hollywood

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

than whom no one has a better right, you might say, to tell about Hollywood and its people; she was born in Los Angeles (of which Hollywood is a suburb), grew up there, and still lives near by. She started out as a reporter on the Los Angeles Evening Herald, but since 1918 she has been writing for the magazines—short stories and novels as well as things about the movies. She also is the author of a number of screen plays and adaptations.

NO one knows where she came from.

No one knows where she is going.

Through a desert of loneliness she moves, the one mysterious figure Hollywood has ever produced.

Garbo.

There is but one way to write of this woman who has caught the imagination and stirred the senses of the American public as no other screen star has done—this woman who on the screen is a great artist able to suggest the whole gamut of human emotions with her slightest gesture, who off the screen is an awkward, lonely girl wrapped from curious eyes in a heavy, boy's coat and from curious minds in an armor of protective silence.

And that is to write truthfully as of a mystery.

For no one knows Garbo.

Not even Jack Gilbert, with whom she was once in love. Not even the directors who work with her. She alone of all the unique personalities who have moved beneath the giant spotlight focused upon Hollywood has actually withstood its searching rays. The tall Swedish girl, with her slow, imperfect English, her long, striding walk, her direct, unrevealing gaze, is the only woman I know who has bloomed into stardom in the hothouse of motion-picture stages without revealing to the world a biography of her life and soul. Or, as an alternative, "going Hollywood" and becoming someone entirely different from her real self.

Garbo remains Garbo.

The Garbo of the silver sheet is a creature of one dimension. The millions who yield to the Garbo lure know her well. They know every movement of that long, graceful body, every change of that lovely, expressive face. But no one has ever seen that glamorous Garbo in the flesh.

Unlike so many others of her profession, Garbo has never mingled and melted this personality with *herself*. It remains a creation of the camera; Trilby of that Svengali called the Motion Picture.

Behind this exotic favorite, what?

Of herself Garbo once said, "Exotic? Weird? If I am that way, then I wish I should shoot myself."

That is why, perhaps, Garbo is not a social success in Hollywood, why upon her few ventures into Hollywood gatherings she has proved a disappointment to the select inner circle. For, remember, Garbo is as unknown, as mysterious, to the film colony as she is to the mass of motion-picture fans who throng the theaters where her pictures play.

They expect to see the woman of the screen.

They meet instead a shy girl who scorns the usual social graces, who speaks only what she thinks, who shows a contempt for the superficial things of life.

They are disappointed.

And Garbo only says, "Well, it is not *me* they are interested in. It is the screen Garbo."

It is rather a big person who is not satisfied to take

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unto herself as a woman the homage aroused by the actress. Understanding and even admiration she might accept if they were offered to Garbo minus the glamour bestowed by her rôles and her photographic beauty. But her mind rejects as a personal tribute the adulation given her work. There is a stark and powerful honesty about such a woman.

Oddly enough, one of the few other people I have ever known who possessed it is Jack Dempsey. I remember his turning to me once in the midst of a crowd that was cheering him wildly and saying rather wistfully, "It isn't *me* they are cheering. It's the heavyweight champion of the world."

Chaplin has it, too.

All three of them have known bitter poverty and desperate struggles.

In Garbo's eyes is the disillusion of the woman who hears in her heart the voices of her nearest and dearest shouting, "La reine est morte. Vive la reine!"

There is a story of a Hollywood party—a very brilliant and exclusive affair it was, too—to which Jack Gilbert and Garbo were invited. All the other guests were assembled. Some of the royalty of filmdom were present.

Word had been passed that Garbo was coming. Everyone was on tiptoe, breathless with expectation. Garbo, the remote, unknown Garbo, was coming!

An hour late, she arrived.

And then a damper fell upon the entire party.

The lion was not roaring according to expectations, was in fact a wet blanket.

Where was the naughty and temperamental temptress?

They saw only a girl plainly and rather badly dressed—she has no love for clothes. They give her the gorgeous frocks she wears in her pictures. More often than not she forgets to take them home and they hang in the wardrobe until they are made over for someone else. No make-up on her face—she never uses any make-up except before the camera. Very quiet—her English is still imperfect and she is naturally a silent person; there is about her none of the "entertainer" quality that is characteristic of so many Hollywood girls.

Garbo, as a misunderstood wife, with Nils Asther in a scene from Wild Orchids.

NO wonder the party felt cheated of its sensation.

Perhaps they should have run one of her pictures.

Soon Garbo went home.

"People look at me like I am some *animal*," says Garbo.

Yet I am willing to wager that if someone had stopped Garbo outside the door and told her there was a camera inside and that she must play for the party as she would a similar scene in a picture, she could have won that gathering as completely as she wins audiences.

That is not her way. She never acts off stage—which is strange for an actress and even for a woman, since all women are natural-born actresses. Many an Ethel Barrymore employs all her talents in the drawing-room.

At the regular Sunday tennis parties at Jack Gilbert's home on a hilltop back of Beverly Hills, Garbo was never one of the gang. A certain quiet aloofness marks her in the midst of convivial merrymaking. In a bathing suit that never quite fits, with an old straw hat over her long bobbed hair that half hides her face, she will lie for hours in the sun, relaxed, indifferent, looking more like some peasant girl than like an exotic enchantress. She rouses herself to come on to the court, where she plays the best tennis of any girl in pictures, hitting terrific drives like a man. Then, wiping the sweat off her face with her forearm, she retires once more into herself.

Occasionally she goes with Jack to Lilyan Tashman's house. Around the witty and vivid Tashman revolves a clique comprising most of the wits and intellectuals of Hollywood. Garbo sits back and listens, eats large quantities of the excellent food for which Lil is famous, and at any time arises without excuse and goes home.

It was this aloofness, this actual dislike of people and parties, that brought about the first real quarrel between Garbo and Gilbert. For Jack is a genial soul and loves his kind. Laughter comes easily to him and he enjoys almost any kind of company where talk flows. His house has always been a gathering place for a gang.

Garbo objected.

In fact, one evening when she arrived for dinner expecting to find Jack alone and discovered instead half a dozen voluble friends gathered about the cocktail shaker, she turned around and went home.

Garbo with her origin as they looked on the

The next morning Jack came into his office at the M-G-M studio in a thunderous mood.

"If Miss Garbo phones," he said coldly to his secretary, "I'm not here."

And he went out. An hour later he came back. "Has Miss Garbo phoned?" he demanded.

"No, Mr. Gilbert," said the secretary.

"Well," said Jack, the cloud upon his brow growing darker, "if she does, I'm not here. Say I won't be here all day."

Another exit. This time only half an hour elapsed before his return.

"Did Miss Garbo phone?"

"No, Mr. Gilbert."

"Well," said the screen's great lover, "get her for me on the phone, will you?"

That time they effected a reconciliation and a compromise. But gradually their relations shifted. Rarely as it happens, the burned-out passion became a deep and tried friendship.

Both of them realized some time ago that marriage for them was impossible. Jack's sudden marriage to Ina Claire was no surprise to anyone, so far as Garbo

was concerned, and it did not seem to affect her in the slightest.

"Why should I have anything to say about it?" she said when someone asked her. "I hope they be very happy. Jack is my friend."

There is something more than mere aloofness in this aversion to people that Garbo shows so markedly. There is fear—fear that people will laugh at her, will misunderstand her. She even shrinks from the gaze of the extra people on her set. That, a psychologist would tell you, must come from some sad experiences of her childhood, a childhood of which she refuses to speak to anyone.

When she first came to Hollywood, penniless, unknown, wearing the cheap little checkered suit that for months was her only costume, many people tried to be kind to her. This is a kindly place; they were shocked at her loneliness. It is the one thing all Hollywood fears most—loneliness.

rector, Maurice Stiller, rst arrival in New York.

The famous John Gilbert-Greta Garbo combination in a passionate scene from Love.

Max Ree, the Danish costume designer, knew Garbo when she first arrived in this country. Soon afterward he was called back to Europe and before he left he said to a young woman writer on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, "I wish you'd take time to do something for Garbo. She doesn't know a soul here and she must be lonely."

So the young woman, a very attractive and vivacious girl, did. She went to Garbo's dressing room one day and said, "I'm coming down to see you some afternoon soon."

"That will be fine," said Garbo.

"We'll have to do something. What do you like to do?"

"I like to sleep," said Garbo.

"W-well," said the other girl, "maybe it would be nice to go somewhere and have tea."

"I do not *like* to have tea," said Garbo.

"We might go for a drive or a walk."

"I do not *like* to walk," said Garbo.

Naturally the girl, not being overly fond of afternoon naps, gave up the struggle.

Garbo's great recreation is motion pictures. Here, as in other instances, I think she combines business and pleasure. Near her hotel is a small neighborhood theater. Garbo went there regularly three times a week for over a year. Always alone, always wearing the boy's overcoat, the plain felt hat pulled down over her hair, the same dark glasses. At the end of that time the manager somehow or other discovered who she was and told his patrons. Garbo went once after that—and never again.

But somewhere in this loneliness is the real Garbo.

A dumb Swede, tremendously plastic emotionally because of her very dumbness, and possessing some strange lure to the senses because of the photographic contour of her face which suggests passion by its mere conformation, as Mary Pickford's suggests purity because it is modeled on the traditional lines of famous madonnas and Botticelli angels?

Or a woman of profound intelligence and great business acumen, who goes far below the surface of everyday living and protects herself from time-wasting and worthless contacts by her lack of response?

In almost every personality there is one trait that predominates. In Garbo's it is her ability, almost her necessity, to stand alone. A predominating trait so unusual in a woman that it arouses instantly a violent interest.

I DO not know Garbo. It would be dishonest to pretend that I do. Other writers have done that, to her indignation. One interviewer burst forth with an article pretending to give inside information on Garbo's likes and dislikes, ideas and opinions. The article said she loved birds. And dogs. And horses. And flowers. It grew "mushy."

Garbo read it.

"They make damn fool out of me," said Garbo.

I do not know Garbo. I have met her, of course, and carried away an impression of a white, controlled face, a certain awkwardness, and something indescribably sad. When I was through finding out all that I could about her, I wished that I did know her. My final reaction was that she would be a priceless friend.

They told me, a good many people, that she was just plain dumb. But I decided it would take a very smart woman to seem as dumb as everybody said Garbo was.

They told me she was temperamental. But when I was all through, I found she had displayed temperament only when and where it did her a lot of good.

They told me she was eccentric, but in the end all her eccentricities appear to be of one kind: her determination to be herself, her desire to be alone, her refusal to pretend, to pose.

The picture of her that persists in my mind is of the tall figure wrapped in the rough coat, the wind whipping the light brown hair back from her white face, sitting alone and motionless on the sand, staring for hours at the restless sea.

It must have been a drab and dreary childhood from which Garbo now retreats in so marked a fashion. Questions concerning those early days meet a heavy-lidded stare, as though the soul itself shrank from memory's contemplation. I have seen the same expression in Chaplin's eyes when something brought up the days of his London boyhood.

All anyone actually knows is that she was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906. There was a sister whom Garbo adored in an undemonstrative way of her own and whose death a year or so ago caused her lasting grief. A brother. A mother upon whom Garbo now seems set on showering

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[GARBO
Continued from page seventeen]

the things those early years must have been without. Poor people, of a class to which education is a luxury. The daughter who was to become famous succeeded in gaining some training in the Stockholm schools.

We pick her up definitely when at sixteen she became a pupil at the Royal Dramatic Academy of Stockholm. Nils Asther, who knew her there, says she never reached the stage in Europe. She was only a reader and student..

At the academy she met the ruling figure of her life, the strange, shadowy figure that moved—and still moves, ghostlike—behind every act and thought of Garbo's existence. The dominating figure of her destiny—Maurice Stiller.

The romance of Garbo and Jack Gilbert, which pleased the public used to seeing them in impassioned embrace upon the screen, was a stormy one of opposites, an uncertain thing swinging through cycles of bliss and disaster, surrenders and withdrawals. Off again and on again. The sort of romance Elinor Glyn loves to write about.

But the affair with Stiller was something different.

Beyond question, Garbo worshiped the Swedish director with an almost doglike devotion. He was *master.* Unquestioning, she followed him to a strange land. Unquestioning, she obeyed his every word. When his artistic ideas and efforts failed to meet success in American pictures while her work was gaining recognition, she still made every attempt to follow him from one studio to another and finally back to Sweden. Nothing but ironclad contracts and his own advice prevented her. In the beginning she would always leave the dashing and handsome Gilbert at one word of Stiller's guttural voice. Her work itself was molded to conform in the smallest detail with what he had taught her in the academy and in the few pictures they made together in Sweden. After they came to this country she consulted him as to every step.

Garbo in The Temptress.

In Hollywood we knew Stiller as one of the most foreign and aloof of the army of foreign directors who invaded the camp of motion pictures. Cruikshank, the artist who illustrated early sets of Dickens, would have loved Maurice Stiller as a model. His features suggested that English school of caricature. Yet half an hour's conversation and you forgot his unprepossessing exterior, and fell under the spell of a deep and cultured mind, a fascinating imagination, a picturesque wit.

STILLER had brains if he lacked beauty, and Garbo seems to have understood and appreciated them. Though there was more than that to the attachment which bound them inseparably in the days following their arrival. He had a power over her which is not easily explained.

But for him she would never have come to Hollywood. No one wanted the Swedish girl.

Louis B. Mayer, head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company, wanted Maurice Stiller, the director whose pictures made in Sweden he had admired. Stiller refused to come without Garbo. After some dickering, Mayer gave the girl a small contract in order to get the director.

Stiller, unable to accommodate himself to American motion-picture technique, was a total failure; but Garbo, who had to be forced down Mayer's throat and was regarded by him as excess baggage, made him a fortune.

Anyway, there came to Hollywood two Swedes—Stiller and Garbo. The girl in her ten-dollar checked suit, bewildered, frightened, unhappy; but obedient to the man she adored.

It is amusing now, contemplating the omnipotent star she has become, to think of the treatment Garbo received on the M-G-M lot that first year. The motion-picture camera never had a chance to exercise its magic on her. Chiefly they used her for publicity "gag" pictures. She posed in trick garters, with new models of automobiles, and alongside visitors who were not important enough to rate one of the stars. When the pictures came into the publicity office, Pete Smith, head of the department, usually chucked them into the waste-basket.

All Garbo said was, "When I am big star, I will *not* get publicity by shake hands with prize fighters."

She has kept that promise.

THERE is another thing brought out by those publicity pictures with which the studio kept her busy.

Whenever they were being posed, a group of men gathered about to watch — electricians, cameramen, actors. Other girls could work in the gallery all day, girls prettier and more important, and no one paid the slightest attention. The moment Garbo appeared, the men came. No one understood exactly why.

The hairdressing department knew her well and most unfavorably. Who was she, this unknown foreigner, to sit before a mirror and dismiss their best efforts with a monotonous, "Garbo no like"? However, they kept at it until at last they evolved the long bob which so perfectly suits Garbo's beauty and which is now imitated on three continents.

Monta Bell, among Americans, first saw her possibilities. Stiller was fighting for his own existence and could do nothing for her. Having been in his day a great newspaper man, Monta brought with him into pictures a camera eye and a trained psychology used to delving beneath the surface. He gave Garbo her first real screen test, then her first part in The Torrent.

From there her rise was steady and inevitable. Something about her caught the popular imagination. Here was passion made lovely, sex made romantic, woman in a new and stirring appeal. Here was a woman who was neither a flapper presenting the obvious tricks of the most ancient of professions as though she were their discoverer, nor a sex-conscious demimondaine. Instead, a strong and lovely woman suggesting infinite delights of the flesh which the mind need neither condemn nor ridicule. Temptation made visible.

Garbo was something different and the box office registered public approval. Exhibitors reported an instant demand for the Swedish actress and the demand grew with each production.

Within the motion-picture ranks astonishment prevailed.

Garbo? No!

What did she have to make her a great star? She wasn't beautiful. She didn't know anything about acting, had no experience. (They forgot the figure of Stiller, who for years had been training her for this very thing.) She was dumb. She was peculiar.

Then they went to see the screen Garbo and were silent as before a miracle.

What happened?

Perhaps some things about Garbo herself answer that.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

When she is working she goes straight home from the studio and goes to bed, exhausted.

On the set, particularly in the first days of Flesh and the Devil and The Temptress, she slept continually, between scenes, sprawled in a chair.

And she is always cold on the stages; sits huddled in a big coat with a heater beside her.

The answer, it seems to me, is that she expends terrific energy, *all* her inner fire, before the camera. To it she gives what she refuses to human beings. Before it she throws off the fears and restraints that ordinarily bind her. Like every great actress, she can throw all of herself into a part, and having done that she comes out of it exhausted, her vitality burned out.

Duse and Maude Adams are two perfect examples of the same kind of dramatic genius that animates Garbo.

Other actors find it extremely difficult to play with her. That is because she never wants to rehearse a scene. She memorizes her scrips—which are translated into Swedish for her; studies out every situation and every bit of business; knows exactly what she wants to do and desires to do it at top speed and emotion, before any of the fire is extinguished by repetition. Yet once in a scene she seldom objects, no one accuses her of the slightest attempt to " hog " the camera, she never wants close-ups, and she grasps instantly the photographic reasons which make certain moves possible or impossible.

That is Garbo the actress, and to these things are due the tremendous success which has raised her salary to $3,000 a week in three short years.

Now let us consider Garbo the woman—the woman who refuses to act. This temperamental business, for instance, about which so much has been said.

The famous phrase which has become forever linked with her name: " I go home now."

The tremendous power of Garbo's immortal phrase is that she is not bluffing, though it took some time to convince others of the fact. The play is made something like this: The powers that be in a studio demand that she do something of which she cannot approve artistically. They decide upon a move which she—and she is the sole judge—regards as having all the possibilities of a boomerang.

" I go home now," says Garbo.

By home she may mean the Miramar, that rambling, vine-covered hotel on the Palisades at Santa Monica where she has lived ever since she arrived in California.

Or she may mean Sweden, " my little country."

The time may be the middle of a big production, or the day before a big production is scheduled to start.

Her audience may be Louis B. Mayer himself or any of his executives or all of them.

" I go home now," says Garbo. *And means it.*

For Garbo could give up all the things which pictures have to offer her without a whimper.

FAME gives her nothing but difficulties with which her particular temperament finds it almost impossible to cope. Money she seems to want only that she may save it and some day have that independence which such a soul must crave. Money in quantities is not necessary to her. In so far as it represents luxuries—clothes, jewels, houses, expensive cars, extravagant ways of living—it is without power to sway her. She never buys fine clothes, has no jewels, lives exactly as she did when she first arrived in Hollywood, owns one town car which she regards as the quickest, surest, and warmest means of travel.

This great success which has come to her is a means to an end and in no way the end itself. She is saving every nickel that she may insure those who belong to her against want, and that she herself may some day lead her life undisturbed by any other human being.

Louis B. Mayer, to whom Garbo was a windfall. *Eva von Berne, to whom Garbo was a friend.* *Monta Bell, who gave Garbo her first real part.*

Taking all these things into consideration, it is at once apparent that she experiences no panic at the thought of giving up the glitter and excitement and glory of her position as a star. She holds all the winning cards in her clashes with those who attempt to interfere with her ideas.

One of her illuminating statements—if she speaks seldom, what she says always seems to have depths of revelation—proves all this.

A little German girl named Eva von Berne was imported by M-G-M. But Eva was not of the favored few who find the gold at the end of the cinema rainbow. Perhaps the market is a little glutted just now with blonde fräuleins. She prepared for her return to Germany.

Before she went she had one wish the fulfillment of which would take some of the sting out of her disappointment. She wanted to meet her idol, the great Garbo. If she could return to Berlin with such a meeting to talk about, perhaps even with an autographed picture, it wouldn't be so bad.

There was a young man on the lot who in the pursuance of his duties saw Garbo daily. And this young man had been extremely kind to Eva von Berne. So she told him of her great desire.

HER eyes were very appealing and caused the young man to attempt what he considered the impossible. He would ask Garbo. Probably wouldn't do any good, he warned Eva. It was well known that Garbo never consented to meet strange people. Why, the girl who doubled for her had been at the job a year and had actually never met Garbo. As for autographed pictures, there probably weren't twenty in the world. It was a darn lucky person who possessed a photograph with the bold, strong " Garbo " slashed across the surface.

But, after all, little Eva was a stranger in a strange land as Garbo herself had once been. It would do no harm to ask. Considering the way he felt about it, that young man should have the Congressional medal.

He clothed his request as best he knew how, under Garbo's direct gaze.

" Probably she won't have the nerve to ask," he concluded, " but gee, Miss Garbo, if you knew what it'd mean to her to have a picture autographed! "

" I am glad to meet her," said Garbo.

Eva von Berne's small hands were quite cold with excitement, but Garbo took them in a firm, warm clasp.

" We are—kindred spirits," said Garbo.

When they had talked for half an hour and the girl got up to go, Garbo looked into her eyes and said slowly, " You are better off at home. You will be happier there." The deep voice dropped. " I thought I was going home once."

And then she made the " beau geste."

" I would like to give you a picture to carry home," she said.

Upon it she wrote, " To Eva von Berne, from her friend, Greta Garbo."

Eva von Berne would have treasured any picture, but to have one that Garbo had offered, that she wished to give, that hadn't even been asked for! You see, when Garbo breaks through her reserve, she does it royally.

But there is an ache of loneliness, of homesickness, in the whole thing.

Perhaps when she says, " I go home now," she hopes they will say, " All right. Go ahead."

The wisdom of her course is apparent if you compare her career with that of the other great foreign woman star. Garbo has quietly but surely protected herself from the mishandling that ruined Pola Negri. She has frustrated any attempts to run her into the Hollywood mold. She has fought the great peril of every star—

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[GARBO
Continued from page twenty-one]

bad or unsuitable stories. Unless a story pleases her she will not make it. No inappropriate "happy endings" are tacked on to her films.

Her business efficiency is proved by the fact that she persuaded Jack Gilbert to support her in A Woman of Affairs. She got the biggest male star in pictures to play opposite her in a rôle most leading men would have scorned. That may have been love, but it was also good business.

The wardrobe department trembles at her coming. Nothing is "all" right with Garbo. It must be perfect or it is quite apt to receive rough treatment.

Every once in a while she will stop dead in the middle of a scene and refuse to proceed with it as outlined by the director. In one instance, she *did* go home. And she stayed home. Orders, threats, appeals were useless. When the director agreed to do the scene *her* way—he was a big and important director, and it took some time to convince him that Garbo apparently intended to remain at home all summer—she came back quite without rancor or triumph and the picture proceeded.

There was also a time, when the terms of her new contract were under discussion, that she actually got as far as looking up sailings for Sweden before the company's lawyer arrived bearing the white flag and articles of surrender.

But outside of the times when she wants her own way, and believes it essential to fight for it, I can find no instances of what I call temperament.

A big director, coming out of his office by a rear door, saw a tall, boyish figure place a hand on top of a four-foot fence and vault lightly over it. The next moment, the figure vaulted back. Stopping to stare in astonishment, he found himself face to face with Garbo. And Garbo looked as guilty as any small child caught in a jam closet. That was just her way of letting off steam when she felt good.

PEOPLE who work in her company declare that she is appreciative of everything that is done for her. For all her rows with the wardrobe, when the fitter who takes care of her had to go to the hospital, Garbo sent her flowers every day.

True, she will not answer certain questions that are asked her.

"What do you think of American men?" a reporter demanded.

"What does it matter what I think?" said Garbo.

That is not temperament. I believe it is modesty, a quality now so rare as almost to fail of recognition.

She has none of the ego which characterizes the obnoxious brand of temperament. Nor does she indulge in undignified outbursts or erroneous demands merely to assert her power or flatter her self-esteem.

It is misleading to call Garbo mannish. Or masculine. But it is difficult to find exactly the right word to describe a certain something about her which calls those words to mind. Perhaps bigness will do. She is a big person, mentally and physically, and she likes bigness.

She eats like a man, even though she has to fight against putting on weight. She likes to go with the gang on her picture—the men—to Italian restaurants where they serve good spaghetti, or to a Culver City lunch counter where the corned beef and cabbage is exceptional.

HER laughter is big too, especially when dignity is upset. If President Hoover fell off the platform during an address, she would doubtless consider him funnier than Chaplin. Next to that, the thing that amuses her most is a "goofy" phonograph record. Her collection of these is probably the finest in the United States.

On most of her pictures she has been a "good soldier." Long hours mean nothing to her. She will work when she is really ill. No scene is too dangerous or too difficult physically. It is only when things don't suit her that she begins to look for her hat.

They had promised her that she might go to Sweden for Christmas last year. She was held up to finish Wild Orchids. And while she was waiting, Maurice Stiller—who had returned to Sweden without her a year before—died suddenly. The blow all but prostrated her. That look of deep grief which there is no mistaking looked from her eyes. But she finished the picture.

Then, quite alone, she left on the long journey back.

She bought her own tickets. She went alone to the station, wearing the boy's overcoat and the dark glasses. None of the usual fanfare of trumpets marked her departure. No one in the station recognized her. In New York they wired her to wait that they might make some "additional scenes." She wasn't rude about it. She simply took the boat that night as she had planned.

They gave her a tremendous reception in Sweden. That she could not avoid. Immediately afterward she vanished, to see those for whose sake she had made the long journey, possibly to prowl about the "little country" she loves. And perhaps to sit some long, lonely hours beside the grave of Stiller, remembering. He left her half his fortune, but I dare say she has hardly thought of that. This time she will come back. To her work.

But the time will come, I am sure, and I do not think it is far distant, when she will go and not return.

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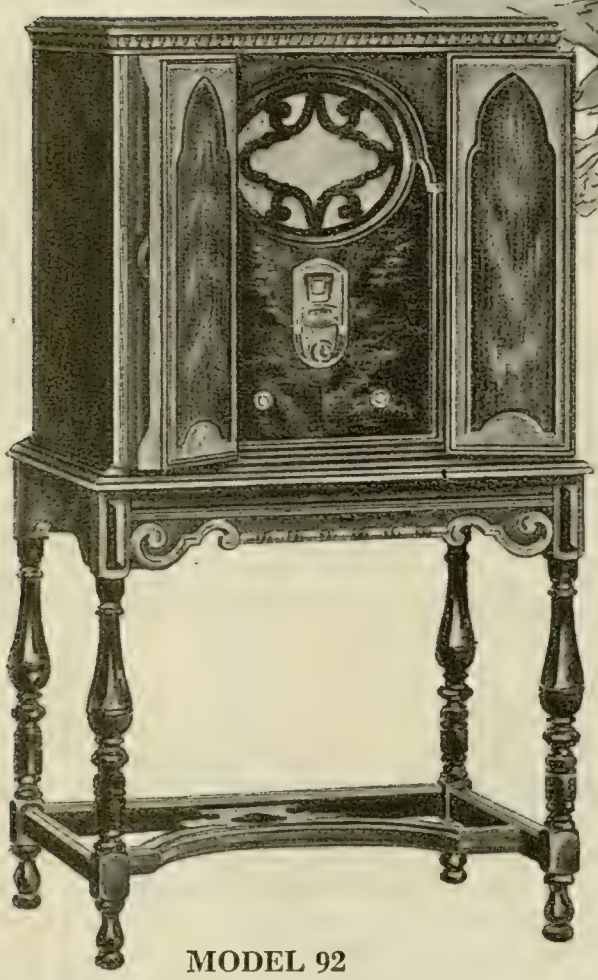

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The Story of a Girl Without the Law

By

Viña Delmar

Pictures by
James Montgomery Flagg

" Oh, shut up, Louise! " shouted Billy. " You're a damned idiot.

HUBERT SCOTT played with the notion of having a girl friend. He had sold his business for $15,000, and retired. He had the time and the money for a love nest. He couldn't marry any girl he might put in that nest, though, for the perfectly good reason that he was already married. Tied up—and how!

His wife, Helen, had real money in her own right, but she froze to it. She shoved him off in a separate room. She high-hatted him. So did his son, Hubert Junior.

That was the way things stood when he met Lillian Cory. His friend, Carl Feldman, and May, Carl's girl, fixed up the meeting. Lillian was twenty-three. She lived in Inwood, up in northern Manhattan, with the Friedrich sisters, who kept a small shop. She worked at the handkerchief counter of a department store.

Hubert fell for her the very first evening, determined to " make " her, and did. She wasn't an innocent exactly —had taken her first misstep at sixteen—but she'd been straight for a long time now.

Appropriating Lillian meant acquiring her friends. There was Anna Leitz, whose sweetie, Fred, had left her in a bad way. There was Hymie Moss, and his wife, Theresa. And there was Billy Fisher, and Louise Casey, the girl he'd finally marry when he got around to it. Billy was a paint salesman with an eye on radio entertaining. He had a voice that wasn't bad, and a funny line.

Hubert settled down comfortably to a double life. He rented an apartment for Lillian, and bought her a Nash roadster. He himself drove the Packard Helen had condescended to lend him because she had a newer car. And he'd explained things to Helen, too. Filled her up with a swell story about taking a job with a man named Steve Flynn—a day-and-night job. Lillian was proud of her Hubert. She loved the drives in the Packard she thought was his. No one had ever been so good to her.

Part Five—The Marriage Idea

SOMETIMES Lillian and Hubert took trips in the Packard. Quite suddenly the notion would strike them that this was the day to see Washington, or Philadelphia, or Albany, and off they would go. It would always be a Sunday. It never occurred to them that, being people of leisure, they were free to go on a Tuesday or Wednesday when traffic was light and motoring consequently more pleasant. Either of them would have told you that Sunday was the day for a nice long ride.

They would have no inkling on Saturday that they were going, so they always left a roast of beef or a chicken in the ice box which was generally spoiled by Monday evening when Lillian was ready to cook it.

The drives were a delight to her. She loved taking the wheel of the Packard when Hubert grew tired. He had taught her to drive and she had acquired a skill and mastery of cars which he had never known. Sometimes he would look at the speedometer and see forty and he would shout at her to slow down. Then she would sulkily draw up to the side of the road and make him take the driver's seat.

They would do twenty, then, till Hubert once more grew tired.

Sometimes on the road at night a car would seem to be pursuing them and they would grow uneasy. Always they would think of Helen and try to identify the dim figures in the car behind. Lillian would become thoughtful over Hubert's deep concern. If Helen found them together she could do no more than divorce Hubert. Why did that prospect frighten him so? It was then that she would become uneasy. The Packard would slow down and invariably the other car would shoot ahead of them and soon show them nothing but the tiny red flicker of its tail light disappearing in the distance. Hubert would laugh, then, loudly. But it would be nearly an hour before Lillian would speak again.

Sometimes they would take Billy and Louise with them on their little journeys. Billy would sing in the back of the car and Louise would join in the chorus. Then he

These people can attend to their own affairs."

would fight with her, telling her that she was flat. Lillian would say they both were.

An inn, always an expensive one, would provide them with dinner. Billy would become conscience-stricken over past inattentions and help Louise into her coat while Hubert paid the check. Lillian would stand close to him as he broke the inevitable fifty-dollar bill. She wanted even the waiter to know which one of the two was her man.

Sometimes they'd pass what Lillian had always thought was an apple orchard. Billy would also think it was such and remark, perhaps, that there was an apple orchard. Hubert would inform them that they were peach trees and the two men would argue. Lillian would settle the argument when they were two miles past the trees by assuring them that she had seen tiny green peaches. She had never known Hubert to be wrong, so why not quash the argument?

SINCE knowing him Lillian had had many questions indubitably settled. She knew now that appendicitis did come from swallowing grape seeds, that a governor's pardon or refusal to pardon is subject to the prison warden's desire, that the American Revolution was won by the colonists because Washington and King George were both Masons and made a little friendly agreement between themselves, and that the girls one sees on magazine covers are always the artists' wives.

Sometimes they took Anna with them. She was not good company but they pitied her. She told them often how bravely she had carried herself through a tragic love affair, seeming to forget that Hubert had paid the wages of sin with a hundred-dollar check and that Lillian had wet-nursed Anna's folly.

Once they had invited Theresa and Hymie, but Theresa had brought along a basket of fruit and sandwiches and a thermos bottle full of coffee. She said it was ridiculous to pay the prices of the inns along the road, that she and Hymie couldn't afford it and didn't expect to stick Hubert with the bill. So this was her party. Hubert felt cheated when forced to return to the city with an unbroken fifty-dollar bill and Lillian had hated sitting in the car eating sandwiches. She had laughed a lot while doing it to assure passing motorists that this was just a lark and not the sort of thing which she did normally.

ONCE they had Mary Jackson and her baby come along, but the baby wet the upholstery. Hubert had assured Mary that that was all right, but Lillian had detected a look in his eyes which had caused her to cross Mary and her baby off her invitation list.

Sometimes they stayed overnight in the town where they found themselves. They could do that when they were alone or when they had Billy and Louise with them. Louise had never gone back to work and Billy was less inclined than ever toward the paint business. He had had an audition in a radio station and had been permitted to broadcast three or four times at 9:15 A. M. Since those thrilling minutes of singing to his unseen audience Billy had become a listless salesman and cared very little what time or what day he put in an appearance on the Long Island territory.

Hubert and Lillian had bought a radio set especially to hear him and gave further proof of their interest by dragging themselves out of bed to listen. They had been loud in their praise and Hubert had gone so far as to say that Billy was wasting his time selling paint. Billy had remarked that a fellow had to live and Hubert had assured him that any time he wanted to devote all his time to his talent he could depend on his pal, Scotty, to see him through.

So, seldom and still more seldom did Billy apply himself to Jamaica and vicinity and often and more often did he approach his pal, Scotty, for twenty till the sixteenth of the month. The sixteenth always came and Hubert always said that Billy could forget it and Billy always did.

Sometimes when he and Lillian were driving alone Hubert would fix his eyes on the ribbon of a road that wound before them and he would be quiet for many minutes while he thought. Seventy-five dollars a month for the apartment, fifty dollars for the two cars in a garage. Then there was the telephone, gas, and electricity; his notes to meet on the Nash; fifty dollars pocket money for Lillian—then there were clothes, recreation, and Billy.

Ice, food, and gasoline must be added, also an occasional gift here and there. Mary Jackson had had a baby and it had cost one hundred dollars to present the upholstery-wetting brat with a crib, a high chair, a wardrobe, and a couple of blankets. Anna Leitz hadn't had a baby and it had cost a hundred dollars just the same.

Of course a fellow likes doing things for poor unfortunates who are broke, but Hubert had never guessed that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

so many people could be broke till he met Lillian. Cripes, what would they have done without him?

He would grow frightened as he stared his responsibilities in the face. Fifteen thousand dollars wasn't the bank roll he had thought it was. He'd have to call a halt somewhere. He would have to tell Lillian that it was necessary to cut down. He had never told her just how much he had. Maybe he should have. He would look at her then, and she would look back at him. Something in her large eyes and painted mouth would reassure him. They were having a good time. Why spoil it with needless worry? After all, he could always get a swell job if he wanted it. Look at the experience he had and it was easy to make money when you were somebody. Fifteen thousand dollars couldn't come to a fellow as easily as it had come to him if a fellow didn't have a natural knack for making money. He'd pull through. Nobody need worry about Hubert Scott's future—least of all himself.

The first hot day of the year had been a Sunday and they had gone, alone, into the country. Billy and Louise were being married that day. Hubert and Lillian had been invited to the wedding, but Lillian had said that she would rather go for a ride.

Hubert and Lillian had stood in a lush field and Lillian had felt lonely and on the point of crying. A nest in a tree, looking secure and divinely simple, had struck a chill to her heart. The strong tree with the little nest tucked safely away in its branches stood outlined against the deep blue sky. A guileless and homely friend who says, " I'm very happy and I hope you are, too."

Looking at the nest Lillian had suddenly thought of Louise and had clutched at Hubert's arm and said that they must go. She looked back at the nest as she and Hubert stepped over the tall sweet grass. She told Hubert that the tree had scared her. It had stood there as dignified as God.

They had started back to town then and Lillian had talked of Louise all the way and laughed at her for getting married in a church and fussing about it as though nobody had ever gotten married before. Hubert was surprised. He had always thought that Lillian was too fond of Louise to jeer at her. Women were funny, even Lillian.

Sometimes they did not drive, but sat at home playing checkers. Hubert had taught Lillian to play and she said that she liked it. Often she even suggested the game herself and then Hubert was pleased with her.

Sometimes Lillian read books from the circulating library while Hubert sat thumbing the pages of Popular Mechanics. She bought a dictionary and looked up unfamiliar words which she encountered along the way. It was a good book whose author knew many uncommon words.

SOMETIMES Hubert went home for dinner and stayed with his family till the next day. Lillian would feel lost and unhappy. She would take Louise with her to Keith's Fordham, or shopping along Dyckman Street. There was always a little door in her brain that swung open at his departure and showed her a small furnished room and a bakery where one could get dinner for forty-five cents. She would drink too much on the nights when he was away and be violently ill all the next day.

She came frequently upon magazine stories wherein the " other woman " lost out in the competition with the man's lawful wife. She went to a fortune teller once who told her that she was safe and secure so long as she accepted the situation and did not herself seek to change it. After that she was more comfortable.

Sometimes they gave parties to their friends and their friends' friends. They would be noisy parties to which the neighbors objected. Lillian would fetch and carry Bromo-Seltzer till she herself passed out and was put to bed by Hubert or Billy.

They were not meaningless gay gatherings as so many parties are. People did not merely meet, drink, eat, dance, and say good night. Married couples threshed out their difficulties here and single couples decided to marry or perhaps separate forever. Loves and enmities developed and no one thought of meeting either with subterfuge. Lillian was adept at staving off a fight and warning a flirtatious wife of her husband's disapproval.

There were holes in the living-room rug and in the upholstery of the sofa. People were careless with cigarettes, but Hubert and Lillian didn't mind. That all came under the heading of amusement.

Sometimes Lillian sat by her window and, gazing out at the garden court, wondered what it was all for: the parties, the liquor, the two cars—she and Hubert and the whole damn world.

But mostly she could be seen smoking contentedly and sitting somewhere very close to Hubert so that a person could tell at a glance that he was hers.

II

BILLY and Louise had dropped in for a quiet evening. Billy had sung two numbers for them which he intended to use on his next program. Nine-fifteen Wednesday morning. Louise said it was silly for him to rehearse so much as nobody listened anyhow at that hour. Her argument was that if the station actually had an audience at 9:15 A. M. it certainly wouldn't put Billy on the air.

" Aw, shut up," said Billy. " You ought to have seen the mail I drew down from my broadcasts. I had a letter from a dame up in Connecticut who heard the program and asked me to sing some of her favorites next time. She sent me a list of the songs she liked. I got it here somewhere. Then there was a man wrote and said I sung as good as Al Jolson. In fact he said that he didn't like Jolson. Don't you ever worry that nobody's listening to me, Kid."

" Oh, I wasn't worried," his wife assured him.

Hubert laughed impartially as the Fishers insulted each other. He got a kick out of their arguments. It was easily seen that they didn't mean a thing by what they said. Just good kids, all the time fooling.

Lillian had grown a wee bit tired of the never-ending squabbles. She sat frowning at Billy as he gave them a little illustration of Louise's dumbness.

" And the Chink waiter says to her, ' No, ma'am, we don't serve no American dishes at all,' so the madam here speaks up and says, ' All right, then, bring me some spaghetti.' Ain't that the limit? "

" Well, I didn't know," Louise protested. " He did say that they didn't sell American food, but he didn't say they only had Chinese. How was I to know? "

" Oh, how do you know that it won't snow in August? "

" It has," Louise solemnly remarked.

Billy howled.

" You're just so damn ignorant," Louise proceeded, " that you won't learn when somebody is trying to teach you. Up at my aunt's farm in August of the year that my cousin Minnie had little Martha it snowed! "

" Where's your aunt's farm? In Iceland? "

" You know it ain't, you dope. Many's the time you've been to Aunt Carrie's and she fed you damn good, too."

" Speaking of food," Lillian put in, " I'll make some waffles."

She had taken to waffle-making at every lull in the conversation. There was something very elegant about sitting at the table and preparing food on a nice, shiny electrical apparatus.

Everybody ate two waffles and drank two cups of coffee.

" What are you people going to do tomorrow? " Louise asked.

" I don't know," said Lillian.

" And you don't care, I suppose."

" Nope." The answer was not intended to be an admis-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Powel Crosley, Jr.

Makes his most important announcement in eight years of Radio pioneering

The finest in Radio at new LOW prices

TIME after time Crosley advertisements have been *first* to announce important new advances in Radio . . .

First with a *complete* radio set. First with A C Radio. First with a low-price dynamic speaker—the Dynacone . . .

And now—in this advertisement—the most signal news of all!

Not just one new feature. Not just one improvement. But a whole new line of superb models, setting new standards of radio performance, beauty—and VALUE!

Screen Grid, of course!

Naturally, Screen Grid is a feature of the new Crosley Radio. Only one of the many features offered you in several splendid models at amazingly low prices.

Note these prices. Compare them with others. Then go to the nearest Crosley dealer and *see* these beautiful models. Listen to the purity and richness of tone. Test each model (Mershon condenser equipped) for selectivity, volume, power.

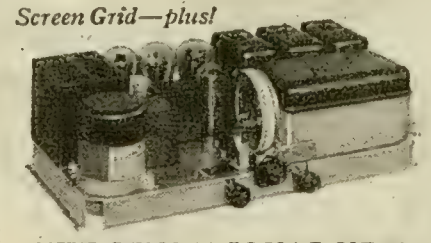
Free trial—at home

Finally, make your own decision, uninfluenced, in your own home.

Learn what Crosley engineering and Crosley production methods have made possible in radio enjoyment and satisfaction—*at the lowest cost in radio history!*

The Crosley Radio Corporation
Cincinnati, Ohio

Screen Grid—plus!



THE SENSATIONAL NEW CROSLEY UNITRAD

(Shown above without front panel)

Radio engineers have pronounced it the finest AC receiving unit ever produced—bar none!

It utilizes THREE 224 Screen Grid RF tubes, one 227 power detector tube, a 227 resistance coupled first audio tube, two 245 push pull output tubes, and a 280 rectifier tube—eight in all.

Hear *the difference for yourself in volume, tone quality, selectivity, sensitivity. You'll be astonished!*

As Model 40-S, (without tubes) the Crosley Unitrad is only $80! May be installed in your present cabinet or in a new cabinet to suit your taste. Also available in Models 41-S, 42-S, and 82-S shown on this page.

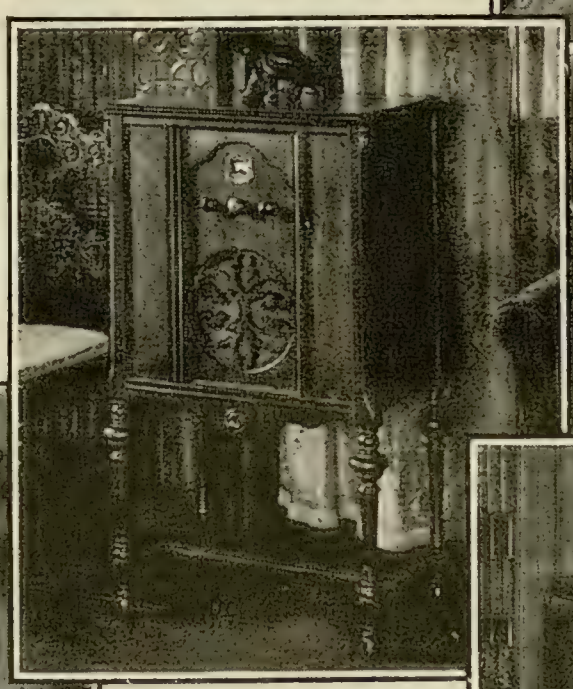
$55

without tubes, speaker or legs
with legs $60
Dynacone Speaker, $18

The new Crosley Model 31 (below). Panels in beautiful walnut finish. Seven tubes, including rectifier. Full Neutrodyne circuit. Mershon condenser. Illuminated dial. Full A C operation. Available without legs, as a table set, or with legs as illustrated.

Model 41 (same as Model 31, but larger) is an eight-tube set at $70. Model 41-S, containing Screen Grid Unitrad Set, described at left, is $85.

NOTE: *Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West, prices slightly higher on all models.*



$150

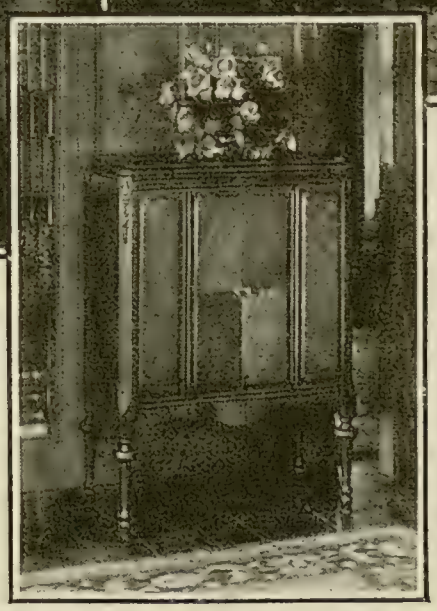
without tubes

The new Crosley Model 82-H (right). Console of exquisite matched wood. Full A C operation. Eight tubes including rectifier, and new UX 245 power output tubes. With the new Crosley Dynacoil. Model 82-S, containing Screen Grid Unitrad Set, described above, $160.

$99.50

without tubes

The new Crosley Model 32 (above) in two-tone walnut. Full A C operation. Genuine Neutrodyne circuit. Mershon condenser. Eight tubes including two power tubes and rectifier. Dynacone Speaker.



$125

without tubes

The new Crosley Model 42 (left), console radio, in rich walnut. Eight tubes, including two power tubes and rectifier. Mershon condenser. Genuine Neutrodyne circuit. Full A C operation. The new Crosley Dynacoil, a true moving-coil dynamic speaker. Model 42-S, containing Screen Grid Unitrad Set, described above, $140.

You're there with a **CROSLEY**

Sometimes they sat at home playing checkers. Hubert had taught Lillian to play.

KEPT
Continued from page twenty-six

sion of reckless despair. Lillian was merely trying to avoid a long and tiresome discussion of how she would spend her Tuesday.

She was surprised when Louise patted her tenderly on the shoulder and said, "I don't blame you for being fed up."

"What should she be fed up about?" asked Hubert sourly.

"Aw, she's crazy," Billy put in. "Why don't you keep your mouth shut, Louise?" It was evident that Billy knew what to expect.

LOUISE ignored him and addressed herself to Hubert. She smiled warmly as she spoke and her manner was that of an ingenuous friend whose frank opinion has been requested. "Well, I mean the way you live, Scotty. Honestly, Billy can tell you that I was never happy before he and I were married. A man doesn't mind that kind of thing, but girls do. I bet right now that Lillian is miserable."

"What's the matter with you, Lou? Drunk?" asked Lillian.

"There," said Louise triumphantly, "that proves my point. See, she won't admit that she's unhappy."

"Well, why should I say I am, if I'm not?"

"But you are, Lillian—you know you are."

Lillian became annoyed. "I'm *not* unhappy," she insisted. "I've got more than you have out of life."

"No," Louise disagreed in sad and pitying accents. "I have Billy."

"But I don't want Billy."

"No, you want Hubert. And have you got him?"

"Certainly I have."

"How do you know you have? How can you be sure that he'll always come back to you from his visits to his family?"

"Oh, shut up, Louise!" shouted Billy. "You're a damned idiot. These people can attend to their own affairs."

"Hubert is mine as much as Billy is yours," Lillian said. "I know he is."

"You don't *know* it and you can't know it till you two are married."

"You can't keep Billy from leaving you just because he married you."

"No, but I can lose him and still be respectable."

"That's a fool's satisfaction," said Lillian.

"WELL, maybe I'm a fool," Louise mused pleasantly, "but I know you're not happy and you never will be till you're able to stop worrying over whether somebody's chasing your automobile or not."

"Listen, let's not talk about it any more, Louise. You'll only get me sore and we've been good friends."

"That's why I brought the matter up—because we are good friends. Do you think Theresa Moss or Anna or Mary Jackson would think enough of you to bring it up?"

"Huh," said Billy. "Now you're mentioning girls who know how to mind their own business."

Lillian got up from the table with a firm purposefulness. "How many numbers will you sing on your next program, Billy?" she asked.

"About five, I guess."

"Gee, that's a lot to get down pat." Lillian spoke absently as she wiped off the waffle iron. She was wondering what Hubert was doing. He had left the kitchen. Had he gone to bed? Or was he just sitting sulkily in the living room? She hoped he had not gone to bed. She wanted to speak to him. Oh, how she wanted to speak to him!

"I'll help you with the dishes, Lillian," Louise said. "I hope you're not sore at me."

"No, don't be silly. I don't get sore. Put that maple-sirup business in the ice box, will you? Watch out! Oh, that's all right. I'm always spilling something myself. I'll wipe it up. It's sticky, that sirup. It should have really stuck to your hand."

She kept talking as she washed the dishes. Never once did she permit a silence to fall. Billy had not left the kitchen but sat listening to Lillian and casting angry glances at his wife. He said nothing till the last dish was back in the closet and the last spoon returned to the drawer.

"Come on, Louise. Time to go home," he said then.

"Oh, not so early," Lillian entreated. Her plea was a bit too earnest. Even the Fishers could see that she desired nothing so much as their departure.

"Yeh, we got to go." Billy wasted no time in getting his coat on and brushing Louise ahead of him to the door.

"Good night, Scotty," Billy called.

"Good night," Louise echoed.

Hubert's voice came from the living room: "Oh, are you going? Good night."

He did not come out to see them down the stairs.

"I guess he's mad," Louise said.

"No," Lillian assured her. "I think he's just starting one of his well known naps."

The Fishers knew that she didn't think that at all. They went out without making any arrangements for future meetings.

Lillian flew to the living room. Hubert was sitting motionless on the couch staring at the opposite wall. He looked grave and thoughtful like a man waiting in a doctor's reception room.

"Did you hear what she said to me?" Lillian asked him.

"What did she say?"

"What did she say! What's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

"Oh, you mean in the kitchen? I thought she'd said something new. You didn't seem to mind that. You've been friendly with her since she said it. I heard you laughing and talking out there."

"Of course I laughed and talked. I wouldn't let her know that she had hit me at all."

"Well, it hit me and got me damn sore. I've been sitting here thinking about it. How does she get that way, butting in on our business?"

Lillian lit a cigarette and fell into a chair. The chair's insides groaned and sagged beneath her weight. "It made me wild," she said, "to think that Louise, of all people, can feel sorry for me. I hate people to pity me, least of all somebody like her."

"Why somebody like her?"

"Because she lived with a fellow and then married him. Nobody feels so pure as some bum who's just got done sinning. And to think she's got the chance to be sorry for me! I swear the idea makes me so sick I could die."

Hubert leaned down and began to unlace his shoes. "What made me sore," he said, "was her butting in and saying that you was unhappy."

"OH, well, maybe you can't understand my part of it. You ain't a girl. You don't know how a best friend always likes to have something to pity you for and how you'd sooner have strangers know about your blue moments. Gee, I bet she was in a rush to get married just so she could pull that song and dance tonight."

"Well, don't worry about it any more, Lil. You needn't worry about me leaving you."

Lillian sighed with exasperation. "I don't think you're going to leave me," she said. "But that's got nothing to do with the case. I'm talking about Louise pitying me because I ain't respectable and certain of my future."

"Well, you can be certain of your future. I'm not going to leave you, I told you."

"Jees, you're turning this into a scene in which I beg you not to leave me! Shall I get on my knees? Don't you see that if you and I live together till we die of old age, I'll always be in the same position? I'll always be someone for married girls to pity. Cripes, Mary and Theresa probably pity me, too. Any damn fool with a marriage certificate can feel sorry for me even if she's married to some plug who can't buy her a pack of safety pins."

Hubert's face puckered into an ex-

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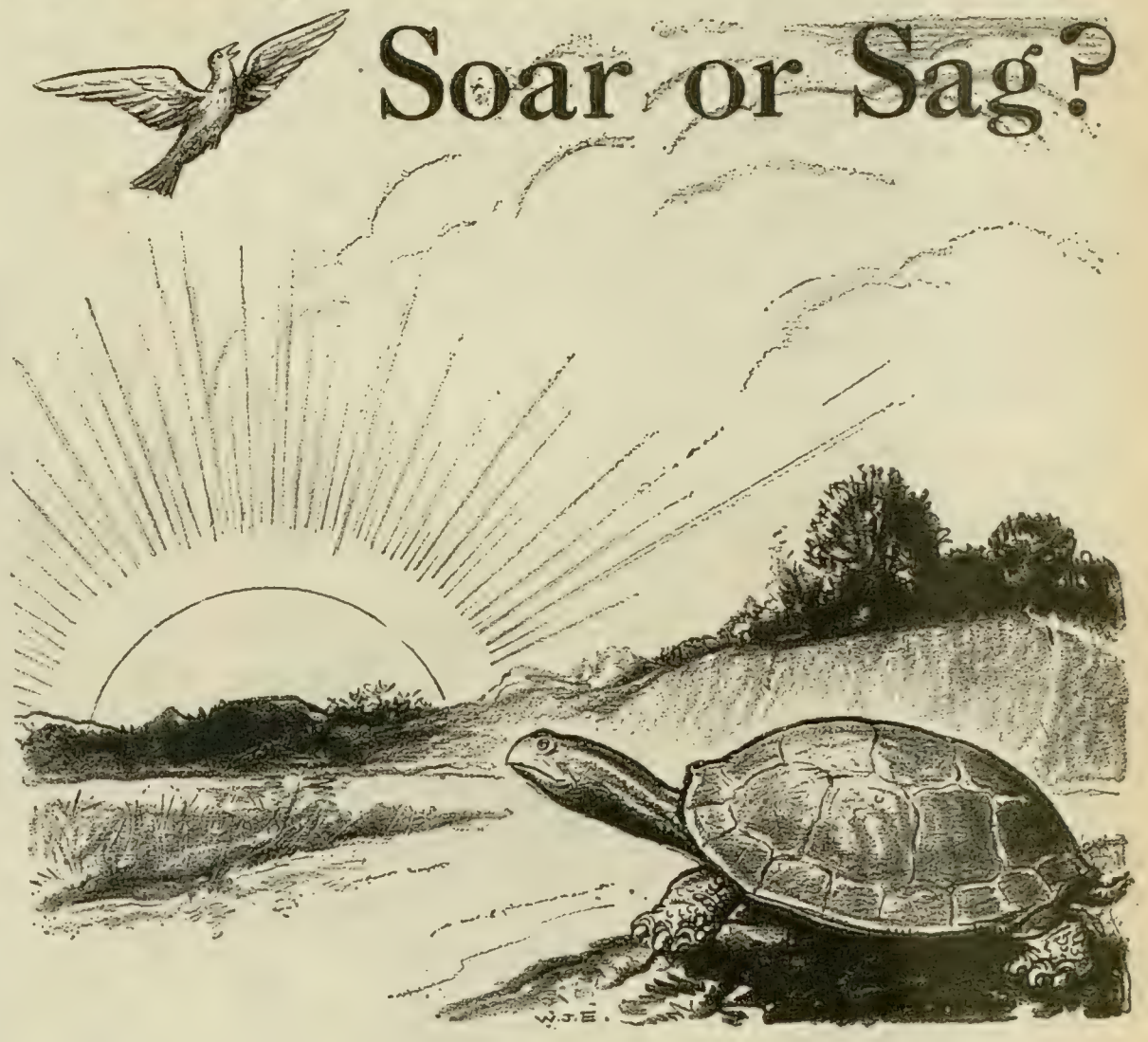
Do your mornings Soar or Sag?



DO your days begin with a dull, logy outlook? *They shouldn't.* Do you wake up feeling half-sick and "under the weather"? *Then do this:*

As soon as you get out of bed, take down your bottle of Sal Hepatica and measure a teaspoonful or so into a glass of fresh, cool water.

Drink the sparkling mixture! It clears the system promptly. It changes your outlook on life! There's no quicker way to banish the threat of an "off" morning! Women find Sal Hepatica clears their complexions and aids their beauty! Men use it because it keeps them feeling "in the pink" all day long!

Constipation . . . headaches . . . colds . . . rheumatism . . . acidosis . . . disorders of the digestive tract—all the common ills that start when the body is clogged are helped, promptly, by this saline purifier. More than any other kind of laxative it cleanses the bloodstream of poisons, it neutralizes acidity. It rids the whole system of wastes!

Physicians—our own and the European—endorse this saline way of keeping well. Yearly, the spas of Europe are thronged with their wealthy patients . . . who arrive rundown and listless . . . and who return refreshed and re-invigorated by the saline treatment!

Ask your doctor about the saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist . . . And the next morning you wake up feeling low and out-of-sorts, put a teaspoonful in your before-breakfast glass of water!

Send for free booklet describing in greater detail how Sal Hepatica helps to relieve the many ills resulting from faulty elimination.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30c, 60c, and $1.20*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. A-79, 71 West St., New York.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

[KEPT
Continued from page twenty-nine]

pression of pain as he pulled off his shoe. He stood it under the couch with the heel pointing outward and regarded it interestedly for a moment or two before beginning on the next shoe.

"I wouldn't care," Lillian proceeded, "if Louise was somebody who had a right to be sorry for my soul. If she was a sweet innocent or something like that. But she's got the crust to be married for a couple of months and come rushing and telling me that I'm miserable because we're not respectable. And the idea, her saying that she never was happy till she got married."

Hubert was having a little difficulty in getting the second shoe exactly on a line with the first. In fact, it was only when he toed them to a crack between two floor boards that he met with any sort of success.

"Jees, that Louise of all people should get a chance to be sorry for me."

Hubert didn't as a rule smoke cigarettes, but he went to the humidor and got one now. He had a feeling that this was all going to prove very trying.

"AND the way that she pretended that she was doing me a favor by bringing that up," Lillian murmured.

"Oh, well, she's dumb, Lillian. Wasn't that a scream about her with the Chink and the spaghetti?"

"That sounded like her all right. Gee, I can't get over that. *She's* sorry for me! That gets me wild."

"Well," said Hubert comfortingly, "you can't be pleased all the time. We can't have everything."

"I don't see why we can't."

"Because God or whoever it is who's dealing the cards don't give royal flushes all the time."

"I didn't mean everybody in the world when I said 'we.' I meant you and I. I don't see why we shouldn't have everything."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean why shouldn't you and I be married? Helen isn't a wife to you. She doesn't love you. Why can't you tell her about us and have her divorce you?"

"Oh, she wouldn't."

"How do you know she wouldn't?"

"I know Helen."

"Oh, horse-radish! You can't know in advance what she'd say if you asked her. And what can she do to you if she refuses? There's no harm in asking."

"Say, I've known her almost as long as you've been on earth. I know what she'd do if I asked her."

"What would she do?"

"She'd say no."

"Well, if that's all she can do it's worth trying, isn't it?"

"What's the use when I know she'll say no?"

"You mean she'll be satisfied to stay married to you knowing you're living with another woman?"

"Sure. She hasn't let me come near her in an age anyhow. So it won't make any difference."

A sudden silence came down over the little cream-colored room. Lillian sat puffing on a new cigarette. Her face wore an angry, defiant look. Even her hair stood

"Why shouldn't you and I be married? Helen isn't a wife to you. Why can't you tell her about us and have her divorce you?"

out in a warlike flare. Hubert had long since thrown his cigarette on a tray where it lay smoking and smelling. Hubert's expression was one of deepest solemnity. Cigarettes always made him a little ill.

Lillian cast a glance at him. Was he thinking it over? If he was, he evidently thought that any time within a week or two would be time enough to announce his decision. He gave no sign of thinking swiftly. She sighed and resorted, then, to a coward's plea.

"If you cared for me," she said, "you'd ask her."

"Then Louise was right. You ain't happy."

"I was till she said that. I'm not now, knowing that everybody is sorry for me."

"JUST because Louise is doesn't prove that everybody is."

"Well, she least of all I like feeling sorry for me. Besides, I don't see why we shouldn't be married when Helen makes it plain that she doesn't love you."

"Now, Lillian, I wouldn't say that. Helen is different, you know. She loves me all right, but she ain't the kind to fall all over a person. I'm sure she loves me—that's why I know she won't give me up."

"Well, if you cared for me, you'd at least try."

"All right, I will, Lillian, the next time I see her. I'll fool around with the subject and see how she takes it."

"Why wait, Hubert? Look, put on your shoes now and go home. Spend tomorrow with her and speak up."

"Oh, Lillian!"

"All right, don't do it. Don't ask her at all. And thanks for letting me see how crazy you are about me."

For answer Hubert leaned over and pulled on his shoes. He smoothed down his hair with his hands and clapped his cap on to indicate that he was going to do as she had asked.

"Are you really going?" Lillian asked him.

"Yep, I'll ask her. I don't think it will do much good, but I'll ask her."

"Well, it can't hurt to try."

"I don't suppose so."

He walked around, slamming closet doors importantly. He was in search of his suit coat, which had been all the time on the couch beside him.

"Listen, Hubert, tell her that she isn't happy, either, the way things are. Explain to her—you know, she's never understood you and all."

"Yes, I will." He found his coat and put it on with brisk determination. "Well, so long, Lil. I'll be back for supper tomorrow evening."

"Good night, Hubert. I hope everything works out all right for us."

"So do I." He bent over and kissed her. She got up then and followed him to the door.

"Good night, Hubert."

"Good night, Lil. See you tomorrow."

THERE was a little delay in the garage. The men there had not expected that the Packard would be going out again that night and they had driven it close to the wall with three rows of cars in front of it. Hubert watched as other cars were shifted about to extricate the Packard. He played with the idea of going back to Lillian and telling her that something was wrong with the car and that none of the night men knew how to fix it. But she would undoubtedly tell him to take the Nash then. So long as he was going to inform his wife of Lillian's existence there would be no further need of concealing the roadster.

As a matter of fact Lillian would have done no such thing. Had he returned to the apartment then she would have let him go to bed without another reference to her unfortunate position. She was shocked and frightened at what she had done. Hers had never been an aggressive nature. People had always had their way with her.

It terrorized her, now, to think that she had forced Hubert to make this important move. Also she felt abashed at her insolence in taking it for granted that she was of greater moment than Helen. Nothing but a sudden rage could have made her forget herself to such an extent. In sane moments she had always been satisfied with what she had in life and had taken it as a matter of course that Helen should be Mrs. Scott and she "Mrs. Cory."

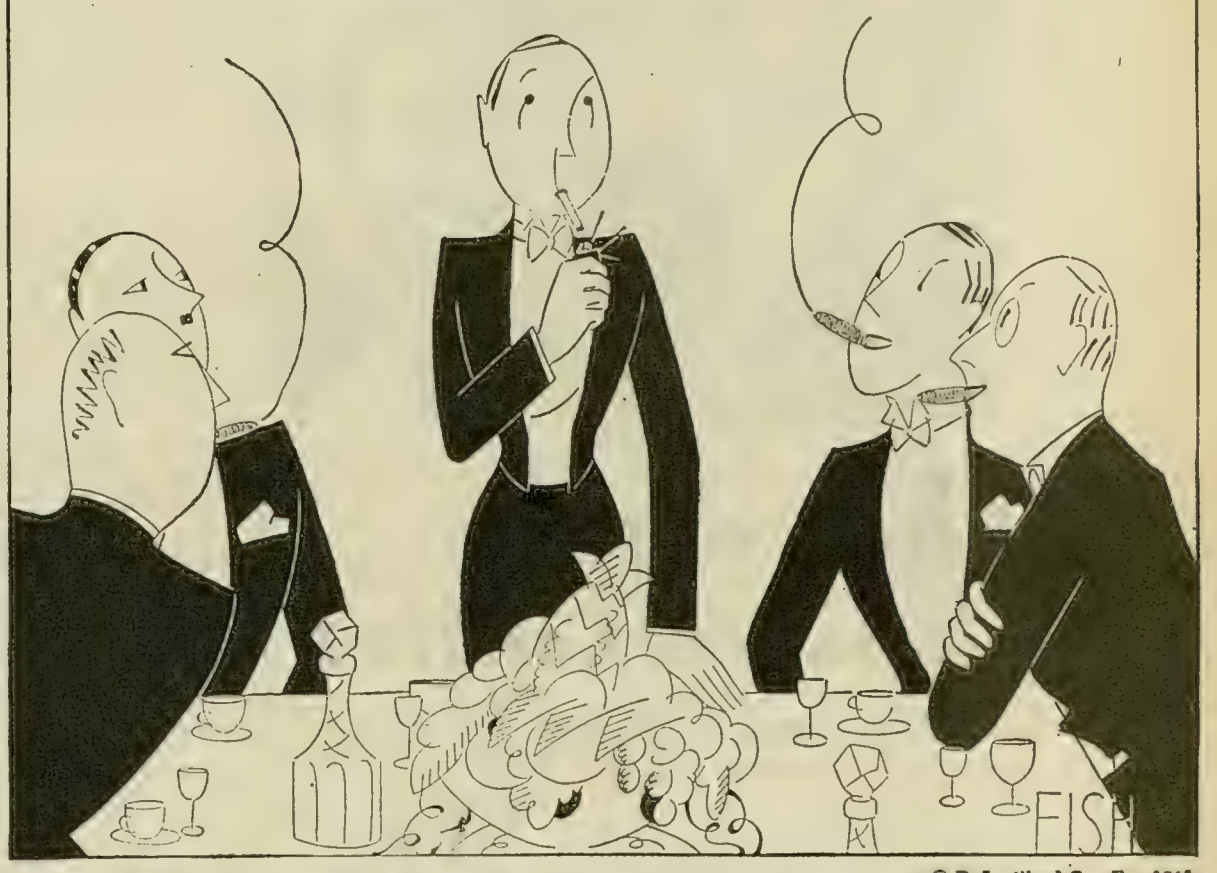
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you have forgotten

your speech and lost your notes . . .

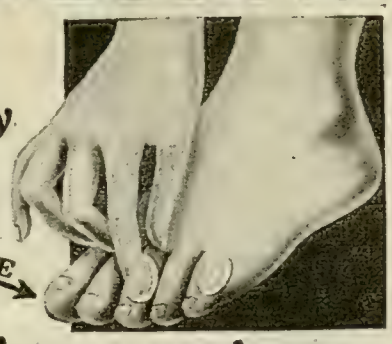
be nonchalant . . . LIGHT A MURAD.



© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

CORNS

new discovery



relief in one minute

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for corns and tender toes end pain like magic. The action is instant, complete. Removing pressure of shoes and the soothing medication does it. No other treatment acts on this scientific principle. No danger of acid burn as with harsh liquids and plasters. Zino-pads are thin, dainty, protective, healing, guaranteed safe and sure. Also sizes for Callouses and Bunions. Sold everywhere—35c box.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

When you want "an easy-going pencil," remember to ask for a Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga"!

5¢ each

60¢ a dozen

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DIXON "TI-CON-DER-OGA"

An extraordinary five cent pencil

Made in the U. S. A. by

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY

PENCIL DEPT. 10-J, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

STOPS FALLING HAIR

Lucky Tiger Knocks Dandruff and Scalp Irritations like Whyte-Fox (1 and 2) Medicated Massage heals skin eruptions, and No. 2 Whyte-Fox knocks piles in 2 to 3 weeks. Used and endorsed by millions. Money-Back Guarantee. Write for free booklet. *At Barbers, Druggists, Beauty Parlors.*

Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited

214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

FREE!

A whole week's better shaves. Just mail the coupon below.

How to feel Clean-Shaven Longer!

Now a closer shave because of extra efficiency of small-bubble lather.

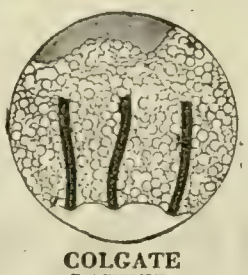
MEN who use Colgate's do not worry around five o'clock as to whether to shave again....or to try and "get by." Such men know the superiority of Colgate's small-bubble lather—that it gives a longer-lasting shave—one that makes you feel comfortable and clean-faced. Colgate's small-bubble lather, as its users know, is vastly different, quickly moistening the beard at the base, as big bubbles can't.

Just Plain Reasoning

The minute you lather up with Colgate's small-bubble lather, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard....crowd around each whisker—soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist....easier to cut ....scientifically softened right down at the base.

Ordinary, big-bubble lathers have more air, less moisture. A comparison will prove Colgate superiority. Note our coupon offer of a week's free trial. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion—refreshing, delightful—the perfect shave finale.



COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.

ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1746,
595 Fifth Avenue, New York.
In Canada, address Colgate, Toronto 8, Ontario.

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

[KEPT
Continued from page thirty-one]

It was all Louise's fault. Something damn nasty would probably come of this. Even the fortune teller had advised against stirring up trouble. Of course fortune tellers were the bunk, but still once in a while they were right. She had gotten a letter from Europe directly after the fortune teller had said she would. It really wasn't for her. It had been put in her mail box by mistake. But she had gotten it.

She wished Hubert would come back for something or other so she could tell him not to go. Perhaps he never would come back at all. Maybe he hated her for her nerve in supposing that he would be willing to let Helen divorce him. She had had crust all right. Holy smokes, she had gone to him knowing he was married and then had whined and complained as though she had been tricked. Damn Louise, anyhow!

LILLIAN went to bed but she could not sleep. She tossed from one side of the bed to the other. God, what a sap she'd been to start this!

At fifteen-minute intervals she reached for a cigarette and lay in bed smoking and torturing herself with worry. She had spoiled everything and where had she gotten the crust to do it with? That wasn't like her at all. Damn Louise. She felt that she couldn't live through the hours that must pass before she would know the outcome of her stupidity.

At length she fell to building air castles. Suppose Hubert wasn't angry at her and suppose Mrs. Scott was willing to bring suit against him? That would be great. She and Hubert could be married—and then let Louise try to find something to pity her for. Gee, she'd be respectable and she'd have money besides. She wished she knew Mrs. Scott so she could judge better what the interview would be like.

All night long Lillian wondered, feared, hoped, and cursed. It was dawn when from sheer exhaustion she fell asleep. She slept so soundly that she did not hear the dumb-waiter bell ring to announce garbage collection, nor, a half hour later, did she hear the iceman trying to split the battery with his violent assaults on the bell.

Lillian would have been astonished if she could have been present at Hubert's interview with Helen. She had no opportunity to see what happened. But you yourself will be a privileged spectator, next week.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Vermont; Virginia; Washington?
2—Caoutchouc is another name for what commodity?
3—Who was the first President of the United States to die in office?
4—What is a euphemism?
5—What annual rental does the United States pay to Panama for the Panama Canal Zone?
6—What is the source of the following quotation? Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink.
7—What is a dogwatch?
8—Helsingfors is the capital of what country?
9—What is the harvest moon?
10—Distinguish between malfeasance and misfeasance.
11—In what state was President Hoover born?
12—What is a seismograph?
13—Who is the Provisional President of Mexico?
14—Who was Secretary of War during this country's participation in the World War?
15—What deity in Greek mythology corresponds to the Roman Venus?
16—Who recently was appointed Governor General of the Philippines?
17—The Maoris are aborigines of what British dominion?
18—What are concentric circles?
19—What is straw bail?
20—What city is at the Mediterranean end of the Suez Canal?

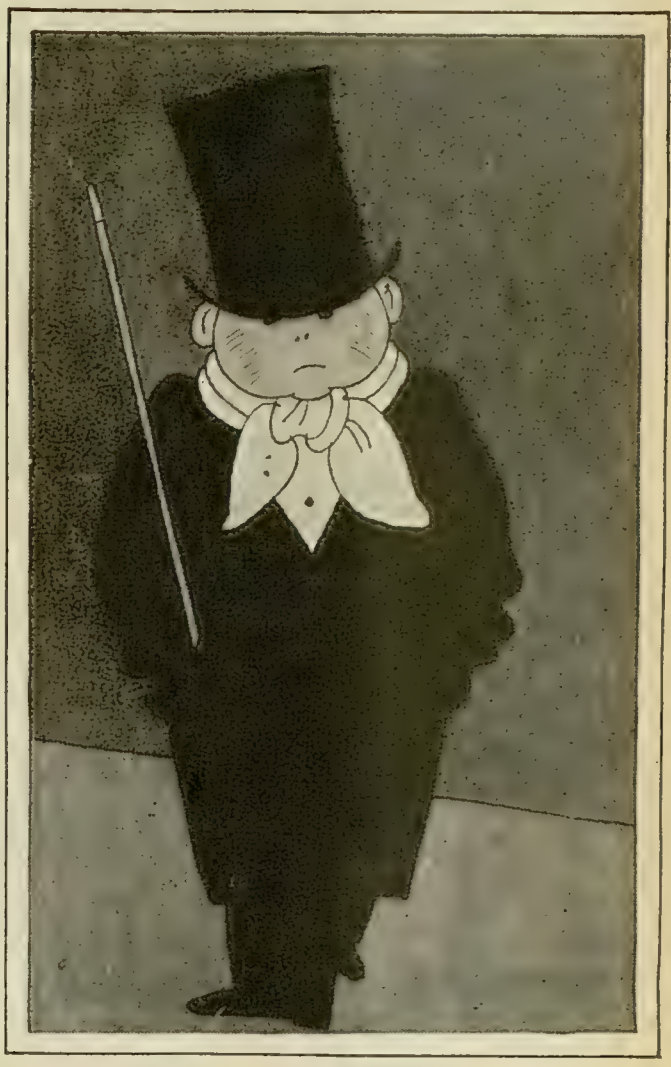
(Answers will be found on page fifty-six.)

GRAPHIC SECTION

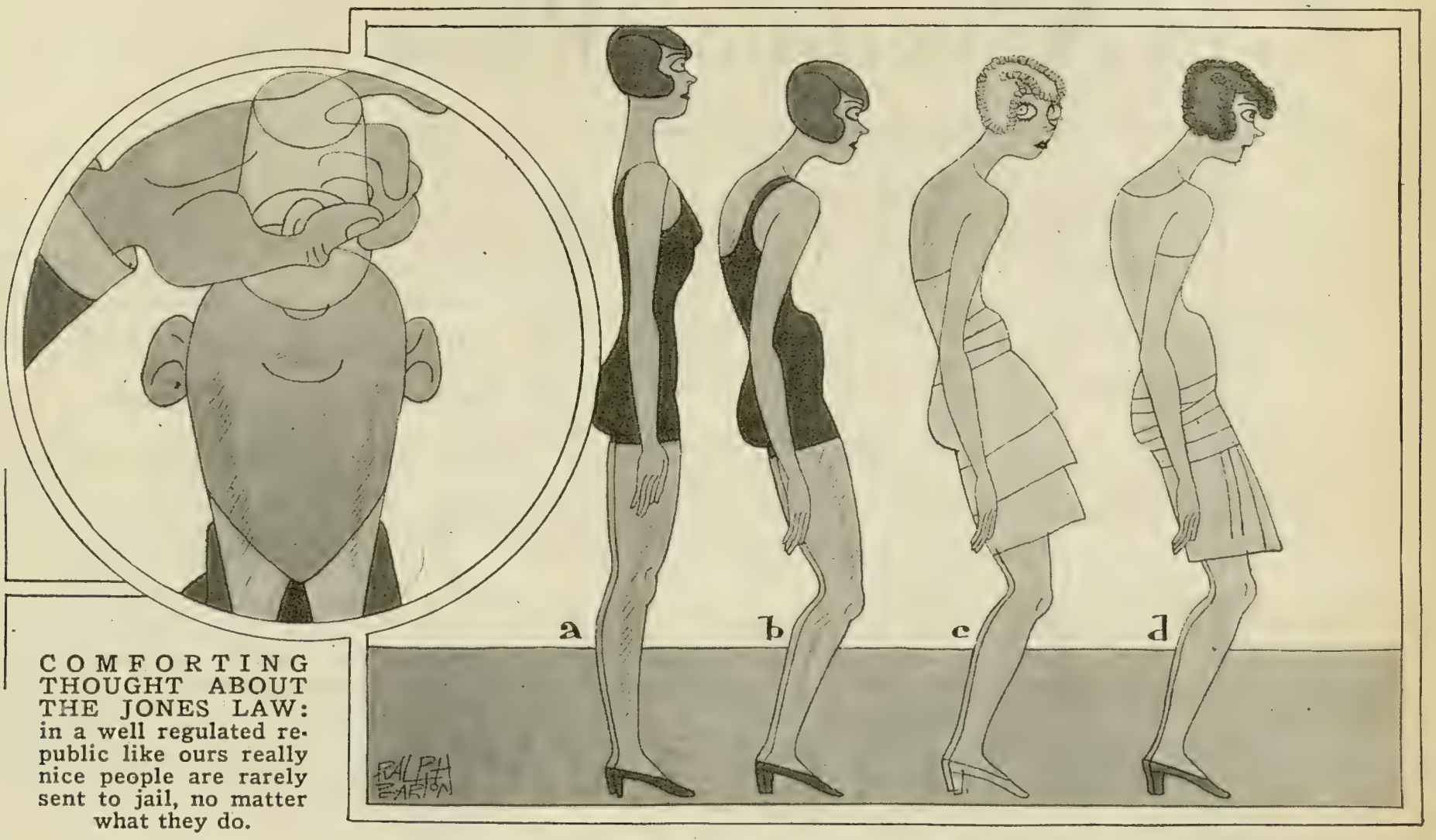
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

UMSLOPOGAAS K. UGUG, the intrepid explorer, takes leave of his wife as he starts out from his home in the Upper Congo for a trip among the bandits in Darkest United States.



OSWALD, our secretary, aged five, finds that love is very like an egg: it won't keep. If you have the luck not to break it at once, it will go bad by itself.



COMFORTING THOUGHT ABOUT THE JONES LAW: in a well regulated republic like ours really nice people are rarely sent to jail, no matter what they do.

(A) CORRECT POSTURE, as advocated by Miss Bourne in LIBERTY of May 11.
(B) INCORRECT POSTURE: slumped, stomach protruding, knees droopy.
(C) HOW LOTTA LUSCIOUS stands in her film success, Sudden Sin.
(D) THE POSTURE ADOPTED by the Youth of the Nation after grave reflection.

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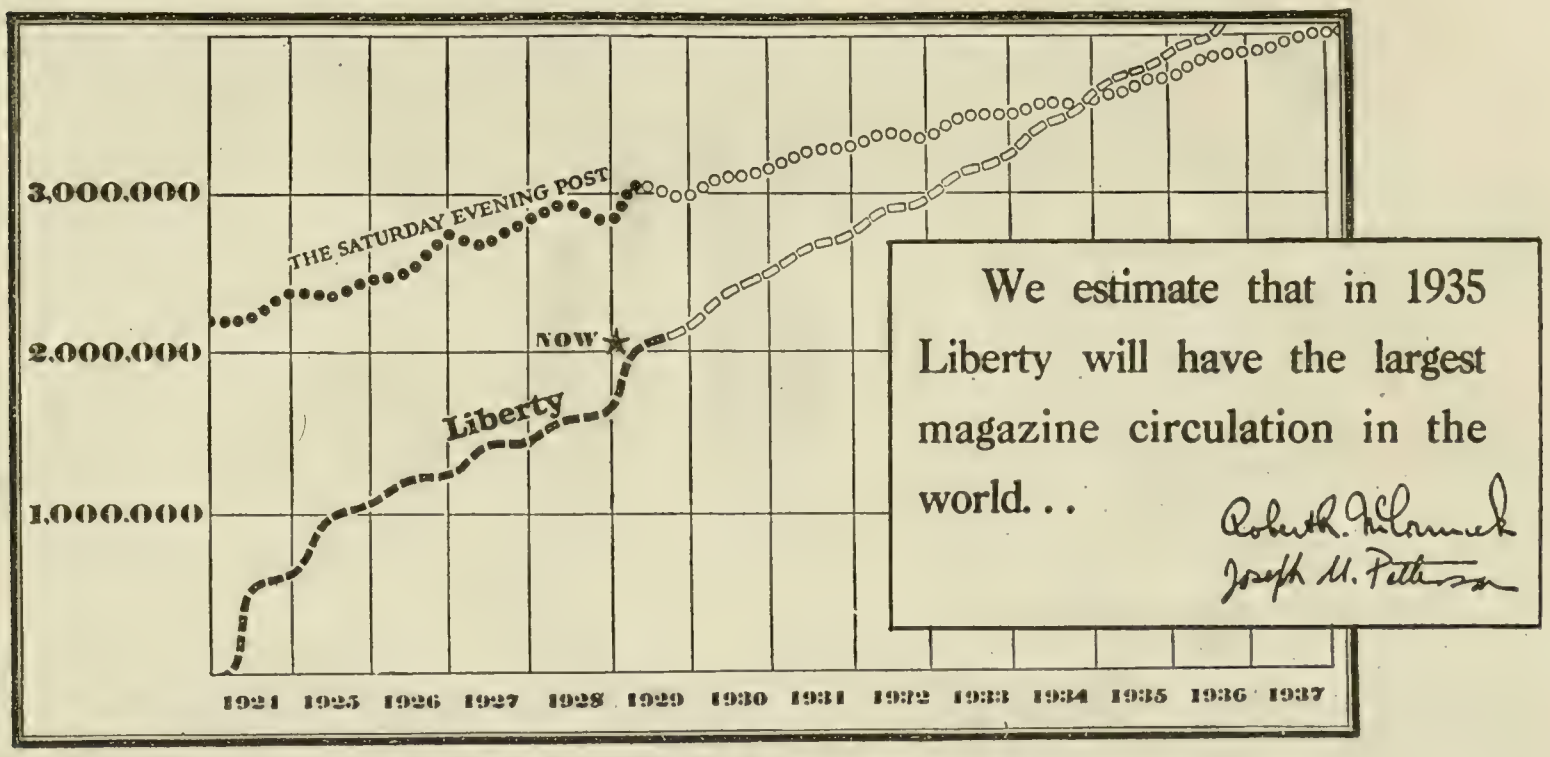
average net paid circulation

This is an increase of a quarter of a million in circulation, but .....

There will be no increase in Advertising Rates ....



We estimate that in 1935 Liberty will have the largest magazine circulation in the world...

Robert R. McCormick
Joseph M. Patterson

LIBERTY

A Weekly for Everybody

Silence Is Not So Golden

Even Mr. Chaplin Admits It Now

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

Leila Hyams and Conrad Nagel in The Idle Rich, and, on the left, Bessie Love, who appears in the same film.

THE leading motion-picture makers have just issued their production announcements for 1929-30. These indicate almost complete discarding of the silent film. William Fox announces a line-up of forty-eight talking and singing pictures with no silent productions. Metro-Goldwyn concedes sixteen silent productions out of sixty-three films. Hollywood is definitely talkie. The producers also are going in strongly for all-color productions.

Sally Eilers in Broadway Babies, the first movie that attempts to glorify the bootlegger.

The coming year will see a lot of revues, some operettas, and many musical comedies. The Western will do a comeback as a talkie. There is hardly an underworld story outlined for next year. The cabaret and back-stage story still holds on, however.

The fifteen most interesting announcements, to me at least, concern: Charlie Chaplin's new comedy that will be a talkie after all; John McCormack's forthcoming song film for William Fox; Laurence Stallings' The Cock-Eyed World, the sequel to What Price Glory; Greta Garbo's first talkie, Anna Christie; John Gilbert's version of Tolstoy's Redemption and his adaptation of Molnar's Olympia; Harold Lloyd's talkie comedy, Welcome Danger; Will Rogers' first all-talkie, They Had to See Paris; Clive Brook's appearance in Galsworthy's Escape, directed for Paramount by Basil Deane; Ernst Lubitsch's The Love Parade, in which Paramount will star Maurice Chevalier; King Vidor's Negro study, Hallelujah; The Dance of Life, which is the film version of Burlesque; Our Modern Maidens, Metro-Goldwyn's sequel to Our Dancing Daughters; Erich Pommer's European-made The Hungarian Rhapsody, imported by Paramount; and Fox's remade talkie version of F. W. Murnau's film of the wheat belt, to be called City Girl.

★ ★ ★

Being a talkie version of an idea instead of a theme song, Metro-Goldwyn's The Idle Rich, based on Edith Ellis' stage play White Collars, is excellent—if you can worry along without theme melodies.

The Idle Rich depicts what happens when a pretty stenographer marries a young millionaire. Movie audiences will be surprised to find that the wealthy bridegroom is always right, while the bride and her family are nearly always wrong.

William Van Luyn, the groom, sets out to cure the family—and the bride in particular. The background is drab, the limited action taking place in a stuffy, overcrowded flat, and the film is long on talk (principally about class consciousness) and short on movement.

You will find Conrad Nagel and Leila Hyams giving delightful performances of the bride and groom—and little Bessie Love stealing another film as the bride's pert, giddy sister. This isn't a picture of general appeal. It is, rather, the talkie's first experiment with a dramatic idea.

★ ★

First National's Broadway Babies is the story of a hard-boiled chorus cutie who makes good. The real hero of the film is a big bootlegging play-boy from Detroit with a heart of gold. He tries to get our little hoofer, realizes she loves another, and passes her over to the boy she cares about—with enough gold to star her on Broadway. This is the screen's first glorification of a big gat-and-gin man. The film stars Alice White, who is being built up as Hollywood's peppy baby star, but the picture belongs to Fred Kohler, as the two-fisted overgrown boy from Detroit.

★ ★ ★

Many months ago I reviewed William Fox's silent production of Four Devils, F. W. Murnau's decorative film of circus life. The last two reels have been reshot before microphones and you now hear little Janet Gaynor, Mary Duncan, and the rest. You may be a bit disappointed by the wistful Miss Gaynor's pale and tiny voice, but, to me, she has real talkie possibilities. Miss Duncan is a little raucous, I regret to report.

★

Columbia's The Fall of Eve is billed as "it's naughty—but it's nice." Actually, it is just an old-fashioned bedroom farce of tired butter-and-egg men at play, and irate wives on the warpath.

Do you know that—

Al Jolson's next is to be called Say It with Songs? . . . Doug and Mary are really going to do The Taming of the Shrew?

All in the Family

Some Memories of an American Home

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

SPORT

FROM the time we were knee-high to grasshoppers we were brought up to be sportsmen. Even if we did not become experts with the rifle or champion swimmers, we got the right spirit, which is what counts. I won't go as far as to say that I never shot a bird sitting or caught a trout on a worm, but when I did I was ashamed of myself. Any family that lives in the country can have sport of some type. There are places where rifle ranges can be improvised, and there is generally water for bathing and fishing of some sort near by.

My father was an ardent sportsman. At the top of the house at Oyster Bay was a large room named the gun room. Beneath its windows on fine days spread a glorious panorama. Green fields led to greener woods and beyond lay the Sound with the white sails of boats sprinkling it like stars. On the far horizon the Connecticut shores showed dimly.

The gun room was a sort of overflow library where odds and ends of all kinds were gathered. Around its walls unglazed shelves full of books were ranged. A couple of very meritorious Arab scimitars in frayed plush scabbards hung on the wall. Next to them was a photograph of the college club to which Father belonged. In it he appeared as a slight, solemn-looking young fellow, with most preposterous mutton-chop whiskers.

On a cabinet stood two glass-covered groups of birds collected by Father when at the age of eleven he went to the Nile with his family. On a near-by shelf a brace of handsomely inlaid dueling pistols reposed in a mahogany box. There were two gorgeous gold-trimmed six-shooters with carved ivory butts—relics of the time when Father as a young man wished to dress as well as act the part of a dashing young cattleman.

In one corner was a gun cabinet where our arms were kept. In early days it contained three shotguns: one ancient twelve-gauge, a pin-fire, one ten-gauge cannon, and a more or less modern sixteen-gauge. The rifles began with a Sharp, that almost forgotten weapon which helped to win the West, and included a collection of Winchesters ranging from a .45-70 to a .30-30.

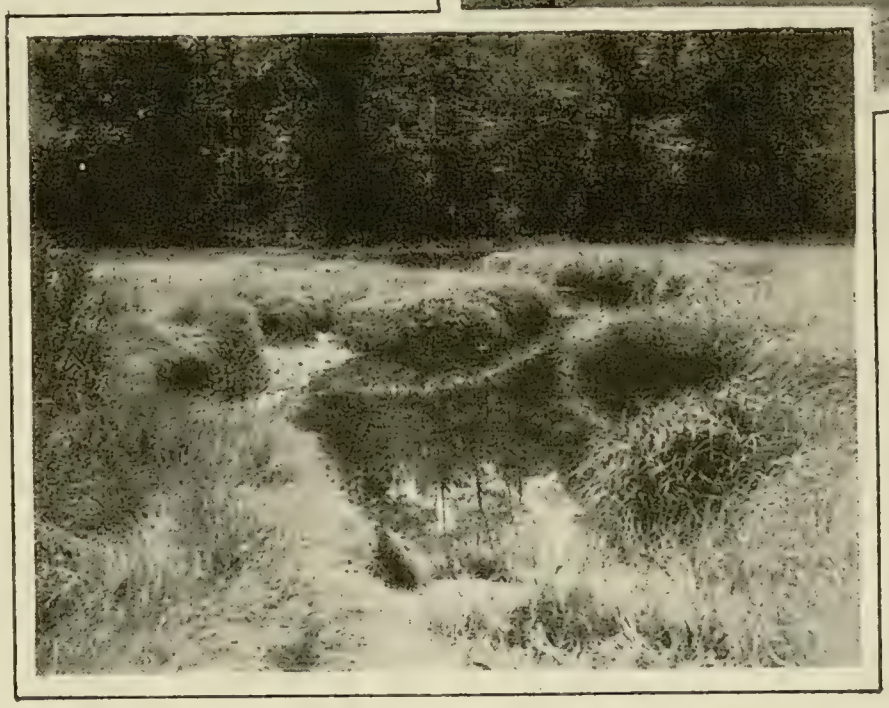
There were two closets, one for some unknown reason containing Mother's dresses, and as such of small interest to us. The other was very different. It faced the gun case and ran back under the eaves like a robber's cave. Like a robber's cave it was fraught for us with every possibility. There were cartridge boxes, leather cases, ramrods, old pistols, and all the paraphernalia that collects around a sportsman. It had an entrancing musty smell like a shop in an Eastern bazaar.

We children spent many hours in it, stifling hot though it was, for we never knew what treasures we might unearth while rooting among its contents.

Father often told us tales of his ranch and the West. Shuddering with delicious excitement, we heard of cattle thieves, grizzly bears, or the battle of the Rosebud. Naturally we boys wished to learn how to shoot. The first rifle given us was a Flobert. Father brought it out with him from town one day. I was off somewhere about the place on "affairs of Egypt," and did not get back until he was dressing for dinner.

At once I made for his room, where I found him just preparing for his bath. The rifle was standing in a corner. Of course I fell on it with delight. He was as much excited as I was. I wanted to see it fired to make sure it was a real rifle. That presented a difficulty. It would be too dark to shoot after supper and Father was not dressed to go out at the moment.

P. & A. photos



Along Eel Creek, a haunt of the Roosevelt children near Sagamore Hill, and (above) the creek's mouth, where T. R. gave his eldest son his first lesson in duck shooting.

HE took it, slipped a cartridge into the chamber, and, making me promise not to tell Mother, fired it into the ceiling. The report was slight, and the hole made in the ceiling so small that our sin was not detected.

Later he taught me to use it. The targets ranged from strips of paper to the regulation store-bought affair. The range was our own, and very simple. It consisted of a butt of rough logs with a pit dug near by. By shooting from the other side of a small gully we got a maximum distance of some hundred yards. It was almost as exciting to be snuggled down in the pit and hear the

© 1905 by J. Horace McFarland Co.

Theodore Roosevelt, when President, pushing off in a St. Lawrence skiff for a row on Long Island Sound.

P. & A. photo

A rear view of Sagamore at Oyster Bay, summer White House from 1901 to 1909, as it appears at present.

bullets strike the butt as it was to shoot. When practice was over we children used to grub the spent bullets out of the bank and keep them as treasures.

During those days I first realized the appalling appetite of a bullet for space. There is more exaggeration about shooting than there is about anything else, with the possible exception of fishing. At the average sporting-goods store they show the customer rifles, the sights leafed up to 500 or 600 yards, and talk glibly of the accuracy of the weapon at those ranges. The rifle may be accurate, but the sportsman is not. The sportsmen I know who kill game with any regularity at such distances can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Indeed, there is only one man whom I consider generally efficient at long range: Stewart Edward White.

Above 200 yards the element of luck plays the greatest part in my shooting. To begin with, at that distance the front sight covers most of the animal. Then there is the question of estimating the yardage. Even an expert will vary fifty to 100 yards in rough country. The ground from which you shoot is rarely ideal and often you are out of breath.

THESE matters, however, were of little concern to me then. If I got on the target at fifty yards I was happy. Now my children are being taught in the same fashion.

My brothers and I take half a dozen small boys and girls to the range. One shoots at a time, while we try to keep the rest quiet and safely to the rear. It is very difficult to get someone about four feet tall into the correct position. Generally it is something like this:

"Quentin, it is your turn. . . . No, Kim, you don't come next. . . . Sit down, Quentin! . . . No, you have a hard enough time hitting the target sitting down. There is no point in standing up. . . . There. Now rest your elbows on your legs. Take a long breath. . . . Sonny and Willard, go back, you are too far front. . . . Take a long breath. . . . Clochette, don't jump about and shout. . . . Steady, now. . . . The reason it won't go off is because you have not cocked it."

A question over which there is always much debate is the cleaning of the rifle. Though I love shooting, there is nothing more unutterably dreary than cleaning my piece afterwards, and I am sure the vast majority of sportsmen share my opinion. A rifle never seems to be thoroughly clean. Run the rag through until it seems that there cannot be a speck of dirt left, wet it, and it will come out soot-black.

All diabolical characteristics of inanimate objects are exemplified in a rfle, a ramrod, and a bit of cloth. You select a bit of cloth, put it on the end of the ramrod, and try to poke it down the barrel of the rifle. Either it goes through so easily you know it can do no good, or it refuses to go in at all. In the latter case, maddened by its stubbornness, you grip the rod with both hands and shove. Here again there are two alternatives: either the rod

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ALL IN THE FAMILY
Continued from page thirty-seven]

bends or, after slowly progressing half down the barrel, passes through the rag and jams.

I clean my guns in the room that is euphoniously known as my study. Generally I start by knocking the telephone off the desk. Then I spill oil on the chair. My wife always threatens to take the rug away and leave the floor bare. Altogether, there is nothing so exasperating as cleaning firearms. I have only known one man who cared for it, and he came to a bad end.

If this is the case with grown-ups, with boys it is a penance of the first order. When there is a chance to slide the piece back into the case uncleaned and unnoticed they will do so, and blithely proceed on their ways unmindful of the day of reckoning that must come when a rusty, fouled rifle is produced for the next practice. Strict rules are necessary. We have found it best for each boy to own his own weapon. Then there is no question of someone else's turn.

P. & A. photo

The salt marsh near Sagamore Hill, a favorite hunting ground of the sons of T. R. in boyhood.

I must have had the Flobert for three or four years before I got my first shotgun. Even then I doubt if I should have had it but for a curious incident. At about that time some unknown admirer of my father began to send me periodic presents. One of these was a beautiful sixteen-gauge Scott gun. To this day I do not know who the kind person was, but he has my eternal gratitude. This gun is now at Oyster Bay, and though it is twenty-nine years old is still my favorite.

In order to christen fittingly this new possession Father took me duck shooting. We were at Oyster Bay, where even in those days there were mostly fish ducks. We got up before daylight on a cold winter morning. After hurriedly gulping some coffee we tramped to Eel Creek with the coachman, who was a sportsman also. Through the gray of early dawn we paddled our sink boats out, and with numb fingers set the wooden decoys.

SOON the ducks began their flight. After much expenditure of ammunition I succeeded, more by good luck than good management, in killing one female old-squaw. Meanwhile, Father had practically duplicated my performance by killing one male old-squaw. In triumph we returned to the house in time for a regular breakfast. In spite of their very fishy taste and leathery toughness we had the birds cooked and ate them for dinner.

Later we got a clay-pigeon trap and set it up in Smith's field near Sagamore. There we practiced industriously. One day Father shot with us. He fired once, broke his bird, and refused to try again, saying that he stood on his record.

After I had this shotgun I hunted continually, generally with my cousins George and Jack. Our principal game was shore birds. We walked them up in the marshes and along the beaches. It was an exciting and healthful sport and did little harm to the sandpipers. One or two birds would provide us with days of practice.

Once I saw in a marsh a winter yellowlegs. Painfully I stalked him through the clinging mud and matted eel-grass. The great green horseflies bit me, but I hardly dared to slap them, so fearful was I of scaring the bird. When I was about thirty yards away I peered over the reeds, carefully aimed at him, and fired both barrels together. I was nearly kicked backwards into the mud and the yellowlegs flew away.

Kermit fell heir to Father's pin-fire twelve-gauge. He left it uncleaned with disastrous results. It was known thereafter as the "rust bore."

WHEN Kermit was ten and I was twelve Father took us and four cousins of similar ages shore-bird shooting on the Great South Bay. It was a most courageous undertaking on his part, and the fact that we all returned uninjured speaks volumes for his discipline.

We wandered about the marshes and were bitten by mosquitoes. We sat patiently in eel-grass blinds and felt the thrill that comes when the first birds circle down half seen in the gray of early dawn. At night we slept on a friend's schooner.

Kermit was so small that when he shot Father had to support the gun. The bag of game was very limited. In spite of this, we children had a delightful time. None of the many shooting trips I have been on since has been more exciting.

Surgeon General Rixey of the navy gave me my first quail shooting. He was a delightful man, born and bred in the Old Dominion where sportsmen are the rule. Every autumn we used to hitch a team to a wagon and drive from Washington by Thoroughfare Gap into the heart of Virginia. We were a self-supporting unit. In the wagon, besides ourselves, we had a colored servant, three dogs, and our bags. Dr. Rixey's war sack, as he called it, contained everything from soup to nuts. It resembled Mrs. Robinson's bag in the wandering of that famed Swiss Family. Once when we had been hunting for several days he unexpectedly produced a cold roast chicken from it. Behind us trotted an extra horse, often not even hitched to our wagon.

The present Colonel Roosevelt at the end of a perfect day on a Wisconsin trout stream.

The old doctor knew the whole countryside. Wherever we stopped we found friends. We had no plans. Day by day we would rattle down the red-clay road, fording muddy little creeks, passing through Culpepper, Warrenton, Charlottesville—names that recall the days when the landed gentry of Virginia paraded in lace and ruffles. At night we would put up at some farmhouse where spoon bread, corn pone, beaten biscuit, meats, and preserves succeeded one another in such an endless succession that I stuffed myself like a sausage.

In the early morning we would be up and off. Generally the farmer would show us to some briar patch where he had seen "a bunch of birds yesterday." Sud-

denly the dogs would point. We would advance, and with a whir the covey would be winging its way across the winter landscape.

By evening we would have a mixed bag: a snipe or two, a dozen quail, three or four rabbits, and occasionally, on a red-letter day, a wild turkey.

Our children have just reached the age when they can have shotguns. Times have changed. The laws of the incorporated village where we live permit no game to be shot within its limits, so they have to confine themselves to clay pigeons. Some day I am hoping to get a chance to take them shooting, but today we must go far afield.

Of course we all played tennis. When we started the game was much less popular than it is today. We had a dirt court near Sagamore. It was in a hollow. The moles traversed it regularly, which gave it an uneven surface. In addition, it was so well shaded that moss grew on it. The branches of the trees were so low that we had a special rule that when a ball hit a branch and might have gone in it was a " let."

There were no professionals in those days, so we batted the ball in whatever fashion seemed best to us. Father played with us whenever he had the time, and was always welcome. His method of playing was original, to say the least. He gripped the racquet half-way up the handle with his index finger pointed along the back. When he served he did not throw the ball into the air, but held it in his left hand and hit it from between his fingers.

In spite of this, and in spite of his great weight, he played a surprisingly good game. We used him as a sort of milestone of progress. When we were able to beat him in singles it was equivalent, so to speak, to having passed the entrance examinations to college as far as tennis was concerned.

PERIODICALLY we had family tennis tournaments. At the time they did not seem particularly humorous. Looking back at them over the years they assume a much more comic aspect. Once my sister Alice, then sixteen and a tall girl, was greatly pleased after she had won her match against Oliver, a diminutive ten-year-old cousin. She was rather hurt when Mother could not restrain her laughter over this notable victory.

Now we have a much better tennis court where we have family matches, sometimes Kermit and his wife against Eleanor and me, sometimes a mixture of grown-ups and children, more often odd and interminable sets composed entirely of children.

Though we lived at a mecca of yachting—the Seawanhaka Club is just across the bay—none of our immediate family cared for sailing with the exception of Archie. We turned to rowboats. They were of two types, one the traditional wedge-shaped, flat-bottom variety used by the native bay men, the other the light, round-bottom St. Lawrence skiff. The former was used by the children for fishing and paddling about near the bathing beach. It was almost impossible to row in a head wind, because of its high freeboard and flat bottom, but it was equally impossible to upset. In honor of its principal employment it was called the " bunny boat." The St. Lawrence skiffs were less durable. They were originally the special province of Father, but we graduated to them as we became older.

We rowed them all over the surrounding waters, portaging over necks of land and spending the night beneath them side-tipped on the beach. Those that belonged to my family were practically all christened Edith, in honor of Mother. There were generally at least two in use; which would be distinguished as " the old Edith " and " the new Edith."

For two or three years my cousins George and Jack and I took endless pleasure out of one of these boats that belonged to an older cousin, James. He was a very generous boy, and when he found he did not use it, he practically turned it over to us. We called it " James' boat " and spent fully half our time in it.

The country was far wilder in those days. Naturally our trips seemed to us in the nature of explorations, though they only took us five or ten miles from home at the most. We took our lunch with us. Sometimes we

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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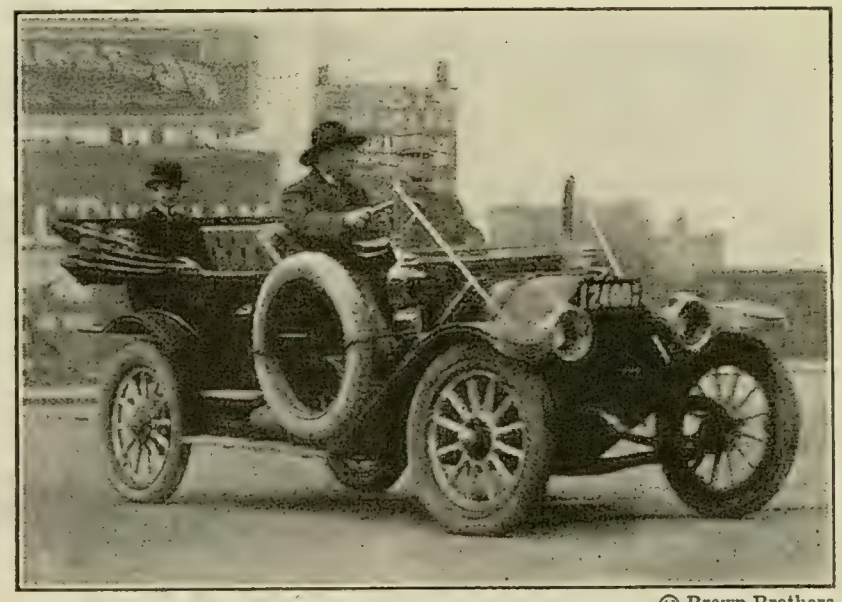
GENERAL ELECTRIC

[ALL IN THE FAMILY
Continued from page thirty-nine]

spent the night. In ragged pants and shirts, perhaps sneakers, certainly no stockings, covered with fish scales and dirt, we led a healthy, happy life.

With the passing years Long Island has become so settled that now it is impossible for the next generation of the Roosevelt families to do exactly as we did. Camping out is much more difficult. It is hard to picture yourself as an explorer with an automobile party from Brooklyn a stone's throw away. Nevertheless our children have boats of much the same type that we had, and spend long hours in them, looking equally disreputable.



© Brown Brothers

T. R. occasionally drove his own car—and, of course, had a bully time doing it.

We often went fishing. Most boys do. It was our cousin Emlen, not Father, who started us. He bought rods, put them on racks behind his bathhouse, and had a bait box which the boatmen kept filled nailed to the float of his dock.

The fish we caught were mainly snapping mackerel. Their backs are a deep blue, the sides and bellies shining silver. Though not more than five or six inches long they are savage little creatures and pursue relentlessly the swift-darting schools of silversides. Time and again I have lain on the float, my head over its sun-baked side, gazing down into the green water and watching the darting shadows of the mackerel as they wrought havoc among the schools of minnows.

Our tackle was of the simplest: a bamboo pole (two for a quarter at the village store), a stout line with a sinker and hook, and a cork float. Twenty cents more than covered the entire cost. Watching that cork bobbing in those days was as exciting as stalking an ibex in Central Asia is today.

As time passed we varied our fishing. We rowed to other places and sometimes made astonishingly good catches. Once I brought a string of eighty-five into the drawing-room to show Mother, when the string broke and they fell in a shining silver shower on the carpet.

We fished for eel on the bottom with clams. An eel at the end of a line is a problem. It takes him less than no time to turn everything in a neat boat into an inextricable tangle. The Gordian Knot was nothing to what eels have tied in my line. Personally I believe it was not snakes but eels with which Laocoön had his adventure.

OCCASIONALLY we went jacking at night with one of the hired men. This was great sport. The very fact that it was at night gave an added zest. Then poling the boat along through the surrounding shadows, the yellow light from the lantern cutting the dark in a broad bar, had about it a real smack of adventure. Finally, spearing the fish as its form seemed to flow through the illuminated patch of water was very exciting.

Another of our favorite fish was the flounder, a bottom feeder and one of the best of pan fish. I have fished for flounders when my hands were so numb that I could hardly stick the bit of clam on the hook. Once I can recall catching 200 and feeding the entire family for a week. The two aristocrats of the bay were the blackfish and the striped bass. Both of them were comparatively scarce. When we brought home a mess it was a real triumph.

Like the first duck that I shot, these fish were trophies of our bow and spear. It was a matter of pride with us that Mother should eat them. As a result poor Mother had assorted fish breakfasts during a large part of the summer. Now I in my turn receive the same attention. Very often two or three diminutive fish of unknown varieties appear on my plate at breakfast accompanied by the proud statement from Teddy or Sonny, "Father, I caught those yesterday at the Merle Smiths' pier."

Though it is twenty or thirty years ago that we of the elder generation fished, history is repeating itself with hardly a deviation. Today my boys and their cousins are following the immemorial custom of little boys. The tackle they use is the same. The places they go are identical. As far as I can see, the very fish that they bring home might be those that we caught in the gay '90s.

The similarity does not stop here. Our children have also the same ability we had to tangle the lines, particularly if the fish is a big one.

LAST summer Eleanor was working in the garden when she heard a chorus of excited voices. She glanced up and saw the little boys paddling up the pebbly drive. Sonny had caught a dogfish. He was carrying it in triumph. Teddy was carrying the pole to which the dogfish was still attached. In some marvelous fashion it had succeeded in winding the line about it until it seemed to have spun a cocoon.

The other afternoon I took Quentin fishing. My brother Archie and his son were with us. We started from the house with much anticipation and excitement. It was one of those gray windy days that traduce the name of April. I asked Quentin if he thought he was warm enough. He said he knew he was. He had two sweaters. Then I made my nephew get his coats.

We got to the pier, tumbled out of the car, and scrambled out to the place where we were going to fish. The wind blew bitterly. After I had baited their lines, thrown them over, and explained to them how to hold them, there was a numb silence. Quentin said, "Father, I think I am frozen." I looked at them and found that they had thoughtfully left the coats in the car. I sent them back.

Then the fun began, for the tommy-cod were biting. Quentin caught none all afternoon, because it was just too much to be expected that he should keep his mind on his line under the circumstances. The resulting dialogue was something like this:

"Father, do you think my line is on bottom?"

"You can tell that, darling, by letting it down until it is slack."

"Oh!" A pause. "Father, do you see that boat? What do you think she is doing?"

"I don't know, Quentin, but watch your line."

"Father, do you think I have had a bite?"

"I don't know, Quentin."

"Father, my line has been down a long while. Don't you think I had better pull it up?"

"Yes, Quentin, pull it up."

"Oh, Father! The bait is gone!"

Little Archie, my nephew, succeeded in catching two tommy-cod. Each time he was tremendously surprised. Though Quentin caught none, he remarked, "Father, it is great fun fishing."

My own father was not a fisherman. I never saw him fish, and believe he never did except occasionally for food when he was in the wilds. That did not mean that he was unsympathetic with such of us as were instinctive Waltonians. Just as soon as I was old enough to handle a fly rod he financed me in the purchase of proper tackle and flies. That rod and those flies opened up an endless vista of pleasure that I expect will continue as long as I can walk a mountain brook.

I came by it naturally, for my great-grandfather was a devotee of the sport. I have his old brown leather accordion fly book by me as I write. Within it in little envelopes are the various feathers with which he tied his flies. Each envelope is labeled in the prim

fine-pen writing of a century ago. I am holding in my hands now a small card around which is wound his binding thread. It comes from "B. Chevalier of London." The card states that Chevalier is a competent man, "Being taught by his father, a fisherman of upwards of sixty years' experience."

I loved all fishing when I was young, but, like the thin kine of Pharaoh's dream, trouting gradually swallowed all the other types. If I go for flounders today it is because the children want to go.

There is nothing more entrancing than a brook in the spring, when the leaves are "large as a mouse's ear." Every bend gives a fresh and inviting prospect. The blue haze blends with new green, softening the harsh lines of winter. His approach cloaked by the splashing of the water, the fisherman comes on a ruffed grouse strutting in the sun, or startles a slim-limbed deer. Sometimes a porcupine clumsily climbs a tree and gazes at the intruder with incurious eyes.

Then there are the fish, the always fickle trout. The old-timer knows where they lie—just where the water cushions against that large rock there is one. Cast the light-floating Cahill over the rock. Let the leader rest on it. A splash and a whirl; streamcraft is rewarded.

My children are more fortunate than we were in respect to trout. On our place in Vermont, to which my wife takes them in the summer, there is a brook. It is small and so are the trout. The record fish is but ten inches. Nevertheless they are trout. There the children have fished since they were eight or nine years old. Of course at first they used the humble but effective earthworm. Then we decided they should graduate to the gentlemanly fly.

Teddy was the eldest. He was given flies. He used them and was very proud of them. It was not until the end of the summer that my wife found he had made a compromise.

He used a fly, but he always put a worm on the end of the fly hook.

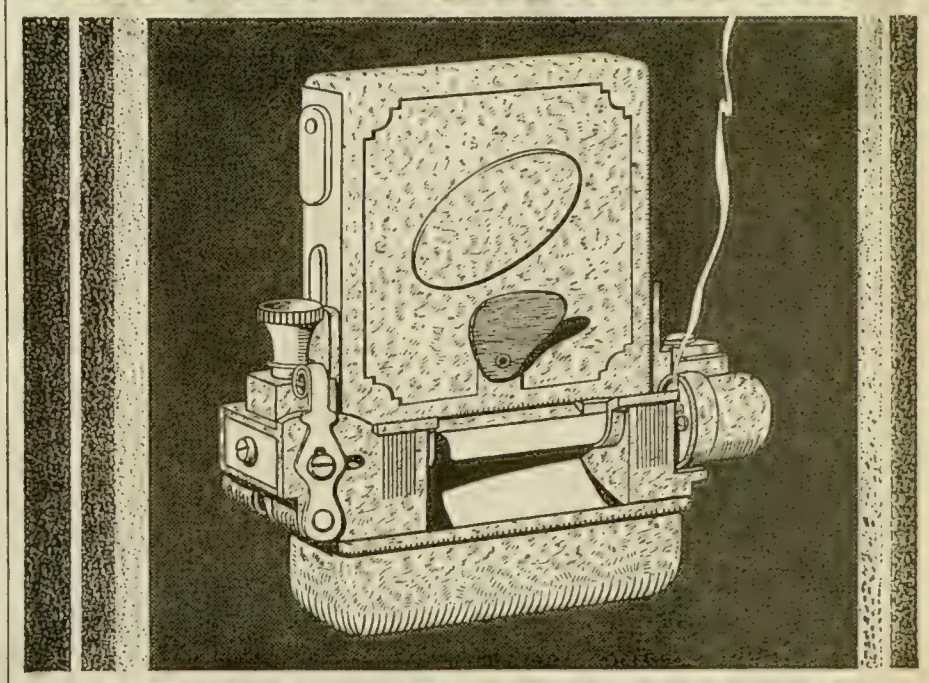
Whether it be fishing or shooting, tennis or horseback riding, I am sure that, for young or old, sport, to quote from Dame Juliana Berners, "is goode for the soule as well as the bodye."

Another "All in the Family" sketch by Colonel Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

How Many Mistakes Here?

Try to pick out all of the errors in this picture. You can test your thoroughness by the list of mistakes on page seventy-four.

For ~~the man~~ everyone who smokes and drives



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EYES

The Story of an Actor's Conscience

HE lighted a cigarette and waited. And presently they came and placed him under arrest for murder.

By

WALTON GREEN

Lawyer, newspaper editor, major in the A. E. F., clubman, chief prohibition investigator—these are some of the activities that have provided Walton Green with material for authorship, which is now his vocation.

Pictures by G. PATRICK NELSON

JOHN STROTHER'S grasp on the woman's throat loosened slowly. His powerful thumbs, crossed over the windpipe, gradually relaxed until he could no longer feel the beat of the carotid artery. She lay quietly on the couch beneath him.

He held his position, breathing heavily, one leg thrown across her knees locking her to his purpose. Two drops of icy sweat fell from his forehead and splashed on the hot-veined backs of his hands.

He stared down into her eyes—and she smiled back at him with a queer meaning smile. Behind him he heard the familiar soughing rush of the falling curtain. The foots were cut off and the draft from the orchestra ceased abruptly. They were alone on the dim stage.

"Choke too hard?" he asked shakily.

"No," she whispered back without moving. "I want you to. You were splendid tonight, Jack."

Young Strother swung his leg clear and pulled her to her feet in time to take the call as the curtain started up again. Four times the curtain rose and fell before the audience would let them go.

Back in his dressing room Strother dropped into a chair, half limp and half tense, waiting for the fit of trembling to pass. The cold sweat still broke through his make-up and his long big-knuckled fingers opened wide and closed in slow articulation as an animal stretches its muscles.

He tried to light a cigarette, but made a sorry fist of it. Then he reached fumblingly into a suitcase, pulled out a large silver flask, and poured himself a half tumbler of brandy which he gulped down raw.

It was like this every night, he reflected, only getting worse lately. What good was it to have made the hit of the season—and the first lead, too—if the thing was going to turn him into a nervous wreck? What the devil had got into him? Why couldn't he play the part as he had at the outset—without making an emotional fool of himself?

Damn her soul! It was her fault—that queer provocative look that drove him into a frenzy of self-identification with his rôle. By God, the woman could act, though! He'd have to hand it to her. Technique and to spare—and that great slow throaty voice—no wonder she got five times his salary. What was it to her if she burned out the men who worked opposite her? There was Hillary, he remembered—some queer story about him—used up after a season and sent back to the sticks.

DAMN her! Ten years his senior, if a day. She'd had her time—she shouldn't suck him dry to feed her own career. He'd show her. Hereafter he'd play his part adequately, but without losing himself until there seemed to be nothing in the world but that great long creature with her white throat and her long white nose and her long slanting gray-green eyes with the taunting look. And her jeering taunts to him in the midst of his speeches.

What was it she had hissed at the last matinee? "Play your part, you big baby—play your part!" Yes, he'd play his part, but he wasn't going to be turned into an emotional springboard for even the greatest tragedienne in America. Play his part? Yes—but with his arms by his sides, so to speak. That was it, with his arms by his sides.

The brandy was working nicely by now, and Strother felt more comfortable. He tied a towel about his neck, scooped a generous daub of cold cream from the big tin on his dressing table, and proceeded to lather off his make-up.

Then he poured himself another drink, lighted a cigarette with confidence, and changed into a dinner jacket. Great stuff, liquor was, he reflected—if you knew how to use it. He sat himself down before his mirror in a glow of ease and watched the smoke curl up from the cigarette in his relaxed fingers.

Nice long fingers, he considered with reasonable detachment. Nice hands, too. Well boned and powerfully squared—with the spatulate finger tips they're always talking about great surgeons having. Huh—great actors, too, if it came to that.

His face didn't please him quite so well. A trifle too theatrical he thought, with the dark hair, the intense brows, and the strongly straight nose. But what could you expect with five generations of theatrical forbears? His mouth was good, he decided, no doubt about it: thin-lipped, large, and extraordinarily mobile; and the side clefts which winged it—like the touch of pouchiness beneath the deep-planted eyes—were indicative of emotional sensitiveness and not of dissipation. He threw his mouth into a practice pose. Yes, sir—good mouth—and speaking of which—where was that flask?

He reached around and was pouring himself another drink when there came a knock at the door. If it had been his first drink, he might have concealed it. As it was his third, and the stiffest of all, he merely called, "Come in."

"Have a drink?" he added without troubling to turn around. It was Freiborg, the producer.

Freiborg regarded the reddish liquor in the glass without any enthusiasm.

"Brandy?" he queried. "Not for mine. And let me tell you, young feller me lad, Three Star and young star don't go too good together, if you ask me."

"I didn't ask you," observed Strother pleasantly. He was unquenchably pleasant and winning now. "All right, let's go."

HE shook the nearly empty flask, slipped it into his hip pocket, and led the way to the stage entrance that gave on the alley. Once on the main street, Strother paused to light another cigarette. This maneuver enabled him — without too obvious gloating—to get a good look at the big electric sign that overhung the sidewalk in front of the theater.

ERLAINE VANNA
and
John Strother
in
MURDER A LA MODE

After all these weeks it still gave him a thrill. He was a new star, and a young star.

Freiborg, whose periscopic eyes seldom missed a trick, was smiling gently.

"Still get a kick out of seeing your name?" he asked quizzically.

"What's that?" demanded Strother, disconcerted. Then he laughed charmingly and hooked his arm in his companion's.

"There's a nice big bottle of champagne waiting for me at the club, and you've got to help me with it."

. . . . .

Two hours later John Strother emerged from the club. Freiborg was no longer with him. Instead, there was a very big and robust man, fair-haired and pink-faced. He looked like an all-American tackle—which he had been—and not at all like a fashionable neurologist—which he was. The two men hailed a taxi and entered it, Strother accomplishing the act with exaggerated precision.

"Great luck running into you again, doctor, after all this time," he began, "and I hope you don't mind that personal stuff I talked."

"Hell, no," said the big man, laughing robustly. No small part of Dr. Newcomb's success with nervous persons of great wealth was due to his robust manner, his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[EYES
Continued from page forty-three]

exuberant laugh, and his utter lack of humor. But, at that, he was a shrewd man, a keen observer, and a sedulous devotee of that younger school of practice which makes frank disavowal of medical omniscience. Also he habitually discussed technical matters—even with colleagues—in the jargon of the street, thus gaining a great repute as a modest belittler of knowledge which he did not possess.

"Hell, no," repeated Dr. Newcomb with explosive geniality, "glad to give you a tip. You're all right—right as rain—high-strung stuff, that's all. Lay off the hooch for a while—that's my dope. And get a lot of exercise."

"You're certain that's all?" Strother's enunciation was unimpeachable, though tinged by now with a carefulness. He was faintly surprised to be compelled to stifle a slight hiccup. "You're sure that's all?"

"Absolutely."

"I'm fearfully obliged to you," Strother was very earnest, "and I'll cut out the booze right now—right now—right now"—he drifted off into a singsong reiteration. "Excuse my intoning—I used to intone beautifully as a boy."

"Not at all," laughed Dr. Newcomb robustly. "Most natural thing in the world. Well—here's where I leave you. Going to see your show the end of the week. Good night."

"Going to cut it out right now," said Strother nonresponsively and gravely.

But he didn't. He did not, it is true, get drunk again for some time. And he tried to keep off the stuff until the final curtain, for he had a very real terror of crabbing his lines or overacting.

They continued to play to packed houses. There was talk of carrying the show over to the autumn. Three companies were sent out on the road and Strother's salary was boosted fifty per cent. And he was earning it, for his work was visibly improving in strength and richness of texture. But it was taking it out of him.

It was taking it out of him because, try as he might, he could not shake off the spiritual domination which the Vanna subjected him to. He tried to reason with himself that this was natural—natural that a celebrated actress of infinite experience should set the emotional pace for the play—hang it all—that was the quality in her, the power in her, that had made her great. But it was no go. He knew he wasn't jealous of the dominance of her professional technique. It was far deeper and more fundamental—a rebellion against her personal dominance of their personal relations. Had he been in love, it would not have mattered.

BUT he didn't love her. At times he almost hated her—hated the subtle look of mechanized passion that she could turn on and off at will—but which affected him as profoundly and unreasonably as though he had been deceived by it. Hated her low-whispered sneers. Hated, above all, their final scene—the provocative invitation in the slow upward roll of the broad gray eyes. Hated the insolent confidence with which she surrendered her body to the passion of his acting—while continuing to dominate, to invite, to scorn—and yet to demand the throttling pressure of his hands upon her throat.

And so the weeks wore on and Strother drank carefully, but ever more systematically; discovering that a stiff shot of brandy just before the last act steadied him measurably; each week increasing his allowance to satisfy the demands of his cumulative reactions. And the Vanna continued to act magnificently and to taunt coldly and to provoke insolently with the icy hotness of her flat gray eyes. And Strother sneered back and raged back and threw back her insults in the midst of her speeches. And no more in their last scene did he look down into her cold white face and ask if she had had enough—but sought to make her surrender the spiritual ascendency—sought to get her under, as he wildly phrased it to himself.

But always she smiled back—enigmatically—aloofly provocative—and infinitely challenging. And each night, defeated, he dragged her to her feet, rage in his heart—and they took their calls hand in hand with smiling lips and laughing eyes to the dim swirl of faces beyond the footlights.

And then, of course, and inevitably, on a certain night he could not drag her to her feet, and he took the curtain calls alone. And the curtain rose and fell and the audience didn't even appear to wonder why the Vanna held her pose on the couch.

And John Strother strode to his dressing room without so much as a sidelong glance at the couch with the stage hands clustered about. And he poured himself a full tumbler of brandy and tied a towel about his neck and scooped up a generous handful of cold cream and carefully removed his make-up and then lighted a cigarette and waited. And presently they came and placed him under arrest for murder.

THE Strother trial gave a splendid fillip to the jaded metropolitan palate. After a long series of murders in which the only question from the outset was how long electrocution could be delayed—it was a relief to New York's self-respect to become excited about a killing in which there was a possible element of doubt, and in which the manner of death was perhaps less hackneyed than the usual meat-ax performance to which the public had become inured.

Added to this, the defense broke all rules by not trying the case with printer's ink two months before the jury was picked. Strother had eminent counsel, but they availed themselves of none of the time-honored devices for securing delay while they proceeded to poison the larger jury of the public mind with the virus of erotic mass emotionalism.

The defense went to trial when the district attorney was ready. They did not squabble over the veniremen or over their opinions on capital punishment. And they interposed no plea of insanity on the ground that the defendant had been hit over the head with a powder puff when a small boy. In short, they behaved as though they really had a case.

Almost wholly this was due to the attitude of John Strother himself. From the moment of his arrest he was an enigma to his own counsel as well as to the authorities. He accepted the distinguished lawyers who had been retained by his relatives. But that was all. He did nothing, said nothing, explained nothing. Day after day he sat in his cell in the Tombs, reading and smoking cigarettes—his tenuous fingers repressively clinging together like a prize fighter's whose hands are taped to the tips. Day after day he sat and smoked, wrapped in the impenetrable fog of his spiritual amnesia. His people could do nothing with him. He refused to see the medical man they sent. His lawyers questioned, and prodded, and pleaded—but to no avail. He was courteous but firm—in an oddly dazed and unsentient way.

"I didn't wish to kill her."

He said this to his attorneys on three different occasions. That was all they had to go on.

And so they went to trial. The state established the corpus delicti without difficulty. The assistant electrician who had been at his post at the switchboard controlling the footlights and curtain mechanism, testified that he had watched the choking scene as he *always did*, ready to lower his curtain; that defendant had thrown Miss Vanna to the couch and choked her as usual—well—perhaps a little longer than usual; and that she had failed to rise for the curtain call. For the matter of that, the whole audience out front could have testified to substantially the same thing.

The district attorney turned the electrician over to Barterton of the defense.

"Did Miss Vanna ordinarily get up off the couch at once?"

"Well—no, sir. Mr. Strother, he usually pulled her up just before I started to raise the curtain for the call."

"Pulled her up, did he? Well—did he try to pull her up on this occasion?"

"Yes, sir. Yanked her by the wrist like always, then dropped her and turned front when he seen the curtain going up."

"Like always, eh?" Barterton permitted himself a satisfied smile. "That is all, thank you."

A Dr. Cummings, who had been brought from the audience to the actress' dressing room, testified that he had examined the body and pronounced death due to strangulation.

Barterton took him in hand.

"How long should you say it was, doctor, between the fall of the curtain and the time you saw Miss Vanna?" he began ingratiatingly.

"Eight minutes and forty-five seconds," snapped the doctor, who was a smartly compact and precise little man.

"Choke too hard?" he asked shakily. "No," she whispered back without moving. "I want you to."

BARTERTON was too old a hand to show surprise. "You timed it, of course?"

"Of course. Seen the play twice before—strangle scene longer than usual—woman couldn't get up—looked at minute hand on my watch—smelled rat, you see," he finished triumphantly.

"Never mind the rat, doctor," drawled Barterton pleasantly. "We want to know what you saw—not what you smelled. Now tell me, on what did you base your conclusion of strangulation?"

"Cyanotic appearance of the face and local contusions on the throat."

"Cyanotic?"

"Bluish tint of skin. Always present in suffocation. Blood turns blue—almost black sometimes—lack of aëration—lack of oxygen."

"I see. Was the face very dark in this instance?"

"No—some time had elapsed—post-mortem absorption and fading already under way."

"And the contusions on the throat—the black and blue spots. Were they very marked?"

"Pink—not black and blue. No—not strongly marked. Clearly definable however. Quite sufficient."

Barterton leaned over and whispered to his client. Strother, his arms listlessly on the arms of his chair and his close-fingered hands overhanging, raised his eyelids and dropped them again. He made no other answer. Barterton whispered to one of his colleagues and straightened up.

"Tell me, doctor—assuming a strangulation not severe enough in itself to cause death—could such a strangulation leave post-mortem indications—provided death had intervened through some other cause?"

The doctor hated to lose his cocksureness.

"Why, certainly," he began. "But if you mean—"

"That's all, doctor. You may step down," interposed Barterton hastily.

The state put on several other witnesses, but their evidence was largely corroborative. Then they rested. Motivation, of course, was the D. A.'s weak point—provided he was after a first degree verdict. But his chance of showing premeditation was already jeopardized by his own witness who had testified to Strother's attempt to lift the woman from the couch. He could and did argue in his summing up that the attempted lifting was sheer force of habit on Strother's part, but this did not seem to get very far with the jury.

THE defense went on the second day. In his concise and very able opening Barterton had declared his intention of proving that the death of the tragedienne had been due to causes wholly unconnected with the throttling to which she had been subjected on that night, as on a hundred other nights. He announced that he had only one witness and needed only one. He called to the stand a Dr. Eugen Helmick, and proceeded to qualify him as an expert on cardiac diseases.

"Dr. Helmick, Miss Vanna was a patient of yours?"

"For some years, yes, sir."

"You were present at the autopsy on her body?"

"Yes, sir—at the request of her brother."

"In your opinion, what was the cause of her death?"

"Angina pectoris, from which she had been a sufferer for over five years."

"Will you please tell the jury in your own words and in non-technical language just how this disease affected your patient, and just how it resulted in her death?"

The doctor, over the strenuous and repeated objections of the D. A., proceeded to explain that angina pectoris is a lesion of the coronary arteries of the heart, causing progressive degeneration of the cardiac muscle and characterized by recurrent attacks of violent pain lasting two or three minutes; that these acute attacks are generally

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[EYES
Continued from page forty-five]

superinduced by physical exertion or excitement; that death may occur during any paroxysm; that the only relief from pain is through hypodermic administration of morphia, or more commonly through the inhalation of amyl nitrite which the patient carries tied in a corner of a handkerchief and crushes and inhales at the first sign of an attack; that the momentary relief by this means is almost miraculous; and that Miss Vanna had carried these pearls with her ever since coming under his care.

And that he had especially warned her never to set foot on the stage unless so protected, but that he was given to understand that no handkerchief had been found on or near her body at the time of her death. And so on.

The jury, who had been eyeing John Strother rather hungrily up to this point, sat up and took very visible notice. The district attorney registered corresponding anxiety. But he tackled the cross-examination manfully.

"Tell me, doctor"—he was obviously on a fishing trip and working for a break—"tell me what indisputable evidence you found on the body of Miss Vanna that her death was due to angina pectoris?"

"None," said the doctor succinctly.

"What?" cried the delighted prosecutor. "And yet you have presumed to testify that she died of angina!"

"Precisely," said the witness urbanely. "Angina leaves no positive indications that an autopsy will reveal as to the cause of death. But with a clear history of progressive degeneration, as in this case, and finding evidence of myocardial degeneration at autopsy, and in the absence of other lesions sufficient to cause death, I am justified in concluding—"

"One moment!" snapped the D. A. "You heard Dr. Cummings' testimony as to strangulation, did you not?"

"Piffle!" said the specialist very distinctly, gazing straight and coldly at his brother practitioner. And that was about as far as the district attorney ever got.

THE D. A. summed up with an impassioned plea to send the wicked man to the chair; and Barterton with an equally impassioned appeal to restore him to the bosom of the stage which he had so long and so lately graced. And both sides made innumerable requests for instructions in the hope of getting the trial judge in wrong with a higher court.

And the judge read the statutory definitions of the degrees of murder and manslaughter, and charged all the usual and orthodox charges that are designed to befuddle a jury and to keep the trial judge out of trouble with a higher court. And he told them they must find the defendant guilty even if deceased had died of angina pectoris, if they believed defendant had intended to cause her death and had knowingly done the acts which superinduced the fatal heart attack; but not otherwise.

And he warned them about weighing the evidence, and emphasized that it was up to the state to show by a clear preponderance, and that they must find beyond a reasonable doubt—and all the usual and rest of it.

And the jury went out and told a couple of stories and had a couple of drinks and decided that young Strother was one hell of a fine young actor and that Erlaine Vanna was a foreigner, anyway. And so they came back and declared John Strother not guilty. Which was an end of it so far as the public was concerned.

But it was not an end of it for John Strother.

For three weeks he dodged the world of the morbidly curious. Dodged the faintly aloof congratulations of his friends. Dodged the persistent advances of the would-be exploiters of his notoriety. Dodged dazedly and miserably, and with a mounting dread of the mass suspicion which he felt was directed toward him. Dodged aimlessly and desperately and without confidence or direction.

Then he cracked. Not all at once, but little by little, day by day, and drink by drink. He could get no engagement because he definitely lacked courage to walk into a manager's office unless he was two-thirds drunk. And two-thirds drunk got him nowhere. Clearly they regarded him as a flash-in-the-pan who had gone to the dogs.

He drank always alone now, avoiding his club because he thought it avoided him; avoiding even his former haunts because he feared to be avoided by his former acquaintances.

And then, one noontime, walking shakily and gingerly up Fifth Avenue toward the place where he got his morning drinks, he came face to face with the robust Dr. Newcomb. With a sick feeling of inadequacy, Strother tried to escape with a bare nod. But the doctor, to his credit be it said, would have none of it. He might be big and overhearty, and inclined to fashionableness and something of a bluff, but after all he had the therapeutic instinct which turns many a second-rate scientist into a first-rate physician. He shook hands firmly and kept his hold.

"THOUGHT you were going to cut it out?" he laughed cheerfully, his apparently absent-minded eye taking in the gaunt jaw and cheek bones and the burning eyes.

"Why—I have—more or less," answered Strother distantly.

"Hell! You got a breath on a mile long this minute." He laughed and took Strother's elbow commandingly. "You're coming round the corner to the office, my son. I'll give you a bigger and better drink than you can get where you were going."

Five minutes later they were in Dr. Newcomb's inner office.

"Send in my tea and cheese," bellowed the big man to a nurse, "and no patients until one-thirty."

From a sort of dispensary wash room he fetched a bottle of whisky and a tumbler.

"Take as big a drink as you want," he grumbled, "and then shoot your stuff. But first, let me congratulate you. Certainly tried to take you over the jumps, didn't they? I was down there the second day."

Strother swallowed his liquor.

"Yes," he coughed. "I didn't see you. You—you heard it all?"

"Most of it. Got enough of the picture to see what you were up against. Still think you bumped the lovely lady, do you?" The doctor's tone was hilarious, but his eyes were flicking over Strother from head to foot.

Strother's right hand rested jerkily on the edge of the doctor's desk. Tensely his fingers reached out and grasped a reflex hammer—held it a second—dropped it, and moved uncertainly toward the whisky bottle. He measured another drink, more deliberately this time, drank it, and rose to his feet. The big man sipped his tea and waited.

"Kill her? Of course I killed her." He was walking restlessly up and down. "I don't know whether I meant to or not—sometimes I think so—sometimes I don't. Listen here, doctor, you don't know what that woman was."

"Don't I?" rumbled the doctor under his breath. "I guess I know the type. Go on."

"She—she kept taunting me—sneering—always talking and whispering—making me do everything her way—wouldn't let me get a word in edgewise. And then her eyes—did you ever notice her eyes?"

"Not close to," laughed the big man.

"They were queer—queerest eyes I ever looked into. Very broad and sort of flat and with an awful lot of white showing below the iris—sort of as if the whole eyeball was too high in the socket. You know the kind of eyes I mean? The upper lids very straight across—but with a funny, devastating, drooping effect like a curtain. And when she'd roll her eyes up a little—especially when she was under me in—in the throttle scene—why—well—I don't know—I can't describe it—but it drove me mad to want to make her give in—give

up—I don't know what—ask me to stop—do you see what I mean at all?"

"Absolutely," said Dr. Newcomb hastily.

"But she never would. Never would say she'd had enough—to my choking, I mean. At first I used to ask her—she always said she wanted me to—then I'd do it so's to make it hurt—but she'd never do a damned thing but keep on smiling and smiling and smiling."

"She wouldn't," commented the doctor tersely.

"What's that?"

"Nothing—go on. But wait a minute, son. Did you ever get that way toward anyone else? Subdue 'em, I mean?"

"No—of course not—never hurt a woman in my life." He laughed nervously and came toward the whisky bottle again. "Except scrapping with my sister when I was a kid. Older and bigger than me—I was jealous of her with mother—used to fight with her a good deal—knocked her clean out once, as a matter of fact." He laughed reminiscently. "But that was entirely different."

"Entirely different," agreed Dr. Newcomb with suspicious readiness. "Now, listen to me, young fellow. You're too damned good an actor to drink yourself into heebie jeebies over a fool thing like this. I'm going to give you my professional word—and mind you, I'm no paid expert on the witness stand—I'm telling you you had no more to do with that woman's death than I had. She had an advanced case of angina pectoris, and she was all set to pop off on the slightest provocation—or without provocation. The little extra choking you were so affectionately giving her that night wouldn't have killed a healthy flea."

The doctor gulped down the rest of his tea and stood up.

"You're suffering from nerves and morbid imagination. I could give you a lot of highfaultin medical terms that don't amount to a damn—but it boils down to this—you're a damned brilliant artist, and like lots of you guys you suffer from an overdose of temperament. You didn't have anything more to do with killing that woman than if you'd stood up and sneezed at her."

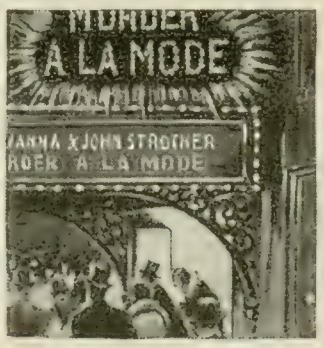
John Strother kept his eyes on the big doctor's face and walked slowly back to his chair. He was a little white, but quite in command of himself.

"If I could only believe that, doctor, I'd pull up this very instant," he said, and his eyes stared hungrily at the man opposite him.

"It's the truth," said Dr. Newcomb very quietly and with uncharacteristic seriousness. "And now will you do as I tell you?"

"I'll try," said John Strother earnestly.

Late in the afternoon of the same day, there met at the bar of the Dunderhead Club the renowned neurologist Dr. Francis Newcomb and the brilliant young district attorney.



"GOT a new patient," observed the big doctor, grinning widely. "John Strother. The boy's eating his heart out because you wouldn't send him up to burn."

"Yeah?" the young D. A. wrinkled his nose lovingly over the top of his cocktail. "Pretty good sort of guy, isn't he? What you been doing to him?"

"Lying myself black in the face and packing him off to the woods for six weeks. That man's worth saving."

"Yeah," agreed the D. A. indifferently, "and maybe the Vanna had it coming to her at that. When'll Strother be back on the stage?"

"Couple of months—if he behaves himself."

He was back even sooner. He had been gone from New York scarcely five weeks when there came to him a telegram from Freiborg, the producer:

HAVE A LEAD FOR YOU. COME AT ONCE.

Twenty-four hours later, John Strother—bronzed, hard-fleshed, clear-eyed, and buoyantly resolute—sat tilted back in his chair across the desk from his old producer.

"'Twas a touch of my old genius," Freiborg was saying, "that gave me the idea. And it'll be a knock-out. The girl I got for you isn't a Vanna, but she'll get by. Get by! Why—a dressmaker's dummy could get by in the part. The crowd won't look at her—they'll be looking at John Strother—the man who . . ."

"The man who was playing opposite Erlaine Vanna on the night she died," finished Strother coldly, looking his man straight in the eye.

"Er—exactly," agreed Freiborg uncomfortably. "Revival of Murder à la Mode with John Strother. Will it take? I'll say it will. It'll be a wow and then some."

It was. The announcement turned the morbid-minded town upside down. Not three weeks, but nine weeks ahead, they were sold out.

They went into rehearsal with as many of the old cast as could be scraped together. Strother was once again his purposeful, confident self. Resolutely he kept his mind off the old nightmare. Resolutely he kept it on the training of the leading woman—Nora Dix—a tall, gangling newcomer—the nearest thing to the Vanna type that the painstaking Freiborg had been able to find after a country-wide search.

THEY finished rehearsal with Strother still on the crest of his spiritual wave. He had staged his public comeback—and won his private battle too. Dix was not a stimulating actress—did not thrill him as the other had. But neither did she torture him. She seemed a simple-minded and woodenish-bodied creature, content to let him set the pace. Simple-minded and unsubtle enough, indeed, to beg him to seize her by the shoulders instead of by the throat in rehearsal; which two months ago would have made him well nigh mad with shame—but which now, in his triumphant renascence, served only to emphasize his amused confidence.

So they came to the opening night, and all the world was out front. And the big doctor and the young district attorney sat side by side in the orchestra and watched the play which the lawyer had never seen. And the audience was as uncritically enthusiastic as only New York audiences can be, and called again and again for the new leading woman, and again and again and still again for John Strother—that they might gloat over the actor who had killed a woman, and over the other woman who was daring her part.

And back stage John Strother tasted his new triumph, but did not wholly know of what it was compounded. Tasted again the heady draft of public acclaim—and gave generously from the surplusage of his new security to the untried woman who was acting with him—for indeed she was proving something of a splendid-looking stick. Almost literally she clung to him in her nervous dependence, and made him rehearse bits of dialogue in the wings, and show her for the hundredth time just how to do this, that, and the other thing.

And Strother showed her with infinite patience. And at the very last he rehearsed quickly their final scene and dropped his lingering fingers to her long white throat and looked for a short instant into this other pair of eyes—not gray-green and flat, but yet with a singular white look of terrifying reminiscence. And his widespread fingers came away reluctant and trembling and he walked quickly to his dressing room to await the call boy for the final scene.

Three times the new actress repeated the cue for Strother's last entrance. Then the curtain came down and Freiborg, putty-gray and haggard under the harsh house lights, announced the star's sudden indisposition.

And in John Strother's dressing room the robust Dr. Newcomb leaned over the body and tentatively pressed together again the widespread fingers. His face wore a look of deep thought, and he did not laugh. The young district attorney, balancing the pistol in his hand with professional detachment, was watching the doctor.

"One-man jury this time—eh, doc?" he murmured, and lighted a professionally indifferent cigarette.

THE END

Vox

It Might Have Been Arranged

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I never in my life met a movie star, but I guess a young girl, lifted up to fame, would be just about like Nanine D'Amore, in Fred MacIsaac's clever tale, "Kiss Me Again."

But the terrible way MacIsaac had his portrait painter treat Nanine, in the beginning of the story, got my back up.

It would have given me a thrill if Nanine, instead of just acting peeved, had grabbed the painter's brushes and painted a nice sunset, right on his face, for him.—*Marie N.*

We Wouldn't Want to Know You Anyway, Old Serpent-Tongue

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Now that you have gained such an enormous circulation by the policy of giving the public exactly what it wants, would it be possible for you to risk an occasional article or story not devoted to lust, adultery, murder, war, hatred of foreigners, scandal, debunking, drunkenness, and glorification of bootleggers—something without the kick of a mule in it?

Perhaps the public would like what is human, normal, and romantic if they were introduced to it in moderate doses. —*You-Wouldn't-Know-Me-Anyway.*

Aw, You Ask Him

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Just who does this big rube Earl E. Sutton think he is—the man who called himself Boatswain's Mate, First Class, and who had a letter in Vox Pop knocking Sub-Salty, a sailor?

I am on a submarine and pride myself on being a very good sailor, and I understand this ape said that there were no sailors carried on subs.

I'd just like to meet this big Bohunk face to face and let him tell me that.

He also states that the navy doesn't accept men with something adrift in their top-hamper. Ask him how he got in.—*A. A. Barrow, Mach. Mate 1c, U. S. N. (Sub-Salty II).*

Tribute

NORWOOD, OHIO—Was very much pleased with Captain Thomason's article, "Hanneken of the Marines." He sure has the low-down on that baby. I knew Hanneken personally in 1922-23 and in 1924, and I wish to say that the men whom he was directly over loved him as a brother.

My own idea is that he should be a major at least, as he rates it far more than some of the conceited officers from training school.—*An Ex-Marine.*

How Do You Look?

PANHANDLE, TEXAS—Why worry and waste time and space about the location of the table of contents—don't we all read LIBERTY from kivver to kivver anyhow? I start with the idiotorials and read everything, including the beauty talks—and you ought to see me now!—*J. D. M.*

It Don't

EL PASO, TEXAS—What's wrong with this: "And they began to be sorrowful, and to say unto him one by one, Is it I? and another said, Is it I?"

Really, old partner, don't try to make us all sing off key just because your own education was so sadly neglected that you have become attuned to such discords as "It is me," and "Ain't I?" and "It don't." I'm referring to your editorial, "The Spoken Language."

When your piano needs tuning you don't set out to change all pianos to harmonize with it, do you? No? Well, then!

Ain't I awful? Don't it make you ashamed?—*A Reader.*

She Certainly Is

KANSAS CITY, KAN.—I've heard some of your readers around here say that "Show Girl in Hollywood," by J. P. McEvoy, is too raw and vulgar. Well, Dixie may be pretty hot, but I'll have to

hand it to her for always being on her way, always speedy, always rushing somewhere, even if it's to the hot place.

You get a feeling, when you read about her, that she's on a scenic railway, or a shoot-the-chutes that's carrying her at a mile a minute, and she doesn't care where she's going. But, gosh, how she's on her way!—*R. Dennison.*

Dr. Watson Evokes Comment

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I felt that I'd been standing under a mental shower bath—stimulated!—after I'd finished John B. Watson's article, "Should a Child Have More Than One Mother?" Some child-rearing plan very similar to his will, I feel sure, be adopted eventually.—*Student of Psychology.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I differ with the views of Mr. Watson. Environment, however good, cannot redeem hereditary taints.

We need a knowledge of eugenics—the science of a better race, by inheritance.

There should be at least as much importance attached to race production as to the breeding of thoroughbred dogs and horses, for heredity determines character.—*Mrs. J. S. Crosby.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Now that the celebrated Professor Watson comes forward with a new idea for rotating children for the betterment of the human race, I have a little suggestion to make concerning the improvement of the environment surrounding the child's home life. How about rotating the husbands in these homes in Utopia?

Under these conditions wife fixations will not have a chance to develop, jealousies cannot thrive, and just as they are getting used to each other it will be time to rotate again. So life, to both, will always be full of variety, anticipation, and the thrill and mystery of the unknown.

This won't hurt the kids any, as they will always be in happy homes where discord has not had a chance to develop. And they won't be any the wiser, for they don't know their own fathers anyway.—*One Who Loves to Rotate.*

ERIE, PA.—Is Mr. Watson married? If so, he can't be very happy. Has he any children? If so, he can't love them much.

I have two fine babies and hope to have more, but would rather see them dead than passed around from one family to another.—*Mrs. Geo. E. Ziegenhine.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I don't believe Dr. Watson expected many people to fall in love with his Utopia. I believe his object was to make us think—and he succeeded.

It's not so easy. Most of us fear thought worse than death.

Hats off to John B. Watson!—*R. Davis.*

HOBART, OKLA.—Mr. Watson's article was almost pure Christian Science, for all Christian Scientists know they cannot so effectively set an example for the

Pop

children under their roof if they hold the thought that the child is theirs instead of God's.

Selflessness is true Christianity, and fear, worry, etc., block us from seeing good (God).—*G. E. Boynton.*

BLACK RIVER FALLS, WIS.—After reading that dream by John B. Watson, I want to write to you and ask if Mr. Watson has had his dream interpreted. I have had many crazy dreams myself, but never had a chance to have them printed. In the year 2929 that might be more apropos, but now it is just a dream.

I would suggest that Mr. Watson go to a psychiatrist for examination.—*C. H. James.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—There is a grain of common sense in what Dr. Watson says about a mother's love destroying her child. An uncontrolled, emotional, hysterical mother may ruin a good child's temper and bring havoc into its life.

But is Dr. Watson dealing with normal or abnormal cases? The happy home—husband, wife, and children—does not need his Utopia.—*A Happy Wife and Mother.*

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—I read John B. Watson's article, "Should a Child Have More Than One Mother?" and told my little boy, age four, that a professor said that little boys and girls were not happy.

He did a couple of handsprings, lay down and kicked his heels up in the air—which I interpret as meaning that if he felt any better he would have to go to the hospital—and left the room.—*A. R.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Mr. Watson's Utopia certainly brings the cry, "Down with the lunatic." It is perfectly all right that an infant have the privilege of changing mothers every four weeks. But what about us poor men in Utopia? Why does not lunatic Watson allow us Utopian he-men to change our wives every four weeks?

Boy, wouldn't that be the dawn of a new era!—*A Worser Lunatic Utopian.*

HUNTINGTON, IND.—I agree cordially with Dr. Watson that child training is the most important problem of the age and least mastered of all life's problems (except the Einstein Theory) by the average mother.—*A Reader.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Nothing could prove my point better than for Professor John B. Watson, behaviorist, to give birth to ten *dear* children, (if that were possible) and have them directly taken from him, never to be seen by him again.—*A Young Philosopher.*

Flatterer!

SEATTLE, WASH.—Please ask your pressman to print 2,000,001 copies of LIBERTY in the future. Both my news dealer and myself feel embarrassed if I'm tardy five minutes after the bundle is untied Saturday morning.—*Dudley Brown.*

P. S. On second thought, suggest you print another million for those who agree with me.

Go Back and Try Again

NOKOMIS, ILL.—I did my derndest to enjoy E. Ashmead-Bartlett's description of the Czar's last home as recorded in "The Ghosts of Tsarskoe-Selo," but, sufferin' gumboils, how can a person enjoy reading when he cannot pronounce half of the words?—*Me All Over.*

The Punk of Perfection?

BIG RAPIDS, MICH.—There are a few things about your magazine that I really enjoy—namely, the cover, stories, features, articles, serials, and the departments.

Outside of those it is a punk magazine.—*W. G. W.*

Oh, It Isn't So Bad

ALBANY, N. Y.—Hurrah that Viña Delmar is in LIBERTY again—this time with a serial.

I never could get enough of Viña before, so was hoping she'd give us something long.

This new serial of hers, "Kept," started out as if it's going to be good. I'll bet that Hubert finds out that the $15,000 that he sold his business for doesn't go as far as he thought it would.

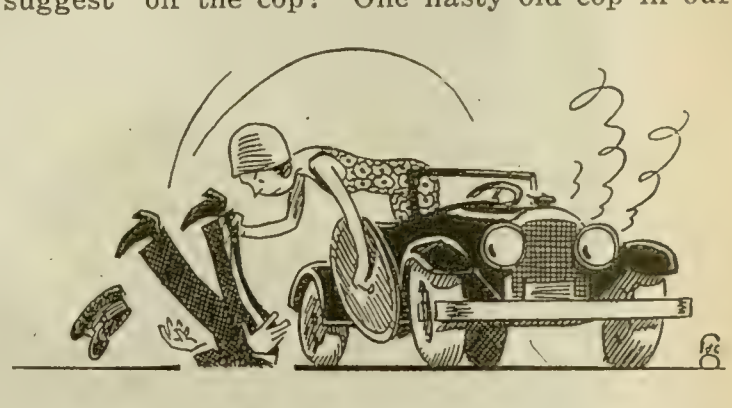
Gosh, the way he pats himself on the back about that $15,000, you'd think he knew about a fountain that spouted gold coins instead of water, or a tree that grew $100 bills instead of leaves.

From the way I myself once went through $5,000, I know that $15,000 can't be such an endless sum.—*One Who Knows.*

Why, Joan!

WEST ORANGE, N. J.—Well, I'll be a this and that if Mr. F. H. Brennan's (what part of Ireland?) story "One Night at Susie's" didn't steal the thoid prize—a crochet sponge.

Would you do me a favor and ask Mr. Brennan where Chippie Dunn dumped off the cop? One nasty old cop in our



town is always giving me tickets (not to shows, either) and I was wondering if I couldn't take him out for a "ride"; but I don't know where the deuce to dump him.

Be a sport and ask Mr. B. If I get caught, will you kindly send LIBERTY to my cell?

I'm a rather cute little girl, and I don't mean maybe.

Love—*Joan.*

P. S. That love is for Mr. B. Be sure he gets it.

Thank YOU, Sir

CHICAGO, ILL.

eighteen provinces many being understood locally over a small area only. However, in pekin, chi-li province, the official polite language of the republic mandarin is spoken and written.

Chinese characters are written top to bottom right to left.

Thank you.

Sit Mei Ssu 司美士

nigger, dinge dago, wop frog, spik kike, limey squarehead or tarheel, we would much prefer in editorial comment reference to us as chinese.

For example, it would have been better if you had said in your editorial: "A chinese of chi-li cannot at all understand a chinese from kwang-tung," etc. It is correct that several hundred dialects are spoken in china's

In your editorial LIBERTY June 22 natives of chi-li province in china are referred to as "chinamen." On the part of polite, educated, intelligent chinese gratitude will be felt in future if the almost invariably used and more courteous word chinese is employed. While your authors of fiction most entertainingly write in the more expressive colorful american argot: chinaman, chink

Go Ahead

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—In my opinion LIBERTY is the worst magazine in the world. I could write a better one with one hand tied behind me.—*Luke Warmwater.*

Picture by Clayton Knight

Believing all was clear behind him, Jimmie did what he thought was a climbing reversal of direction.

Stunting *for* Safety

How Jimmie Collins Risks His Neck to Save It

By

RICHARD CARROLL

PERHAPS the best way to introduce Jimmie Collins is to say that he is twenty-five; that he stands straight and slim; that he has dreamy blue eyes and fair complexion, and that his voice is soft, with a hint of humor in it; that he is slow of speech and a little shy, and that he lives alone in a furnished room at Garden City, Long Island; that he might be an actor although he gives more the impression of being a poet—and that actually he is among the ranking ten of America's most daring aviators. You can see his likeness on the cover. He posed as the salesman in Leslie Thrasher's picture.

Jimmie specializes in stunting. Should you happen to be a visitor at any airport where he is flying, look aloft for his ship. You will easily distinguish it from the others. You will notice an airplane rolling and twisting and turning, falling like a withered leaf, springing to life and rolling away, stalling at impossible angles, and generally behaving like some mad thing of the skies. That will be Jimmie teaching a pupil or, perhaps, having a joy ride himself.

When Jimmie first suggested to me that I take some lessons from him I laughed at him. Blandly, and with all the authority of a year's experience behind me, I

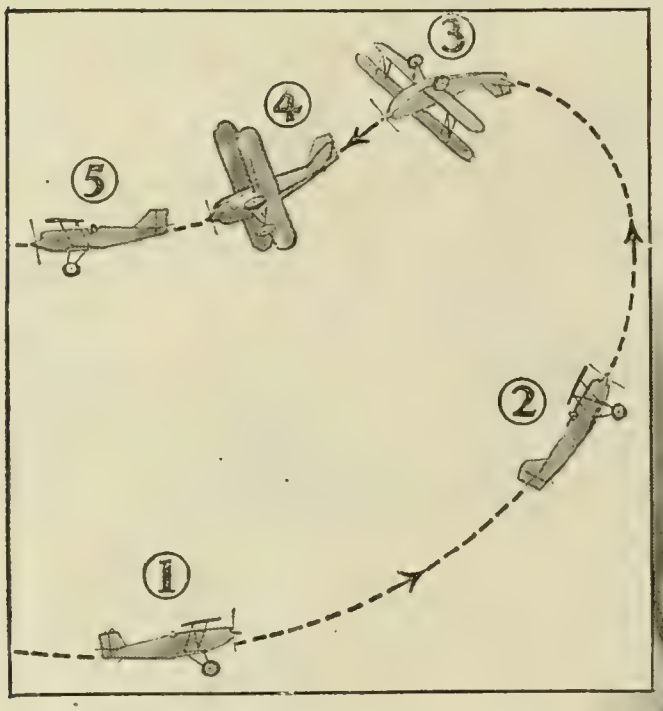
informed him that stunting was for seasoned flyers to show their skill and for novices to let severely alone. When I had put in several hundred hours in the air I would consider risking a few spins.

Jimmie looked at me and grinned.

"If you ever want to fly conservatively, first learn to stunt."

Then he launched into what was, for him, a lengthy explanation.

"More than twenty-five per cent of all serious crashes are the result of tail spins. And the pilots in the crashes are seldom veterans. The reason is simple. The veterans know instinctively what to do when a ship goes into a spin. They do not have to stop and consider if they should push this or that or the other thing. Their motion



Making the Chandelle, a zooming, sharply banked turnabout, much like the famous Immelmann.

is mechanical. And the reason is that they were trained by some instructor who took them up and put them into spins and took them out until they followed his movements automatically. It was their insurance against a crash resulting from a spin.

"DO you think they could do this if they hadn't been taught? It isn't likely. And the same thing applies to other maneuvers in the air. I did nothing up there aloft just now with my ship that certain conditions of storm or fog or rain or sleet couldn't do with it, and haven't done. But having practiced all sorts of dodges and tricks high over a safe landing field, and having extricated my ship from every conceivable position, I can be expected to do the same thing if I am forced into any dangerous position by adverse flying conditions or through my own error.

"And now," he continued, "you can see why I think it necessary that you pay less attention to take-offs and landings, and learn to get out of trouble by deliberately getting into it while you have an experienced pilot in the cockpit ahead of you. Take a tip from the army and learn acrobatics. Lindbergh did. When you have put in one hundred hours barrel rolling, spinning, looping, and generally cutting up, you'll not be bothered much by kindergarten landings."

Jimmie Collins is too good a pilot to be doubted. He has flown too long and too well not to know what he is talking about, and the fact that he seldom talks much makes his opinions doubly valuable. He went on:

Jimmie Collins, whose "daredevil" stunting turns perils into safeguards.

"It is not generally known that the first man to bank an airplane on a turn went to jail for his pains. At an air meet in Nice, France, about twenty years ago, a Russian flyer, Effinoff, decided that the best way to negotiate a curve was with one wing banked against the air to gain resistance. Previously all turns had been made with the ship held level, a sort of skidding around. Effinoff was sent to jail as a menace and for endangering a government machine.

"Needless to say, Effinoff's banked turn is the only safe turn to make. But the Russian, who had departed from the rules of flying as then known, was condemned as a stunt flyer, and stunt flyers have been more or less condemned as nutty daredevils ever since.

"But Effinoff had started something. Pilots learned that more could be done with an airplane than just sailing sedately through the air. Sometimes the wind did it for them, and the widows mourned. It was not, however, until 1913 that a Frenchman named Pégoud conceived the idea of making a loop. He wasn't sure he could stand the sensation of being upside down, so for several days he practiced suspending himself in that position in a Blériot monoplane tied to a scaffolding. Some days later he startled the world by looping the first loop in an airplane, and incidentally gaining a reputation as a reckless daredevil.

"If Pégoud were to watch the pilots of today he would realize that he had started something. With this difference: What he did was, in all likelihood, daredevil stunting pure and simple. The modern pilot stunts more than M. Pégoud ever could, but only as safety insurance.

"IT took many years and many lives to find out all the things an airplane can do in the air. Once it was thought that a student had to become an expert pilot before he could stunt with safety. Now we know that he must attempt stunting before he can pilot with safety. Stunting develops confidence in the air and does away with that tense feeling that so hampers beginners. The student grows accustomed to the unusual positions he might fall into by accident or ignorance.

"A knowledge of tail spins and stalls, both of them called stunts, is essential because when a beginner gets into serious trouble in the air he almost invariably ends up, first in a stall, then in a tail spin following the stall—and then, if he hasn't been taught how to get out, in a casket with a lily in his hand.

"In the early days of flying that happened every time. Everybody was taught to keep up a lot of speed, avoid stalls, and thus avoid the fatal spin. But still pilots fell into spins and came out—on a stretcher.

"Eddie Stinson is given credit for having been the first to get into a spin deliberately and work his way out. I don't know how true that is. Probably the first man to get out of a spin did so by accident and remembered how he did it.

"Take barrel rolling, another stunt. You saw me rolling just now and probably thought I was having a good time. Well, I was having one—practicing. Familiarity with it once saved my life. I was coming in for a landing at Cleveland airport and came down low to get wind direction. Finding I was going down wind, and being in a hurry to land, I pulled my ship, a P. W. 8, into a vertical bank to reverse direction.

"Now, the P. W. 8 has a speed wing and will stand less

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Sunburn will not spoil a minute of my vacation

The sparkling sun beats down—friendly yet treacherous . . . painful hours follow. Splash Absorbine, Jr. on the red, painful skin. You will find that it cools and soothes, instantly taking out all soreness and inflammation. The next day only a slightly deeper coat of tan is the reminder of your day's sport. . . . . Prepare yourself with a bottle today, ready to pack in your bag. With Absorbine, Jr. you can face holidays with the pleasant, satisfactory inward thought: "Sunburn will not spoil a minute of my vacation."

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Use Absorbine, Jr. full strength to draw out inflammation and bring relief on all insect bites.

Absorbine Jr.

[STUNTING FOR SAFETY
Continued from page fifty-one]

pulling around than a normal ship. In my hurry I forced it too much and she started into a power spin—in this position, the same as a barrel roll—like the crack of a whip. With less than one hundred feet altitude I was a goner if she got started right. Long practice had taught me what to do without thinking. I caught the roll before it was well started, and, without coming out of the turn, straightened up and landed.

"The list of stunts goes all the way down, from Immelmanns, which are half-loops and half-rolls combined, and chandelles, a maneuver to reverse direction and gain altitude at the same time—very handy when you find yourself flying into a mountainside in a fog, as I once did—to wing-overs, the several varieties of loop, and ordinary vertical banks. The necessity for doing any of these crops up when least expected, and all of them are first mastered best over the safe landing field of the pilot's home port."

Then Jimmie branched into a technical description of how "burble points" are reached, what constitutes the stalling point, and various other phases of flying, too difficult for me to follow and far over the heads of the uninitiated. One thing, however, he left out—or rather two: the background and native ability necessary to make the flying ace. I have noticed in all famous pilots that they began early and gave their whole lives to aviation. They talked it, dreamed it, and worked at it. They owned no clocks, kept no hours, though every minute was a flying minute, and they loved their work. That goes for every great flyer I have known, and without exception.

Jimmie himself began when he was scarcely five. He was born in Warren, Ohio, April 4, 1904. His father died when he was four. His mother, daughter of a Scotch-Irish family that had settled early in Pennsylvania, brought him up with the help of some uncles and an older sister.

JIMMIE was five when he was injured while playing with some other children near his home. As a bribe to keep him in bed his mother bought him a kite. The gift proved her undoing. Thereafter she was not to know peace around the house. Jimmie, immediately on recovery, broke his kite trying to fly it and proceeded to build one like it. Another and another followed, each improving on the last, the while the house became cluttered up with sticks, strings, paste, and papers. He pestered his relatives for dimes and nickels to buy materials.

Unlike most boys' hobbies, Jimmie's stayed with him for years. When he grew older, meanwhile having designed kites that were the admiration of the neighborhood, he was fascinated with what he learned of airplanes flying through the skies under their own power.

In 1914 he saw his first one, an old Curtiss pusher, at a fair in the village of Silver Lake, Ohio. Kites lost all interest for him and he did not rest until he had purchased a magazine describing airplanes and explaining how they flew. At the public library he found books that told him about the pioneers of the air and pictured their contraptions.

In a magazine he came across plans for a working model of an airplane. He built it. Then he tried another. Every bed in the house became a hangar for Jimmie's models. The war ended when he was fourteen, and returning War Birds, finding civil life too tame after France, came bouncing in on planes often held together only by will power. Jimmie's longing to fly a real ship grew on him. It was the era of barnstormers, those hardy flyers who first made America air-minded, and he wanted to be one of them.

Then his mother died, and his dreams came back from the skies. The family was poor—how poor the boy, tied up in his models and hopes for the future, had not realized. At sixteen he found it necessary to go out and earn his own living.

The next few years were years that Jimmie does not now like to look back upon. He found a job in a rubber factory in Akron, Ohio. The work was the veriest drudgery, and Jimmie was still dreaming of airplanes.

One break for freedom he made. During his second year he used all his savings and his two weeks' vacation building a glider. He tried it in his uncle's back yard; then, taking it to a hill near home, he ran and jumped. To his amazement he soared. Twenty feet up he decided the thing was too good and he leaped out. He landed safely in a brier patch while the glider flew into a whip stall and came down on its tail.

Gathering together the remains Jimmie started on repairs, but that night a high wind took it from its moorings and smashed it to smithereens. The next day, out of money, out of a vacation, and out of a glider, Jimmie went back to the factory, this time resolved to put aside all thoughts of flying and concentrate on working at night in the factory and attending school by day. He reserved, however, the right to buy once in a while an aviation magazine.

For three years Jimmie sweated over rubber, earning enough to pay his way and save a little for college later on. He had got as far as Akron University when he ran across an advertisement. The United States Army was willing to train aviators who could qualify in education and physical ability.

It was an incredulous Jimmie who answered the ad, and an astounded Jimmie who received a notice that he had passed and an order to report to Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas, there to receive flying instruction and pay at the rate of seventy-five dollars a month!

In the last days of March, 1924, a shy youth of twenty sidled up to a tall youth two years older and exchanged greetings. The place was Brooks Field and the youths were cadets, just arrived. The first was a pale-faced boy whose bright eyes glowed as he watched the planes on the line, the mechanics fluttering about them, and their pilots keenly observant of their work. He was soon to be one of them. He was dressed in civilian clothes, newly purchased, but little valued now when a cadet uniform was waiting.

THE older boy, also dressed in civilian clothes, presented a perfect picture of dreams come true. His fascinated gaze never left the line where the powerful ships stood waiting. One scarcely noticed that his trousers were far too short for his long frame, that his coat, buttoned tight all the way up, was much too short in the sleeves, that the straps of his high leather boots stuck out behind. The intelligence of the face offset the farmer's dress, the awkward carriage.

The younger boy greeted the older.

"My name is Collins, and I'm here to become a cadet."

For an instant the other's eyes left the ships.

"My name's Lindbergh. Guess we're both in the same class."

Thus James H. Collins and Charles A. Lindbergh met for the first time.

In the conversation that followed Jimmie learned that Lindbergh had flown more than 300 hours, but in ships that no sane man would fly today. He had come for real instruction in good ships. Jimmie had come for instruction in any kind of ship.

Of the 104 cadets who started the course with them, sixteen besides themselves were graduated from Kelly Field twelve months later. And that achievement—graduation from Kelly Field—was something to be proud of. None but the very best came through. No influence, no pull, nothing but downright flying ability of the highest kind availed there.

Upon graduation Jimmie went home for a few months, and then, with eight dollars in his pocket, took a job for two weeks as instructor to former war flyers at Wright Field. Then he received orders to report to Selfridge Field, Mount Clemens, Michigan. Here he received his first honor in aviation. He was ordered to report to the army's First Pursuit Group for six months' active duty. Here indeed was fame coming on the wing. None but the aces of the army can fly in the famous First Pursuit Group.

If there had been anything left out of his instruction at Brooks, anything at rigid Kelly Field, the First Pursuit manner of flying soon supplied it. Military flying

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Sorry ~
but I don't feel up to it"

"My legs get so tired lately—by the middle of the afternoon, there's no fun trying to play any strenuous game."

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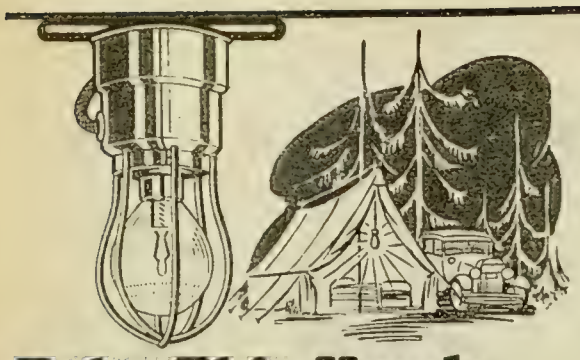

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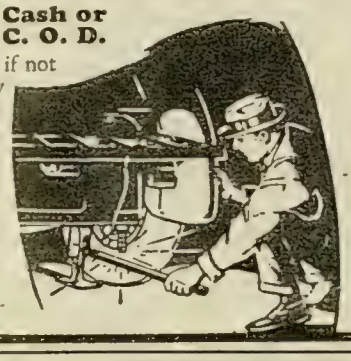

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bad boy of tennis, has some interesting views on simon-pure amateurism. Read his article in next week's issue of

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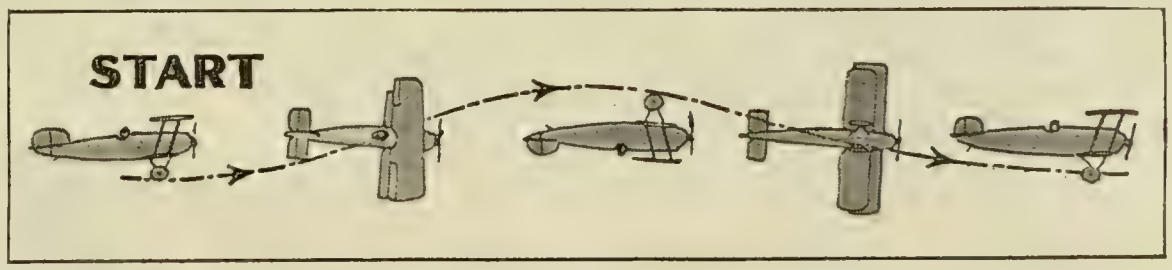
[STUNTING FOR SAFETY Continued from page fifty-three]

is the last word in aviation. And the First Pursuit was the last word in military flying.

Still there were surprises waiting for him. In October, 1925, Jimmie came on to Mitchel Field, Long Island, to watch the Pulitzer races.



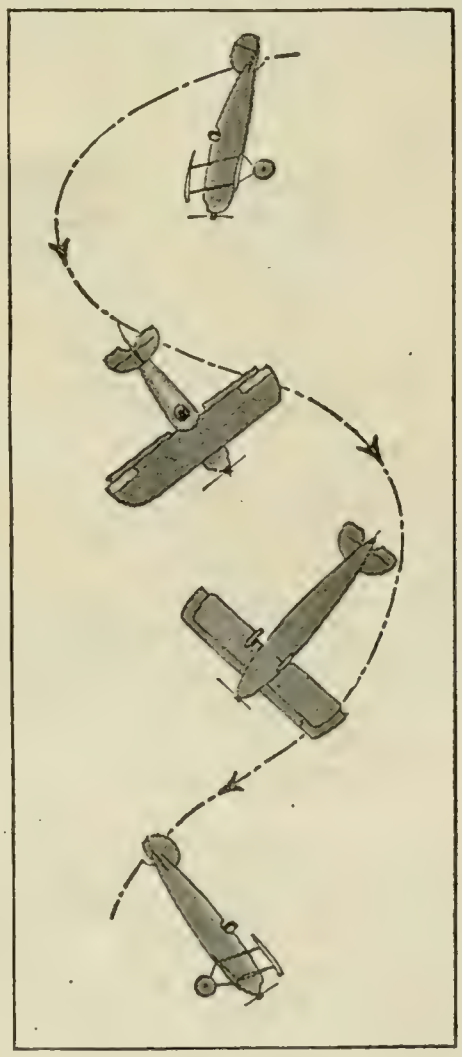
The barrel roll, familiarity with which once saved Jimmie Collins' life.

While there he saw an army pursuit ship coming into the field at the low altitude of 200 feet and flying upside down. He watched with nerves alert. Here was a crash. It had to be one by all the rules of flying. The only way out of that position that Jimmie knew was to pull back on the stick and dive as in the finish half of a loop. To dive at 200 feet was impossible. As he watched, the ship rolled over slowly and easily into normal flying position, without losing a foot of altitude, and came gracefully to earth. Jimmie rushed up to the plane and greeted the man who got out. It was Jimmie Doolittle, the army's ace of aces.

TWO days after that, Jimmie Collins was doing his own slow rolls. In his flight back to Selfridge Field he had it brought home to him for the second time that stunting, so called, was the surest way to safety. He had flown to New York in a De Havilland, carrying spare parts. He flew back in Lieutenant Russell Maughan's famous Dawn-to-Dusk plane, a small, single seat pursuit with an extra large tank which, when filled, increased to an uncomfortable degree the landing and taking-off speed.

As he proceeded westward he noticed the ground coming up in the form of mountains while the ceiling came down in the form of storm clouds. Soon he found himself sandwiched between them, skimming the mountain peaks with his wheels while his head all but touched the bottom of the clouds. Then he went completely blind. The clouds had covered the mountains.

It is a well known fact in blind flying that the ship, unless equipped with modern instruments that make blind flying possible, almost invariably moves in direct opposition to where the pilot thinks it is going. When the pilot is ready to swear that his left wing is dropped, it is almost always true that it really is his right wing. His sense of balance seems to reverse itself. That reversal of balance sense has killed many a good man.



Showing how an airplane falls into a spin.

JIMMIE knew that the tops of the trees on the mountain over which he was then flying were but a few feet under him. He hung on, hoping he would emerge into the clear. But the clouds came even lower. Not knowing what was in front, but believing all was clear behind him, he opened his throttle and did what he thought was a climbing reversal of direction, a Chandelle. He could see nothing but the cockpit of his ship. Hoping to come out where he had entered, he kept on.

He was now, as he figured it, retreating the way he had come, and the going should be clear some distance ahead of him. But still he did not come out.

He waited a little longer, then cut the gun and slowed the ship for a crash. He slowed up to a stall. He came down, down. The sky grew darker, a sign that he was nearing the bottom of the clouds. He saw black objects rushing past his wings. He knew that they were trees and that he was on the edge of the mountain, the valley stretching 2,000 feet below. He gave his ship the gun and recovered from his stalling descent. He flew down and landed in a pasture in the valley to wait until the skies cleared.

Just that situation has arisen with many a pilot and he hasn't lived to describe it. Jimmie was a stunt artist. He had practiced quick reversals so often that now he was able to do it blind and mechanically. He had verged on spins that he never

permitted to be spins, had slipped and stalled and trod the air until he knew where the ground was. After that he could get out. It was a question of stored-up skill.

Ten minutes after Jimmie had landed at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, a mail pilot landed with the report that he, too, had been caught in the same clouds as Jimmie. Both pilots had been flying over the mountains a few miles apart, neither knowing the other was there.

The mail pilot, knowing the country, had headed south to fly around the clouds.

Luck was against him, however, and he flew into thicker weather. A violent gust of wind boosted him into a thick bank of clouds and flipped him over on his back.

Flying blind, he had no means of knowing his position. He finally emerged from the clouds with one wing pointing to the ground and too close to stop and consider the best way out.

Now, most mail pilots are expert stunters. Their instinct is to do the right thing at the right time without losing a split second in deliberation. One swift glance at the ground and the pilot jerked his ship into a slow roll, one wing brushing the treetops as he recovered.

Once again, within the space of a few minutes, skill, pure flying skill and stunt training, had saved a ship and pilot.

AFTER that Jimmie decided that most airplane accidents were the result of errors on the part of the pilot and that most of these errors were due to ignorance of the stall in all its variations.

He further believed that he could acquire a closer acquaintance with the stall by stunting.

The deadly spin, he knew, was a whirling stall; the snap-barrel roll was one turn of a horizontal spin; and the half roll, half of that again, plus the last half of a loop.

All half brothers and sisters of the stall.

The Immelmann, invented by the German War Bird of that name, was the reverse of the half roll—that is, was half a loop and half a roll to effect a complete reversal of direction. Then there were the slow rolls, which, practiced enough, taught the pilot to be at home in any position, inverted or otherwise.

Jimmie practiced all these stunts without let-up, and when his time was up at Selfridge Field he reënlisted as a plain cadet in order to continue his practice.

In September, 1928, he won his commission in the army and a job as instructor at Brooks Field, where he had first learned to fly.

Recently, after instructing at various fields, he resigned from the army, having first added the last item to his bag of tricks—the notorious outside loop.

Jimmie went to work for the De-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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YOU'D be surprised to know how many regular fellows are enjoying themselves on the sandlots of America with free baseball equipment. And those same fellows are earning their own incomes week in and week out doing something they really like to do—in their spare time —in their own neighborhood.

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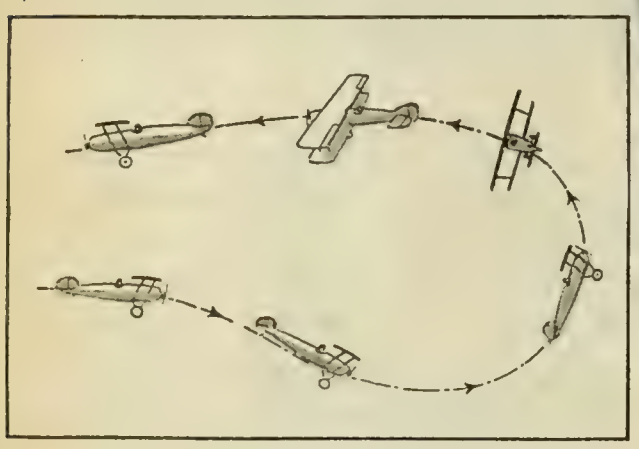
[STUNTING FOR SAFETY
Continued from page fifty-five]

partment of Commerce, and once again had it brought home to him how essential stunting was to safe flying. Taking aloft all sorts of flyers in tests for their licenses, he more than once saved their skins and his own by his intimate knowledge of what to do in an emergency. Once he permitted an applicant to fall into a spin. He had asked him to do a 360 and found the man doing a spin instead. From 2,000 feet Jimmie let him spiral until within 200 feet of the ground.

There the ship flipped into a spin and went over on its back. The man froze. Here was a place where a fraction of a second to think could not be granted. One sweeping pass at the controls and Jimmie had yanked the ship out and level, ten feet above disaster.

At another time the department sent him to Boston to investigate the crash there of a pilot who was believed to be good until he killed a passenger and injured himself. Jimmie found that the pilot had arrived over the field with a dead motor, had fallen into a spin, and had been unable to take her out. One hour of stunting practice would have taught him how to do it safely over the large airport.

As test pilot later for a large airplane company, an organization that employs no pilots for testing who are not stunt artists, Jimmie had his narrowest escape from death. The navy had ordered a new training ship and it had been delivered at Washington. Jimmie went down to test it. In testing, a plane is put through stresses and strains that never come in ordinary flying. If she stands up after a test pilot is through doing his stuff, she's safe for the whole world to fly.



How the wing-over is done.

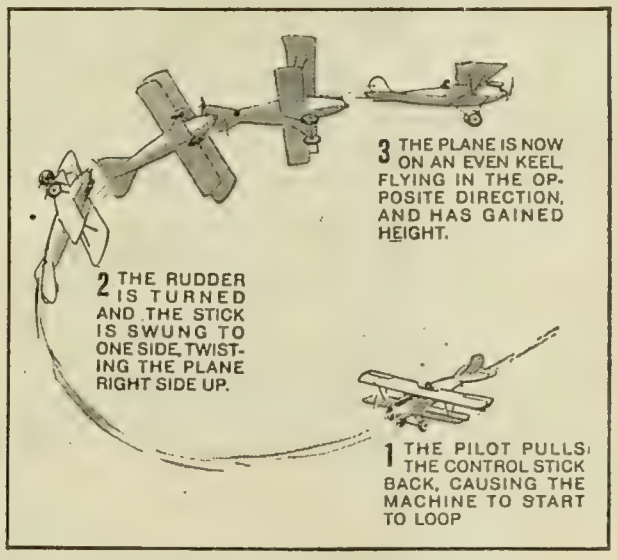
U. S. official photo

In clouds like these, a stunt may avert a crash.

JIMMIE was asked to take this ship up and dive her vertically 8,000 feet, full engine. He did. At 11,000 feet he turned her for the dive—all power on, nose straight down. She came down like a bullet. At about 7,000 feet he heard a crashing and rending and tearing. Before he quite realized what had happened, the ship had literally shattered to pieces under him. The force of the shock drove his head forward against the cockpit, knocking him clean out. Unconscious, strapped to a crazy fuselage that whirled in sickening motion toward the ground, wings gone, tail gone, he was as close to death as man can come and live.

As he fell, his brain partially cleared. The instinct of the true pilot asserted itself. Still dazed, he fumbled for his safety belt, unfastened it, felt for the ring of his parachute rip cord, then climbed to the edge of the whirling cockpit, and leaped clear.

The ship had already fallen some thousands of feet with her pilot dazed in the cockpit. As he leaped into space, Jimmie glanced over his shoulder to see in what direction the wreckage of the ship was falling. He waited—ages—then pulled the rip cord. The opening chute yanked him back into an upright position.



Making the Immelmann turn.

He looked down, heard a crash as his ship hit the ground. Below him was a bad place to land. Jimmie jerked his chute until he hovered over a plowed field. Mechanics running up found him calmly pulling in the folds of silk and pocketing his rip cord for a souvenir.

SOME weeks later he went back to Washington, took the same ship, strengthened, and put her through the same test. This time he wrote O. K. on the examination sheet.

But these, Jimmie admits, are but incidents in the life of a flyer—incidents that have this value for other flyers: by one man's skillful handling of a perilous situation in the air, another, not so skillful, learns without risk how to act in similar predicaments.

And Jimmie is careful to explain that these incidents are not met with in ordinary flying. His own job is in the risk department of aviation; he is the man who finds out trouble. The accidents he mentions are unusual. But it is the unusual that causes crashes.

Beyond all question he has personally found that the skill of a pilot is the gauge of safety. He has himself got into holes where only long practice aided him. Once he found himself in a flat spin, and upside down at that. Usually that means the end. But he got out.

He has taken training ships for the navy and spun them in the air as many as 400 turns a day for several days, all in the interest of the fellows who would come after him. If the strength of that navy ship which crashed on him in that dive had been taken for granted, Fate alone knows how many military flyers would have gone where erring pilots and poor ships go.

In conclusion, it is not to be wondered at that Jimmie Collins has made of stunting a religion. It is no daredeviltry for him, but the most important branch of flying known to him.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 32

1—Montpelier; Richmond; Olympia.
2—Rubber.
3—William Henry Harrison.
4—A mild name for something disagreeable.
5—$250,000.
6—The Ancient Mariner (Coleridge).
7—One of two watches on shipboard, from 4 to 6 and 6 to 8 P. M.
8—Finland.
9—The moon near the full at harvest time, or just after the autumnal equinox.
10—Malfeasance is the doing of an unlawful act. Misfeasance is the doing of a lawful thing in an unlawful way.
11—Iowa.
12—A device for measuring the shocks and undulatory motions of earthquakes.
13—Emilio Portes Gil.
14—Newton D. Baker.
15—Aphrodite.
16—Dwight F. Davis, formerly Secretary of War.
17—New Zealand.
18—Those which have a common center.
19—Worthless bail given by irresponsible persons who swear falsely to the ownership of property.
20—Port Said.

I'M certainly a sap about Jimmy—calling him up writing to him—why I don't know.

SHOW GIRL *in Hollywood*

A New DIXIE DUGAN Adventure

By

J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by J. H. STRIEBEL

PART SIX

MOVIELAND BLUES

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT—Dixie Dugan is in Hollywood trying to make good on an optional contract she signed in New York after Fritz Buelow, Colossal director, got her a screen test. Jimmy Doyle, her sweetheart, also is there as a scenario writer. They have had a quarrel and their love affair has had a temporary setback. Kirk King, a producer and friend of Jimmy, has been looking after Dixie. So, too, have Mickey O'Keefe, song writer, and Fritz. But, despite all the attention, Dixie, as she writes to her sister Nita, is not getting anywhere, and she's worried. His new job has Jimmy bewildered and he hasn't seen Dixie for days.

IF I only had some one to talk to—if I could just talk to somebody—just tell them the truth—but you can't—you can't tell the truth to anybody out here—everybody lying to everybody else—telling each other how important they are—how everything is breaking for them—sure I'm good—you oughta see my test—the director said to me just the other day—listen he said you're a knockout—this picture is going to make you—he wanted me to sign up a new contract right away but I said no—the hell she did she never said no to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from preceding page

anybody out here—that's how you get along—say yes—talk about yes-men you never hear of the yes-girls but they're the ones with the Minerva cars and three kinds of fur coats—I guess I could get there too if I said yes—why don't I—I don't know—I could yes Buelow and I wouldn't be walking up and down here now worrying about my contract—if they don't let me know today it means they're not going to take up my option—I'd like to be good to you says he—well why don't you—why don't he that's easy—they'd be all talking about me—she's Buelow's new girl he must have given Chiquita the air—well they talk about you anyway—if you're on the level they don't believe it or else they think you're a sap—well maybe I am a sap I'm certainly a sap about Jimmy—calling him up writing to him—why I don't know—why doesn't he see me—if I could only talk to him—if I could only talk to somebody that I didn't have to lie to—he used to be so sweet I could tell him anything and he'd say don't worry Dixie all the world is cockeyed except you and me and you ain't so bright and he'd kiss me and the hair would stand up on the back of my neck—I'm going to call him—no I won't either why should I—he's never in—he never wants to talk to me—I hope he'll know some day how it feels to telephone somebody and have it ring and ring and no answer—out with somebody else holding somebody else and kissing her—he said he'd never love anybody else—aren't men the damned liars dirty damned liars—well Jimmy isn't dirty but he's a liar—but the other men out here—cold God they're cold—sure I can do something for you but what are you going to do for me—there it is take it or leave it—give in baby—well maybe they're right—girls try to use them why shouldn't they try to get something out of it—they all want just one thing and if you don't like it you don't have to come out here—of course you didn't and you don't have to stay either—there's too many of you out here now we've got to have some way to sort you out.

Jimmy called me he's coming here oh I must get dressed I'm so happy.

I'll jump in the tub and be all ready by the time your car comes.

I THOUGHT Kirk was different—oh you did did you—yes I did—more fool you—now about your contract—yes Kirk—well it's like this the option expires tomorrow—don't I know it—you know I think you've got great possibilities but what you need is the right man behind you to help you along somebody who'd watch out for you and slip you into the right opportunities and build you up and battle for you on the lot and in the cutting rooms—I know it Kirk—of course you know I like you Dixie I think you're awfully cute and sweet I could like you a lot I could do a lot for you you know that don't you—sure Kirk I know you could—now he's going to put his arms around me and ask me if I could like him a lot too—come over closer join the party—it's coming now—couldn't you like me a lot too Dixie—of course I could—I'll yes him a while but I can see it coming—and you thought he was different—oh you did—they're all alike—now you play ball with me baby and I'll play ball with you—take real interest in you Dixie—yes you do—I thought you did—I thought you were sweet to me because you were Jimmy's friend—I thought you were going around with me because you really liked me—I like you too but my God do I have to be mauled and muzzled over by every man I go out with—I'll go for a little of that all in fun but give in baby—why should I—just to have an option renewed—you can go to hell Mr. Kirk King how do you like that—be good to you huh I'll put more coal on—at least you're not as cold blooded as Buelow Mr. King I'll say that for you—all your lunches and dinners and talks about my future but you'd think Buelow was running a butcher's shop how much for so much no checks cashed—well why not—I guess my contract is cooked and yet Mickey said they liked that bit I did—maybe they'll renew it—how do they take up options—do they wire you or telephone you—do they write you letters—if I could only get out and find out but that's out—stay home till we call you we'll let you know don't be coming out here every day stop calling us up.

Do I have to go round these studios and talk to a lot of gatemen?

A HUNDRED dollars a week—just one more check and I owe my rent—they charge enough if I was living at home I wouldn't have to pay any rent—I can remember when you could buy eggs for twelve cents a dozen—all right maw all right—but I could and calico was six cents a yard—well you can have it—you may be glad to get calico some day young lady—all right maw all right quit your nagging—there goes a swell car is that a Lincoln—it's a Lincoln—that's what I'd like I'd sit away back in one of those seats that's hard to get up out of—to the studio Simpkins—I'd go right through the gate—you can't park in here—oh Miss Dugan I beg your pardon I didn't recognize you you have a different car today—oh that's all right Joe where are they—shooting over on the back lot Miss Dugan they've been waiting for you—let 'em wait it's good for 'em Joe—that's right Miss Dugan—you'll have to go round and come through the front office Miss Swanson Miss Dugan is the only one who's allowed to drive into this lot—who is that Joe—that was Gloria Swanson Miss Dugan—you don't tell me dear dear well so long Joe—good luck Miss Dugan—a nice fellow but I can remember when he wasn't so nice—they're nice to you when you're on top on top there's plenty of room at the top yeah there's lots at the bottom too—how do you get to the top—oh a little room at the top with you—that would be a cute song—a room with a view—I'll bet there's a good view from the top—a little room with you Jimmy just a little room and I'd get up in the morning and make toast on the grill—still sleeping you lazy lummox—I didn't sleep much last night—well is that pretty—well get up and eat your toast and stop talking like that you embarrass me—that's swell coffee darling put your finger in it and sweeten it—will you stop dunking—I love to dunk with you—that would be a good song too I love to dunk with you in a little room for two a little room with a view—I wish you'd wear collar buttons that wouldn't make your neck green—that's jealousy honey—you better hurry to the office—I'm gonna stay right here and watch all day—oh you are—yes and I have dictographs all over this town all along the street I'll hear everything you say—why should you—I don't want to miss a word—don't hold me so tight—God I love you—crying again you damned fool that'll get you somewhere—well he isn't going to see you—cry your head off it might do you good—there's a damn fool for you walking up and down in a lousy little apartment

There goes a swell car is that a Lincoln — that's what I'd like.

crying your head off over somebody who won't even talk to you when you might be driving down Hollywood Boulevard in a Rolls-Royce with one of the biggest directors in the business—business it's a lousy business—well life is a lousy business just like the movies it's just a long talking movie that's all with a lot of sound and effects and love is just a big gag socko she's in love hit her in the heart with a custard pie clunk that's a laugh isn't that a wow now we cut to the chase she's after him he's after her he hides behind a tree she runs into it socko now we pan through the woods it's full of couples lying under trees climbing trees falling out of trees wham socko blooey plunk kiss kiss rockabye baby in the tree top bugles over the top bang bang kiss me I must go my country calls bang bang socko—what the hell am I talking about I ought to be writing movies they're a lot of hooey—most of them are Dixie but wait'll I get out to Hollywood darling I'll write some movies and I'll have you acting in them Dixie—will you Jimmy honest—sure I will I put you on Broadway didn't I—I'll say you did—I'll put you in the movies too I'll go out there and open Hollywood up like an oyster—I'll take mine with a little lemon Jimmy—lemon is good I got the lemon all right—well it's good for your hands makes 'em white—you'll be whiter than that baby if you don't get a job—God are they going to take up my option, do I have to go round these studios and talk to a lot of fish-eyed gatemen and casting directors—nothing doing kiddo better go over and see the Central Casting—why should I go over and see the Central Casting I was on the Colossal lot—well why didn't you stay—I thought I could do better over here—oh you did—I did—oh did you—sure I did—you did did you well it's kind of quiet here now we're changing over to sound you might try the Fox lot—I'm not shopping around—well you might try shopping baby—what do you do evenings to amuse yourself—my God are they all on the make—sure they are—well how did these other girls get there—well they had a lot of pull or they had a lot of money or they had a lot—you can beat this racket if you have enough money to hang on—oh can you—sure you can look at Sue Carol she had a lot of money back of her—well how about Lillian Gish—well she started away back when they were doing Civil War pictures with the original cast and there were only two girls on the lot and both of them were Gishes—I should of started then—you sure shoulda kid—wonder how old she is—she sure doesn't look it saw her coming out of Chryson's just the other day and she walked along Hollywood clear up to Western and had the car tag along her just a little old last year's Mercedes I'd like to have one tag around after me—here Mercy Mercy Mercy—now get off the sidewalk—is that nice—there wasn't a line in her face I looked at the corners of her eyes especially and under the chin is where they start going too—it begins to sag.

Wait a minute I'm opening the door wait a minute.

I CAN see myself sagging if I don't get some work right in the middle like an old grave—I've got a nice thin flat stomach now just a little bit round — that's fat—I have just enough there to live on for two days—they say that's why women are fatter than men in the old days they were left in the cave and they had to live on their fat until the old man came home with the bear—if the bear got him first they just lived on their fat until another man came along with a bear—sometimes it was just a bear came along and that came under the general heading of just too bad—now a girl stays in one of these little furnished apartments with a bed that goes up in the wall and the bear comes along and says hello baby how would you like to go into the movies—oh I'd just love it—wouldn't you just love it—I sure would love it—wouldn't you just—I sure would—what big teeth you have—the better to bite you my dear—wouldn't you just love to be a star—oh I'd love to be a star—and ride in a big car—sure a big big car that's right children ist das nicht ein great big car yah das ist ein great big car what big paws you've got—the better to paw you my dear—wouldn't you love to have a great big house with a big garden and swimming pool ist das nicht ein gartenhaus swimming pool gartenhaus great big car great big star on du schoenaes that means beautiful oh you beautiful doll beauty is as beauty does beauty is only skin deep that's deep enough for me the skin you love to touch—don't they though—I love the feel of your skin darling—what is this field day—that sneaky feeling that people call love that's what a lot of them call love so that's love.

Aw leave it dark nobody's coming — lie down and forget it.

I DON'T believe it—oh you don't—no I don't you're just a sentimental fool yes and I love it—you're a damn fool—I guess that's right too—you came out here from New York thinking you were going to knock 'em dead in the movies and where are you—the lights are coming out along the street my God 5:30 they're closing out there—they haven't called me they're not going to call me they're not going to take up my option oh my God what am I going to do I'll call 'em up—no that won't get me anywhere—I'll just call up and say I was out most of the day and thought maybe you might have called while I was out—they won't believe it—of course they won't believe it maybe a letter's coming to me they wrote to me that's what they did they're sending me a special delivery please God make it a special delivery—Dear Miss Dugan we have decided to take up our option under the terms of our contract as per paragraph umpty umpty umpt—please God special delivery or maybe a messenger—he'll ring the bell and I'll go to the door and say yes who is it please—a letter for Miss Dugan—for Miss Dugan eh fancy that who is it from—it's from the Colossal studios—I'm Miss Dugan I'll sign for it—just a minute here you are go buy yourself a new Ford—Dear Miss Dugan after looking again at your tests we have decided to take up our option and we are notifying you here as per umpty umpty umpt contract department—there goes that spotlight Carthay Circle Theater the Barker our screen talks sings howls hisses—you saw them now hear them—there goes that spot on the clouds isn't it funny THE TELEPHONE oh my God it's them please God it's them they're going to take me they're going to take me oh please God dear

Hello (please God)
Ish dish you Oscar dish ish Hulda Hullo Oscar
Who do you want?
Dish ish Hulda
WHO YOU
What?
Hullo Hullo Get off
Get off yourself
Who? Hullo Hullo I vant Oscar
Well take him (*bang*)

Damn the telephone damn everything damn damn double damn—what a name Oscar—imagine having a baby named Oscar little Oscar—here Oskie Oskie—sounds like a yell—Oskie wow wow skinny wow wow Hulda Hulda rah rah rah—God almighty I'm going nuts here—I'm going to call Jimmy up—Jimmy darling come over here talk to me—oh you won't—then to hell with you—no I didn't mean that Jimmy I was just joking ha ha ha see I'm laughing ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha stop that laughing you damn fool you sound like a maniac—God I wish I was—I wish I had a drink—what time is it—6 o'clock 6 o'clock oh it's 6 o'clock in the morning that's wrong let me see 3 o'clock in the morning I used to sing that with Jimmy he used to sing when he danced—what a voice—like a crow—hoarse—and he'd sing down my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page fifty-nine]

neck that's a funny feeling 3 o'clock in the morning cheek to cheek singing into my ear—it's a wonder you wouldn't shave your face it's like a file—well I did shave this morning—you mean yesterday morning—that's right it was yesterday morning this is tomorrow isn't it—I don't mind your face when it's rough Jimmy I get a kick out of it—yes you do—I'll say I do—it must be wrong to feel like this I feel so good—is everything you like wrong—everything you like to eat makes you fat—well I've got nice slim hips—you may go but this will bring you back—Fuzzy-Wuzzy—that's a mad place—and I thought when I was sitting there talking to Buelow feeling so cocky I'd come right out here and knock 'em for a loop—in the bag—in your eye in your hat—well that's a break there's still some left—I'll take it straight it jolts you quicker—I need a good sock—I wanta be socked by you just you and nobody else but you boopity boop boop I wanta be socked by you alo-o-o-one ska ska boopity boop boop some girls like to be socked I wonder what kick they get out of it—how did you get the black eye—I ran into something—now don't tell me it was a door—no he treats me pretty rough but it feels good afterward—well maybe it does—if any man ever hit me I'd cut his throat—ah you wouldn't—I guess I wouldn't at that but I'd certainly bend a chair over him—I betcha you'd let Jimmy sock you—who that big stiff—I wonder how it would feel at that—he's got strong hands with little black hairs on the backs of them—do you like hairy men honey—I don't know maybe it's a kick I don't know—have another—oh I really couldn't—oh but you must Dixie just a little one—what do you mean a little one I wanta big one whoof whoopee socko—that's all right stomach I'm not mad at you—look at the cars—don't look out the window you might fall that wouldn't be so bad right on that banana tree what a lousy looking tree you are do you ever have any bananas how do you get bananas—palm trees—you're kinda silly too—you're so damn dirty don't they ever dust you off—everything is dusty out here and dry—your skin cracks—well who gives a damn about your skin—look at all those cars and all the people here's the church and here's the steeple open the doors and there's the people but not in church they go to movies that's because they put pipe organs in 'em—now the congregation will rise and sing hymn number twenty-four that lovely old Christmas carol Yes Sir She's My Baby.

I wouldn't care if he only wrote tomato can labels.

THAT'S sacrilegious I shouldn't have said that—I oughta go to church more maybe I'd have better luck—I'd love to have a baby I'd dress it like a little doll a little boy doll with a little knitted sweater and a polo shirt and we'd go out walking—what a cute baby I didn't know you had a baby—oh yes isn't he a honey—he sure is does he look like his daddy—sure he does but he hasn't any hair on the back of his hands—oh he will have—well he'd better have—what's he going to be when he grows up—oh I'm not going to let him grow up I'm going to keep him just like this—well so long drop in and have tea with me some day I just got some swell Baccardi—oh I never drink any more it's a bad example for junior—well so long—so long see you in church—did you see that woman junior she's jealous of your mother I had to watch you all the time or she would have stolen you never take candy from a stranger and always look both ways before you cross the street and don't talk with your mouth full now for God's sake what did you do with those shoes you got the toes all scuffed and I put them on brand new yesterday I'll make you walk on your hands—baby movie star walks on his hands down Sunset Boulevard famous son of Dixie Dugan celebrated screen artiste and James Doyle world renowned dramatist novelist and playwright — world renowned that's good I wonder if he ever will be—I wouldn't care if he only wrote tomato can labels just so I could sit there and watch him maybe I could get a job posing—Miss Ketchup the Sweetheart of the tomato—hello bottle come on I'll finish you—up you go here's looking at you here's to the queen of the movies and the sweetheart of the tomato—skoal who do you think you are Greta Garbo—down you go brrrrr—gee I'm tired gee whatta lot of lights twinkle twinkle twinkle little light twinkle twinkle little star so you want to be a star oh you're a star you're a hot star Dear Miss Dugan address unknown the option on your contract has expired kicked the bucket died di-dee i-die list to me while I tell you of the Spaniard who blighted my life diddy eye die secretary take a letter Colossal Film Corporation attention Kirk King Fritz Buelow James Doyle et al and to whom it may concern go to hell very truly yours—no change that to sincerely—no put it this way—pursuant to the terms of our understanding which is as was and will be as follows to wit go to hell kindly acknowledge receipt and I remain with renewed assurances of my greatest esteem Dixie Dugan.

NO sign that Fioretta Flamboodle third assistant secretary to Miss Dugan—put down at the bottom dictated but not read—now read that back to me—that's good—yes that's very good—that's right—all right sign it and send it by airplane—carrier pigeon—how about a bicycle a bicycle built for two—wouldn't they be funny on a bicycle built for two—the Colossal Film Corporation on a bicycle built for two—take another letter James Doyle Colossal Film Corporation who do you think you are I was thinking about you this eve in passing—no I'll tell you what you do get him on the wire and then when he answers tell him I'm in conference—no when you get him on the wire I'll talk to him—Oh Jimmy honey it's so good to hear your voice oh Jimmy darling can't I see you tonight just for a few minutes I'm so blue I've got the yips Jimmy I gotta talk to you I gotta—don't hang up on me listen Jimmy darling sweetheart listen can you hear me—talk to me tell me something I'm so blue I've nobody to talk to but you—I know I went out with Kirk King but I didn't care about him—Mickey why he's just a song writer—I'm all alone out here Jimmy and nobody but you—God it's terrible Jimmy to walk up and down in a little room and look out the window and see so many people and so many cars and so many lights and not know anybody and know that somewhere out there in all those lights is your light and you're sitting there and you won't even go to the phone and call me oh darling darling wait a minute what's that—that's the bell—which bell where is it—it's the doorbell—get out of my way chair—wait a minute I'm opening the door wait a minute—oh for me—Miss Dixie Dugan yes that's me when did it come just a minute I'll give you something—here wait a minute come here come in here—there you are go buy yourself a suit of clothes and have your hair cut that's a good boy shut the door after you—oh I'm afraid to open it oh what'll I do I'll look quick at the bottom and see who it's from

WE ARE NOTIFYING YOU HEREWITH UNDER THE TERMS OF OUR AGREEMENT WE HAVE DECIDED NOT TO EXERCISE OUR OPTION ON YOUR SERVICES YOUR FINAL CHECK IS BEING SENT TO YOU SPECIAL DELIVERY TONIGHT
COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION

We are notifying you decided not exercise our option final check special delivery tonight damn you dirty dogs I hope you fry in hell sizzle and fry damn you—oh yes we are very interested in you Miss Dugan great opportunity give you a five-year contract you have great possibilities Miss Dugan we can do more for you than anybody Miss Dugan—you dirty liars you dirty stinking liars I'll send you a wire that'll burn you up I'll tell you what I think of you—that'll do you a lot of good Dixie old girl that'll get you somewhere that'll get you a job—well I don't give a damn I'll tell Buelow too the dirty dog and Kirk King the sneaky skunk—yes you will—I sure will—how about Jimmy he could have done something for you—could he—of course he could—now you'll never hear from him you'll have to

go back to New York and sneak in the back way—oh didn't you like it out in California Dixie—sure but I like little old New York better—ho ho ho—but I do—yeah that's what they all say how's Jimmy doing out there—oh he's doing all right—didn't you see him—well yes sort of—oh I see ah hah I see well if I hear of anything I'll let you know—what's Jimmy's address out there—Colossal Film Corporation—Colossal Film Colossal fake Colossal fool Colossal liars all liars well I'm going to start lying I'll be a liar—sure I love you sure I'm crazy about you gimme gimme gimme get me into the movies mister sure I'll be good to you sure—who Jimmy Doyle—oh that's all over that was just a passing fancy ha ha ha don't be silly just one of the boy friends if I never see him again it will be too soon—hello Fritzie I thought I'd give you a ring—sure—sure I'll have dinner with you why not—yes that'll be just swell I'll jump in the tub and I'll be all ready by the time your car comes I'll get rid of Kirk and come right over—oh he's been hanging round all afternoon—yes but I like you you know that—yes I know you will and I'll slay 'em in the part too—that was just written for me—bye—sure sure I love you bye bye—love you my eye—that fat neck gives me the creeps oh well what the hell turn on the light—aw leave it dark I don't want to see anything there's nothing to see nobody's coming—lie down and forget it.

HELLO phone why don't you say something—we put 'em right next to the bed miss so you don't have to get up and answer 'em—I'll lie here and look at your funny mouth open all ready to say something—talk to me say hello—you're laughing that's what you're doing—well I can laugh too ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha—crying again Dixie dry those sweet tears—they're salty Buddy they run right down into the corners of your mouth—taste good—I bet you look like a mess—well who cares—cheer up little girl you're a long time dead besides when you cry your nose gets red—Denny used to say that I wonder where he is now you're a long time dead oh I wish I was—nobody loves me nobody cares about me nobody loves me and my hands are cold—oh yes God loves you little girl and you can sit on your hands—oh He does does He well why doesn't He do something about it—shut up stop that noise ring your head off what do I care—I know you haven't taken up the option—you don't have to call me and nag me about it—I won't answer you what'ye think of that ring your fool head off—all right then if you must I'll tell you what I think I'll tell you where to head in hello . . . yes . . . yes this is Dixie Dugan . . . oh no it isn't it can't be you . . . oh Jimmy where are you . . . yes . . . yes I know they did I just got the telegram . . . of course you can talk to me about it where are you . . . of course I will . . . you come here . . . yes I'll be waiting for you . . . oh Jimmy I can't believe it . . . Jimmy . . . bye dear hurry up . . . oh he called me Jimmy called me he's coming here oh I must get dressed oh God I'm so happy oh Thank you God you do love me you do you do and I've been so bad oh please forgive me God I'm going to be so good I'm going to love you so oh God Jimmy is coming Oh . . .

And that's all for this week. But there'll be more.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Precocious Bill

Billy went with a neighbor to engage a painter. Finding he was not home, he wrote a note and tacked it on his door.

"He'll think the sheriff is going to sell him out," said Billy.—Miss Nannie Winterbothem, Cambridge, Md.

* * *

Present—One Loud-Speaker

A little girl in a theater lobby was advised by her mother to hold tightly to her hand, and the mother added:

"You might get lost and I wouldn't be able to see you."

"Well, you'd be able to hear me," was the answer.—Fred H. Kilpatrick, 242 Felton St., San Francisco, Calif.

More than Juice

There is only part of the goodness of the orange in plain orange juice. In Orange-Crush you drink all. . . . To make this most delightful beverage science has converted juicy-ripe, tree-ripened oranges into a golden drink. Taken all their tempting juice . . . all the zestful flavor of their peel . . . all the healthful goodness of the pulp . . . and recombined them with a dash of sugar, pure food color, citrus fruit acid for tang, and sparkling water to make a beverage more delicious than the fruit itself. . . . *Never confuse Orange-Crush with "pop" or any other orange drink.* Insist on it *by name.* Wholesome and refreshing.

Orange-Crush

© 1929, O. C. Co.

Sold icy-cold wherever you see the "Crushy" sign—at all fountains by the glass—at all stands and stores in the "Krinkly" bottle.

Tomatoes

By

ETHEL SOMERS

"WHAT vegetables shall I can?" is the question uppermost in the minds of many a busy housewife at this season. Experience has taught her that most vegetables are much harder to keep than are canned fruits. This is due largely to the absence of sugar sirup and fruit acid. Scientists have proved that the presence of acid helps the heat kill the bacteria. Tomatoes are very rich in acid, and so tomato mixtures when canned are more easily sterilized than other vegetables.

We confine our article on vegetable canning this year to tomato combinations. For canning the other and more difficult vegetables, as well as fruits, see Farmers' Bulletin No. 1471, to be had by writing the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.; price five cents.

The keeping quality of any canned vegetable depends on perfect sterilization and proper sealing. If the rubbers are of good quality and the jars do not leak, air-tight sealing is simple.

Perfect sterilization is a much more complicated matter. In the first place, the vegetables must be freshly picked. Tomatoes permit standing, though they, too, are better if canned at once. Any vegetable product which has stood twenty-four hours after gathering becomes rich in bacteria. Letting vegetables stand after gathering introduces an unnecessary risk in canning.

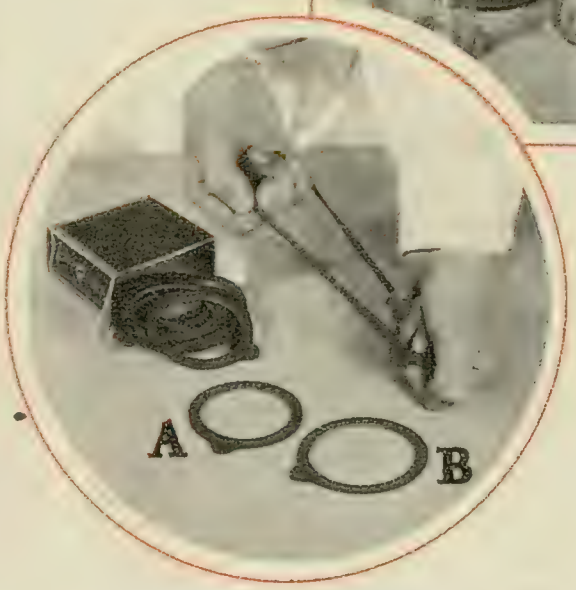
Another essential factor is cleanliness. Asparagus canning is rarely successful unless the stalks are picked free of dirt-harboring scales. Dirt always fosters bacteria.

Tomatoes are easily cleaned by blanching and completely peeling. This is another reason why they are more successfully canned.

The spotlessly clean vegetable must be packed without contamination into sterile hot jars. This must be accomplished with as little handling as possible. The sterilized cover should be lifted in place by a pair of sterilized forks. Hands, no matter how clean, are taboo. The funnel and filling ladle must be sterilized, even though the vegetables are being cold-packed.

Cold-packed vegetables are easier to keep because they are processed after packing. Canned vegetables must be quickly cooled after packing and processing. They must be stored in a cool place.

See that bargain fruit jars don't leak; often they are seconds.



Test rubbers by stretching. (A) is good; (B) should be discarded.

IF rising thermometers ever drive women to unite under the slogan No Hot Kitchens for Us, the plight of the male may not be so bad after all. For several months, at least, Ethel Somers' book of Hot Weather Recipes would delightfully avert disaster. This booklet and two other LIBERTY cookbooks cost only 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
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Canned Tomatoes

SELECT fresh, firm, yet ripe tomatoes. Blanch from one to three minutes, depending upon their ripeness, in boiling hot water. Plunge quickly into ice water, drain, core, and peel.

Cold-Pack Canning

COLD-PACKED tomatoes are placed raw in hot jars that have been made sanitary by washing, rinsing, and boiling. (Boil the empty jars five to ten minutes.) Fill the hot jars with whole, quartered, or sliced tomatoes, add one-half teaspoon of salt to each pint of tomatoes, and also one-half to one teaspoon of sugar if desired. Pack the tomatoes as tightly as possible, then pour in enough boiling water to fill the jars within one-half inch of the top. Paddle out any air bubbles with a spatula. Put a scalded jar rubber in position and loosely seal the jars. Immediately place the filled hot jars in a 300° F. oven or a pressure cooker. The jars should be placed on a rack and there should be at least two inches of space between them. Bake whole tomatoes for thirty minutes and then reduce the temperature to 250° F. for another thirty minutes. The cut tomatoes should remain in a 300° F. oven for one hour. (If more than four one-quart jars or two rows of pint jars are placed in the oven at one time, bake an extra thirty minutes.)

If a pressure cooker is used, process the packed jars fifteen minutes at ten pounds pressure (240° F.). Boiling for twenty-five minutes in water (212° F.) will also serve. Remove the jars, seal at once, turn upside down to test for leaks, and cool quickly. Wrap and store in a cool place.

Open-Kettle Canning

PLACE one-fourth of the peeled tomatoes in the bottom of a large kettle and crush. Add the remaining tomatoes, left whole, and seasonings. Use one-half teaspoon of salt to each pint of tomatoes, and, if desired, one-half to one teaspoon of sugar. Heat to boiling. Boil at least twenty-five minutes to sterilize, and with a sterilized ladle fill jars that have been boiled for twenty minutes. Seal tight at once. Invert to test for leaks, cool, wrap, and store in a cool, dry place.

Chili Sauce

- 2 onions, minced
- 12 large tomatoes, quartered
- 3 green peppers, chopped
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1½ cups brown sugar
- 1½ cups vinegar (if concentrated vinegar is used, dilute with equal part water)
- 1 ounce whole mixed pickling spices

COMBINE the ingredients, loosely tying the whole mixed pickling spices in a cheesecloth bag. Stir occasionally and simmer about one hour until thickened to the desired consistency. Can as for open-kettle tomatoes.

More Skirt, Less Waist, says Paris

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris.

THE trail of the fashionable skirt leads clearly downward. The waist ascends and becomes smaller. The silhouette finds less narrow ways of being smart. Low-down flares are numerous along the *chemïn* of chic in Paris. Fluffy ruffles fail to make the grade in smart circles. Supple, slinky satins supplant chiffons.

In these few sentences is a whole headline story of a new kind of Paris mode.

"Give us less waist and more skirt," is the demand of the *haut monde* where most styles are made. At the opening of Les Ambassadeurs in Paris the other night these new fashion trends were clearly established. This is the most brilliant of the many social events of the season, and while the setting, amid the trees of the Champs Elysées, is distinctly summery, the fashions seen look long ahead to fall.

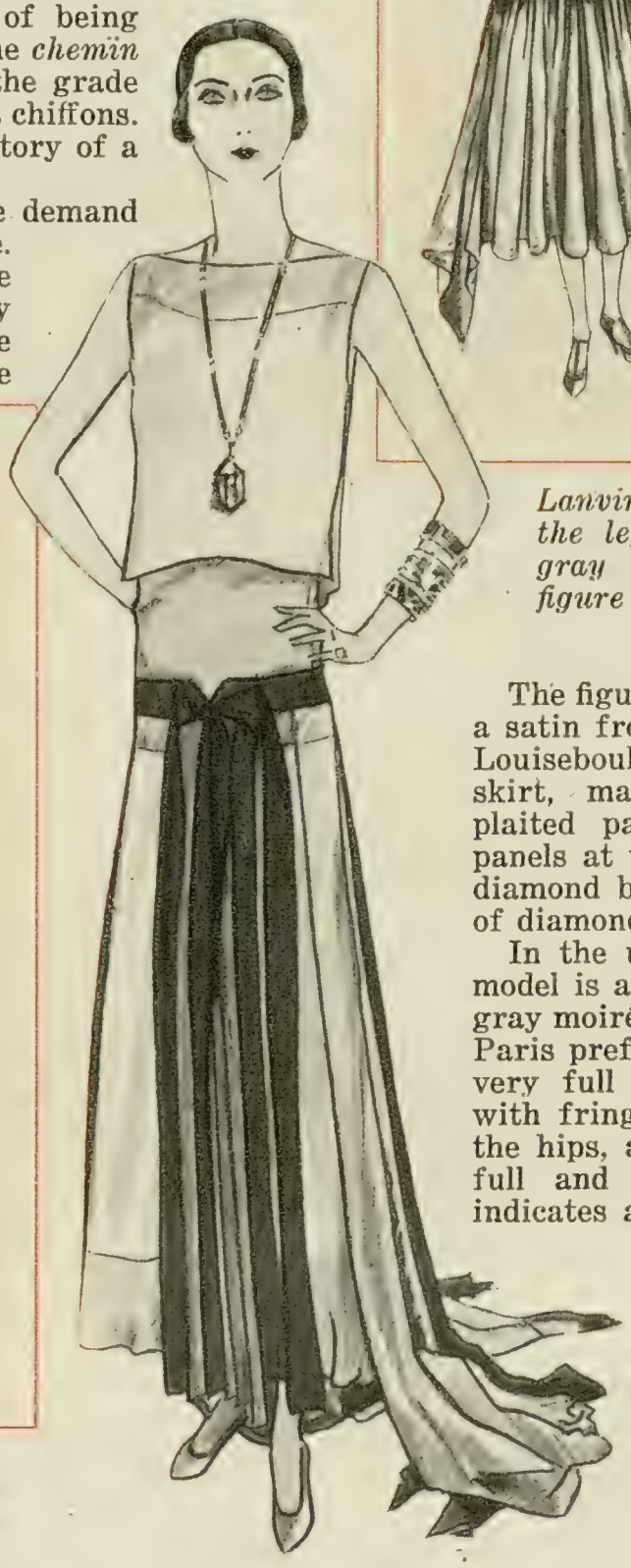
Most of the smart women were wearing satin or some such material. White, yellow, or pink satin frocks were strikingly chic, particularly those cut with the new silhouette, which has a very long flowing skirt and a simple, brief bodice. Ruffled skirts were replaced by flares, fallen to a position almost at the knees, or by long, flat fullness from the hipline. Ladies from out of town, who came in in fluffy dresses of tulle, looked as out of date as yesterday's newspaper.

While all of this pertains to new fashions making their debut in the evening, the less waist and more skirt part of it applies to all of the daytime clothes that belong in the smart set. If you insist upon allotting equal space to your waist and skirt, or if you commit the crime of letting the waist portion of your frock occupy more than half of your dress silhouette, your chic is gravely in peril or lost altogether. No matter how short you wear your skirt, all the laws of style and taste demand that it shall be longer than the waist that is its partner.

A yellow satin gown created by Louiseboulanger.

The four frocks Saalburg has sketched are four of the smartest seen at the opening of Les Ambassadeurs.

The central figure illustrates a rainbow chiffon frock from Chantal, with a skirt that trails at sides and back, made of varicolored panels in blue, yellow, green, and orange, and topped by a belt of velvet ribbon from which full-length streamer ends hang down in front. The bodice is a brief bolero of yellow chiffon.



Varicolored chiffons make this modish frock from Chantal.

Lanvin designed the model on the left, above, in pink and gray moiré; the right-hand figure shows a Chanel frock in white satin.

The figure in the small panel shows a satin frock in golden yellow, from Louiseboulanger, with a very long skirt, made ample by cartridge-plaited panels at the sides. The panels at the back are held under a diamond buckle, and the necklace is of diamonds.

In the upper panel, the left-hand model is a Lanvin dress of pink and gray moiré with the fallen flares that Paris prefers on the lower skirt. A very full ruching of the material, with fringed edges, is placed below the hips, and the skirt is extremely full and pointed. A string belt indicates a really high waistline.

The accompanying model shows a Chanel frock of white satin, with a simple, short bodice, square cut at the neck, and trimmed only by a satin bow under the right arm. The skirt, long and full at the left, has a fitted hip-line and a big bow.

* * *

The smart woman about Paris is wearing shoulder-tapping earrings of diamonds or other brilliant gems, and omitting the usual necklace, after dark—a charming touch with the evening gown.

There is a serious shrinkage in the length of evening wraps in Paris. The hipline is the dead line for draped coats made of moiré and velvet, which are supremely smart.

Wear a jewel in your not too short curling locks this summer, says Paris.

The golden glow of yellow permeates the whole of the summer evening mode in Paris.

The RED NAPOLEON

The War of the Races (1933-1936) As I Saw It

Sketched from life by John W. Thomason, Jr.

Red prisoners captured on Long Island in 1936. They typify Karakhan's Pan-Eurasian soldiery.

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

THE tide has now turned in the War of the Races as chronicled by Mr. Gibbons. The turning point, recounted in last week's installment, was the Battle of the Windward Passage, in which concealed airfields and submarine traps enabled the American navy, hopelessly inferior in surface strength, to destroy the mighty Red combination of the fleets of the Old World.

Our victorious strategy was based on information secured by Margot Denison, still at Greystones, near Salem, Massachusetts, in Karakhan's power. He has been talking grandiosely of divorcing Lin and taking a worthier consort—but meanwhile there is every indication that Margot is in the gravest peril.

The naval victory occurred on March 5 and 6, 1936, a month before the date set by Karakhan for his great spring offensive. It will be remembered that the principal theater of the war on land is the Northeast, where the lines run from Kingston, Ontario, diagonally southeastward to besieged New York City.

PART SEVENTEEN—KARAKHAN TAKES FLIGHT

OF all the events of tremendous world importance during 1936, nothing so changed the course of the war as the Battle of the Windward Passage. The enormous expeditionary forces of the Red Napoleon in the Western Hemisphere—4,000,000 men on the New England and Canadian front; 2,000,000 men occupying Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia on the Pacific Northwest front; and another army of 2,000,000 holding the Mexican front on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and occupying the rest of Central America as far south as the destroyed Panama Canal—all these far-flung forces depended for their very existence upon millions of tons of sea-borne supplies.

The destruction of the Red fleet released the victorious American navy from its long confinement in the Gulf of Mexico. Our remaining battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines steamed forth unopposed. Control of the seas passed into our hands, and with it Karakhan's vital lines of communication with his European and Asiatic bases went out of existence.

American sea forces, after pursuing and sinking or capturing the battered remnants of Brixton's mighty armada, blockaded Karakhan's base ports in the Atlantic and Pacific. The Red flag was swept off the seas. Bermuda and Trinidad, without sea defenses, surrendered and became American naval bases.

American naval demonstrations were staged off the now idle Red ports in Europe and Asia, and this show of strength was sufficient to start the internal crumbling of the enormous political machine which the Red Napoleon had built up so hurriedly to control his vast conquered territories.

During the terrific fighting of 1934 and '35, Karakhan's demands upon the man power and economic wealth of his people had been enormous. The diversion of such a tremendous amount of shipping as was required for the supply of his overseas forces had gravely affected the state of overseas commerce between the continents in his power.

Serious shortages had developed in materials and supplies not essential to war, but demanded by the millions upon millions of noncombatants. Wholesale rationing, widespread restrictions, taxations and levies for the

Sketched on the battlefield by John W. Thomason, Jr.

A Rickenbacker tank in action near Pittsfield, Mass. These swift tanks demoralized the Reds.

support of the enormous military machine, had caused just enough minor revolts to indicate that the underlying morale of the Red peoples was not what it had been.

Karakhan's failure to overcome America in one year, as he had promised, and the crushing defeat of his sea forces served to foster discontent on his home front.

NOT so, however, with his armies in the field. Proclamations printed in all languages were distributed to the yellow, brown, and black divisions, as well as to the solid white communist contingents, urging them to a greater effort and intimating that their very lives depended upon victory.

"Comrades, we are on foreign soil, far across the seas from our homes and families," one of the proclamations read. "Our sea communications behind us have been destroyed. We face the forces of race prejudice and capitalistic greed, and it will be their aim to destroy us. Our backs are to the sea, and the sea is no longer ours. Only one escape presents itself, and that is to break through the line, reach the industrial heart of America, conquer the country in the name of our great Karakhan—occupy it, and live.

"One more great effort and the last obstacle is removed. On to victory!"

American morale was mounting. The tremendous economic forces of the nation had begun to exert themselves to reach new records. Ex-President Hoover's War Industries Board had now geared up the industrial machine of the nation to a production peak exceeding anticipations.

By the distribution of superpower, industry had been so decentralized from the old congested districts that production of vital supplies continued night and day, regardless of enemy air raids.

Our armies along the fronts were no longer raw, untrained, unprepared recruits. Two years of bitter fighting, with casualties totaling over 2,000,000, was the school of experience from which came the veteran armies of 1936. Nine million Americans were under arms, and 5,000,000 of them were located on the northeastern front from Lake Ontario to Albany and down the west bank of the Hudson to New York City.

No scarcity of supplies now—no lack of equipment. It was the greatest fighting machine ever mobilized under the American flag. And now for the first time it was to have assistance from the air.

The American air fleet, which had turned the trick so nicely in the Battle of the Windward Passage, had flown north from the Caribbean the day after the crushing defeat of the Red fleet. New pilots and machines replaced the losses suffered in the sea and air fight, and Air Marshal Rumsay's forces were reorganized.

Control of the seas was ours, and now was to come the decision on the mastery of the air.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page sixty-five]

During the first half of that month of March, 1936, the opposing forces on the ground girded themselves for the coming spring drive.

The American air offensive was launched on March 17. The objective was an attack on Boston, which in addition to being Karakhan's military headquarters and principal base, was also his principal air force center. Rumsay directed the operations personally from aloft.

The flagship of the air fleet was a large, heavy-powered, light-armored observation plane. Air General De Long was in command of the Red air forces, which numbered between 6,000 and 7,000 planes.

OUR air fleet was composed of 400 squadrons of eighteen planes each, making a total air strength of 7,200 machines. It was the largest single fighting formation that ever took the air. The front flying fields for this enormous air force extended over the states of Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and parts of New York.

The fleet made its aërial assembly an hour after dawn on the morning of March 17 in the vicinity of Philadelphia. It flew straight out to sea and, once out of sight of the coast, took a northeast course.

A few hours later the American battle cloud swept in from the Atlantic and appeared over Boston. Once more the rain of death fell on the old city. Enemy anti-aircraft guns fired their barrages, but no enemy planes were in sight. Rumsay's scouts reconnoitered far inland to the north and south, but the Red airdromes were empty. This curious absence of the Red fleet was explained at 1 o'clock that afternoon when Rumsay received the following radio communication:

TREMENDOUS ENEMY AIR FORCE THOUSANDS OF PLANES OVER BUFFALO NEW YORK STOP INDUSTRIAL SECTION OF CITY IN RUINS STOP NIAGARA FALLS POWER PLANT DESTROYED ANTI AIRCRAFT DEFENSES OUT OF ACTION

From a photo-drawing by staff artists of the Illustrirte Zeitung, Leipzig, Germany

An incident of the American bombardment of Boston: Red field artillery passing the wrecked Harvard stadium.

Sketched by John W. Thomason, Jr.

Rumsay radioed immediate orders to his group commanders and the American air fleet started westward across Massachusetts. Almost at the same time the enemy cloud, having completed the destruction of Buffalo, swung eastward on its return flight. The fleets met at 4 o'clock in the afternoon in the vicinity of Albany, New York. Both were low on fuel. In the flight across Massachusetts, Rumsay had ordered every one of his planes to dispose of its bombs—thus lightening their burden.

It was a fight against time. Both fleets had been in the air between eight and ten hours and tanks were almost empty. The Red fleet was the farther from its bases, around Boston. Thousands of ground soldiers watched this great battle of the skies. Planes fell thick and fast—tumbling down out of control; many were in flames. Rumsay's orders were to fight on to the last shot and the last drop of gas. The combat covered a tremendous area and took place at all altitudes up to 21,000 feet.

Shortly after 5 o'clock a cold wind from the east came to the assistance of the battling American forces and the air combat swung westward over the battle front. Soon planes began to fall from lack of fuel. Now the battle was behind the American lines and the advantage was distinctly with Rumsay. The American air marshal generally held a line of formation to the north and to the

east of the enemy. Dusk was falling as the fight swept southward and westward across New York state.

Now both contestants began to go down. There were hundreds of crashes as the planes made forced landings in the dark. Enemy airmen, falling behind the lines, were captured by civilians and soldiers. Many whose planes landed in the country sought to escape by hiding. One yellow pilot, landing safely in a field near Cooperstown, shot a motorist, refilled his tank from the automobile, and managed to fly away in the night.

As a whole, the air combat was indecisive. But after its conclusion the advantage rested with the American forces. It was estimated that two-thirds of Karakhan's air fleet had been either shot down or forced to land without fuel behind the American lines. The American casualties, including planes destroyed by crashes and forced landings, totaled about 2,000.

Thus it was with distinct aërial superiority that the American forces opened that famous victory drive on the first day of April, 1936. It was preceded by a tremendous bombardment along the entire battle front from Lake Erie to the Harlem River.

On the second day of the artillery preparation our infantry advanced across the fields of barbed wire on the east bank of the Hudson opposite Albany. In the first day's fighting, much of it bitter hand-to-hand bayonet combats, the enemy were driven out of Waterford and Troy. Opposite Albany the advance took the direction of Nassau and was supported by the massed American artillery on the west bank of the Hudson. Night and day the enemy hinterland was subjected to a terrific rain of bombs from the air.

The new American Rickenbacker tank, with its high-speed devices, proved itself vastly superior to the enemy's Vauxhall type. The gasoline cavalry charged across fields of barbed wire, ripping up the entanglements and crashing in dugouts. The speed and independence of these land warships—which made their first appearance at this time—provided the most effective weapon of the attack.

Trench line after trench line was taken and occupied by the advancing infantry. Low-flying attack planes coöperated with the tanks.

AMERICAN losses in the first week of the advance were severe, but not out of keeping with the progress made and the obstacles overcome. In seven days our lines pushed twenty-five miles eastward and crossed the New York-Massachusetts border. The center of the line held on Williamstown on the Hoosic River, and twenty miles directly south we had occupied Pittsfield and were still pushing in. North Adams and Briggsville fell into our hands, and on the north our forces, after intensive fighting, occupied the town of Bennington.

Karakhan's efforts to apply pressure on the left flank of the American push were countered by a terrific air bombing of his infantry concentrations. Binney and I covered the battle daily from the air. Albany was now out of the range of the Red guns and we used it as a base. My dispatch plane, another amphibian, still carried the Red letter C on the green disk, marking its function, but we were no longer unarmed. The bus now carried two machine guns forward and one which I could operate from the rear. The plane in a pinch could accommodate three passengers.

On April 15 General Mullins' battling tanks had pushed through to Greenfield and Northampton on the Connecticut River, and that phase of the offensive which the historians call the Battle of the Berkshire Hills was concluded.

Karakhan made a bitter stand on the line of the Connecticut River. General Soubrev, who had been in command of the army group, was first relieved and then executed. Karakhan personally directed operations from advance headquarters in Worcester.

But the American machine was in motion. By weight of numbers, courage, determination, and the very momentum it had gained, it broke the line of the Connecticut opposite Holyoke and subjected the enemy forces in Springfield to such a downpour of heavy shells and gas that they were forced to withdraw.

OUR supremacy in the air was unchallenged. Night and day we carried the fight behind the enemy lines. Without observers in the air, Karakhan's gunners could fire from map calculations only.

And then the panic started to the south. Yellow hordes on the Harlem River opposite the ruins of Manhattan Island began to withdraw. The withdrawal at first was orderly with well-fought rear-guard actions, as the enemy dropped back from a line running from Yonkers to New Rochelle, and later on from Tarrytown and White Plains to Port Chester.

But American troops, crossing the Hudson on newly constructed pontoons, maintained continual contact with the retreating Reds, and the retreat which had started in an orderly fashion soon became disorganized. More and more stragglers dropped behind to accept capture. The roads through New Haven, Hartford, Providence, and Fall River became clogged with traffic. Hundreds of thousands of troops madly strove by all means of locomotion to reach Boston before Mullins' flank movement took the city.

The backbone of the Red strength in the Northeast had been broken. The retreat became a rout. Fifty thousand men, composing the Red forces on Long Island, surrendered by negotiation. Through Connecticut, regiments and divisions, unable to move in any direction, suffered terrific losses from the visitations of our air bombers. Unprotected above, they surrendered by spelling out the word "Surrender" in large white panels on the ground.

Worcester fell, then Fitchburg. The debacle had started.

In the midst of these tremendous events, as the American advance pushed forward on Boston, I received a code radio message from Whit Dodge, informing me that Margot had failed to meet him at his last rendezvous at Lobster Rock near Salem.

Dodge wired that his submarine was patrolling off the coast and that he had been ashore three nights in succession, but Margot had not been at the appointed place. He wired his fear that something had happened to prevent her from coming there. I communicated the information to Speed Binney, and we made a joint and immediate decision.

Picture by Harry Townsend

Night and day, American bombers carried the fight behind the enemy lines.

"I can land near Greystones," Speed said. "Know a nice little field that I can sideslip into, a quarter of a mile from the house and back from the road. Spotted it one time when Maggie and I were out walking."

We left Albany an hour before dawn and flew east.

"If that yellow devil ever lays so much as one hand on my girl," Speed said, "I'll tear his heart out."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page sixty-seven]

It was not only the fear of Karakhan that was in my mind about Margot; it was the thought of the rabble of that retreating yellow army as it plodded north to get away from American retribution. In victory or defeat, white women were still desirable spoils.

While Speed flew the plane, I busied myself cleaning and oiling the four automatics we carried for side arms. Both of us knew the hazard of being caught behind the enemy's lines, but the object at stake was worth the risk, and I believed that there was a fair chance of success in our plan to get Margot out of Greystones and escape with her in the plane.

We could see the panic-stricken masses in the streets of Boston as we flew over the city and continued up the coast toward Salem. Somewhere in these waters off shore I knew that Whit Dodge and the V-4 were keeping their vigil, and I shared also the anxiety that Dodge felt for the girl he loved.

Binney headed the plane inland from Salem, flying above the familiar road we had known during the days of our captivity and convalescence hardly two months previous.

"Just a couple of miles from here!" Speed shouted. "It ought to be about over there where that smoke is." We were above the spot in less than a minute.

"That's the lodge and the driveway, but where's the house?" I cried, and then my eyes fell upon a pile of smoking ruins.

"He's beat it!" yelled Speed, circling low over the wreckage where Karakhan had once kept his unwanted white wife and the heroic English girl.

Speed was swearing. "The yellow skunk! Burns his camp and takes it on the lam! But, God, where's Margot?" There was fear in the boy's voice. "I've got to land and find out."

"No use," I cautioned him. "The place is deserted. And if she is in the ruins, it's too late. There's only one hope now. Find Karakhan. From the thoroughness with which he has cleaned up Greystones, he is definitely in flight. But where?"

"Only one place he can be," Speed replied. "His army's rolling back, he's licked on land, and we've got the jump on him in the air. His one chance of escape is the sea."

"NOT the sea, Speed, but under the sea!" I shouted in his ear with new hope. "What a pair of saps we are! We've forgotten the Star of Asia!"

"The supersub! Of course! Margot told me about it," my pilot chimed in eagerly. "She told me Karakhan always kept it moored up the coast in a cove near Manchester. That's only ten miles from here. There's just a chance."

As we headed at full speed up the coast, I recalled in more detail the description Margot had given me of this enormous modern submarine which Karakhan had turned into a private undersea yacht. I had asked her why Dodge didn't sneak in some night and destroy it, and the girl had told me that Dodge knew all about the Star of Asia, but had avoided operations so near Greystones for fear of betraying Margot's daring work in the household of Karakhan's wife.

"No luck, chief." Speed's disappointed tones brought me back from my thoughts. "There's the cove. You can see the bottom, it's so shallow. She's not here."

"Let's put back to Long Island Sound—notify the patrol fleet to be on the lookout," I suggested.

"Too late now," said Speed sadly. "It's most probable he's on a course north for Halifax. He won't stay submerged. It's too slow. He'll travel on the surface. We might be able to spot him from the air. It's a last chance and a slim one. I want to take it."

I agreed, but reminded the boy we had been in the air a long time since leaving Albany, and I didn't think we had many hours' gas left in the tanks. His reaction to our prospect of coming down far out from land without fuel was a shrug. I read the thoughts behind his tense, drawn face. What difference if he lost his girl?

Flying northward on the Halifax course, we scanned the surface of the sea in all directions, as far as my binoculars would reach, but not only was there no trace of the Star of Asia, but no craft of any kind was in sight. With the American blockade ships patrolling farther out to sea, these waters were dangerous even to the smallest boats. Dodge's submarine was engaged in patrol duty, and I hoped that in case of fuel failure we might be picked up by an American ship.

"LOOKS like a fishing boat down there ahead of us," said Speed. I looked in that direction and saw a tiny speck of white on the surface far ahead. I kept my glasses on it as we drew nearer.

"It's an open boat," I said. "Now I can see it. It's probably a lifeboat washed overboard or drifted out to sea."

"I can see someone in it," said Speed. "We'll drop down and ask for information. Maybe they've seen what we're looking for."

As he headed down on a long glide, my glasses soon discerned the fact that there was but one person in the boat, and I was almost sure it was a woman. I told Speed so, just as he brought the amphib's bottom down on the surface and started to taxi.

The woman was standing now and waving her arms to us. When we were thirty feet away I recognized her. It was Lin Karakhan.

"Where's Margot?" Speed demanded as he slid alongside with idling motors. I reached out and, catching Lin around the waist, drew her into the plane.

"In the submarine," the distraught woman gasped. "He has her with him. He put me adrift here to die."

"How long ago?"

"Not more than an hour."

"Where are they going? Which way?" Speed questioned hastily, as he opened his throttles.

"I don't know—Halifax, I think, for fuel. And then to England."

"Hold everything and watch 'em sharp!" Speed yelled over his shoulder as we shot into the air. "We're on his trail, chief. Our luck has changed if our gas holds out." And then, to Lin. "Has he—is she—he hasn't hurt her, has he?"

"No, Speed. Not yet. But he will," the white wife of the Yellow Scourge replied. "He is beside himself with rage. I've never seen him in such a temper. He attributes his defeat on the front to betrayal."

She told me how Karakhan with a few staff officers had appeared at Greystones at dawn, had forced Lin and Margot into a closed car, ordered everybody out of the house, and blown it up. Then he had motored to Manchester, taken the women and Colonel Boyar with him aboard the Star of Asia, and put to sea.

"He fears the blockade," Lin explained, "and is running submerged most of the time, but he came up two or three times to take observations. The last time, he tore me from Margot's arms and dragged me up on deck. I was put in the small boat and left there.

"His last words, shouted to me as the sub moved off, were, 'Go back to your country of palefaced mongrel immigrants! The next consort of Karakhan of Kazan will be a woman worthy of the blood of Genghis Khan!'"

Showing how the American right flank broke through Karakhan's line.

The story of the Red Napoleon will be concluded in next week's issue.

"16 GRAND"

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE misty sky's deep-blue tent hung high above the tomato-red hangars of the Smithport Flying Field. Within a whirlwind screen of dust, planes taxied over the bumps, to rise from the far corner at the green edge of the golf club's seventeenth hole. They took off against the wind and climbed into the clouds. Elbows were poised on putters. Sunburned necks were craned uncomfortably. Were these things of winged noise mechanical bugs of the great god Automaton off on a fiendish mission against man? Or were humans really speeding aloft through the uncharted, wondrous space above the earth?

This week's cover picture.

"Aviation's come to stay," Sandy told Lil. He handed over a cone, dripping a pink spot on his new sport shoe. "I'm getting more air-conscious every second. I'm going to be the first business man in our town to have a hangar on his roof. Believe me, the day of the buggy is over. Evolution? Man dropped his tail long ago. Now he's sproutin' wings. Gimme the air!"

Goggled lunatics ran hither and yon, hopped into roaring machines, and then appeared above Lil's head.

"Use your head, Sandy," she shrieked in the din. "Don't forget you're a husband and a father. We flew from Florida to Havana. It was grand. But don't get tempted again. It's wicked to commit suicide. I think it does something to your life-insurance policies."

"Calm yourself," Sandy yelled back. "How many letters do you get by air mail? How much distance is cut between New York and Los Angeles?" He was counting the wings on a biplane.

"How do I know?" Lil was nearly crying. "Tell me how many people have fallen on telegraph poles, church spires, icebergs, and mountain peaks. You think of the ones who stay up—I think of the ones who fall. I'm a woman—that's why. Men have no sympathy. All they care about is the rush of wind in their ears!"

This rush of conversation went to Sandy's heart. A worked-up hysteria must be cured quickly. He tucked his hand under her new eighty-dollar scarf and patted her shoulder. He tactfully led her to the shining hull of a luxurious amphibian and allowed her to peek inside.

"A gull can land on water," he told her. "So can this. You could cruise along the coasts, rivers, shores, and lakes of the whole country safely. Twentieth-century air sport!"

"Care to step in?"

Did they? They turned. They opened their mouths. There stood Jimmie Collins, the famous flyer. Just the evening before Richard Carroll had told them of an article he had written about Collins for LIBERTY (you'll find it in this issue). And here was Collins in person, wandering straight into Leslie Thrasher's cover picture!

Were they excited? They hopped right into the passenger compartment and tried to feel at home. Glass windows with dreams of hills and valleys far below. Carpet. Downy cushions. Shades. Dome lights.

"I could read during the blackest storm," Lil said.

"How much?" Sandy asked as they hopped out.

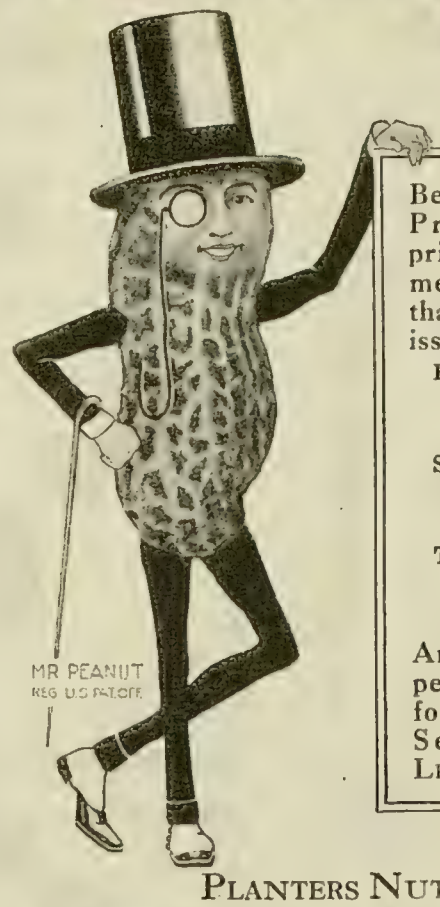
"Oh!" Lil begged. "Don't tell him!"

"Sixteen thousand without accessories," said Jimmie with a smile.

"Only sixteen grand?" Sandy grinned. "Swell bargain. Sign me up an' I'll make out a check!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Up in the Air)

Announcing the Winners



Below are listed the names of the Prize Winners in the Contest printed in a two-color advertisement for Planters Salted Peanuts that appeared in the May 4th, 1929 issue of LIBERTY.

First Prize $100.00
Miss Kathleen O'Neill
1528 E. Madison Street
Seattle, Washington

Second Prize $75.00
Robert Ehrman
530 W. 159th St.
New York City

Third Prize $50.00
Mrs. Luella B. Lyons
P. O. Box 77
Washington, Illinois

Another of these contests will appear in a two-color advertisement for Planters Salted Peanuts in the September 7th, 1929 issue of LIBERTY. Watch for it.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
U. S. A. AND CANADA

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

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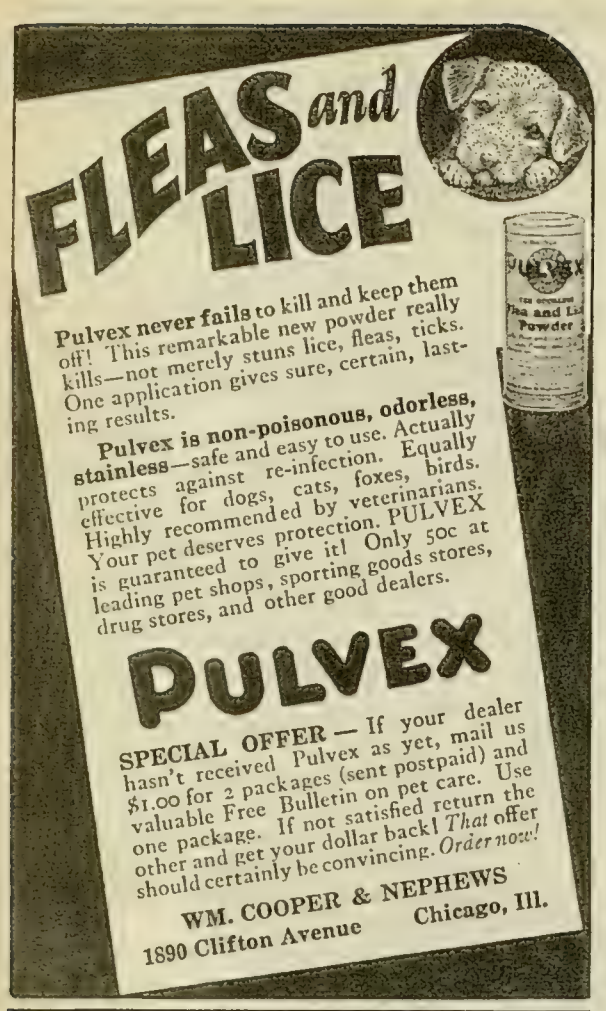
We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.



Now Youth Can Be Yours

Practice this simple preventive measure and you'll look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, nightly. Better than calomel. They cleanse the system, banish constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Capture youth. Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Heaven and Hell

The most interesting of the

Profound Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg

The renowned theologian, philosopher and scientist. 632 page book treating of the Life after Death, sent without further cost or obligation on receipt of.... **5¢**

BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

Divine Providence..... 5 cents
Divine Love and Wisdom..... 5 cents
Four Doctrines..... 5 cents

SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Inc.
Room 1241 18 East 41st St., New York

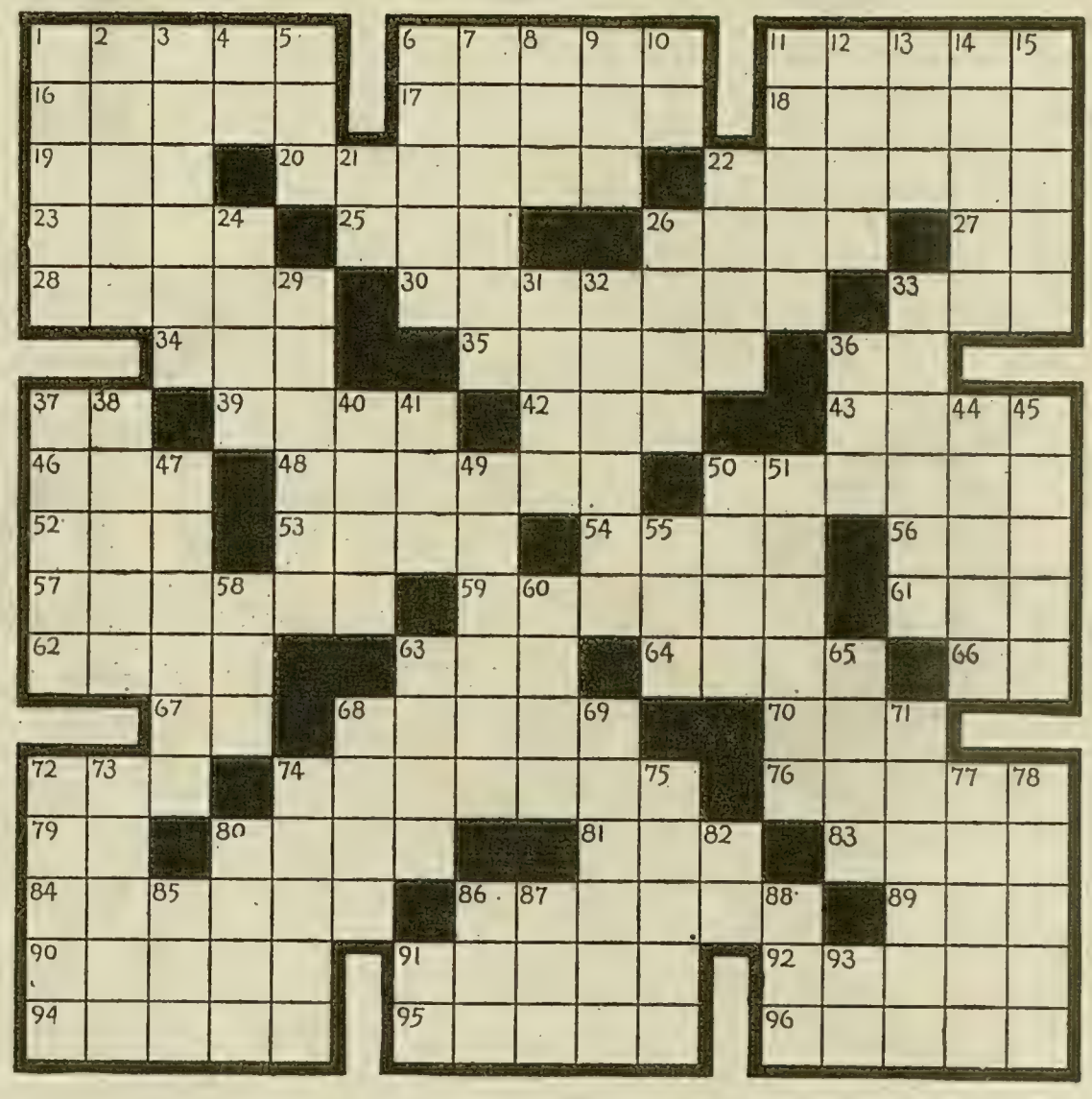
"You're playing well today!"

"My pain is gone! I took

Salicon TRADE MARK

These efficient tablets relieve pain harmlessly.

Liberty's Twin

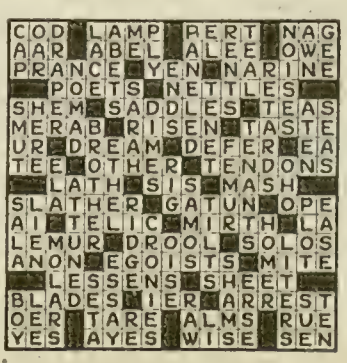


HORIZONTAL

1 Man's name
6 Wading bird
11 Garden implement
16 Love deeply
17 Exterior
18 Borders of a roof
19 Allow
20 Cautioned
22 To list
23 Appendage
25 Sunburn
26 Routine
27 Pronoun
28 Wild plums
30 Edible seeds
33 Equine animal
34 Siesta
35 Perch
36 Printer's measure
37 Postscript (initials)
39 Unsullied
42 Fitting
43 Strikes
46 Exclamations
48 Part of a skate
50 River in Brazil
52 French coin
53 Combining form: far
54 Sea bird
56 Sooner than
57 Worry
59 Fervent
61 River in Wales
62 Beverage (plural)
63 Commotion
64 Act
66 The elder (abbr.)
67 Tellurium (symbol)
68 Wheelless vehicles
70 Measure of length
72 Inclosure
74 Place of seclusion
76 Appears
79 Exist
80 One of great valor
81 In addition
83 Float aloft
84 Be off!
86 Crown
89 Portuguese coin
90 Improve; rectify
91 Pertaining to form
92 Particular direction
94 Classifies
95 Paces
96 Succinct

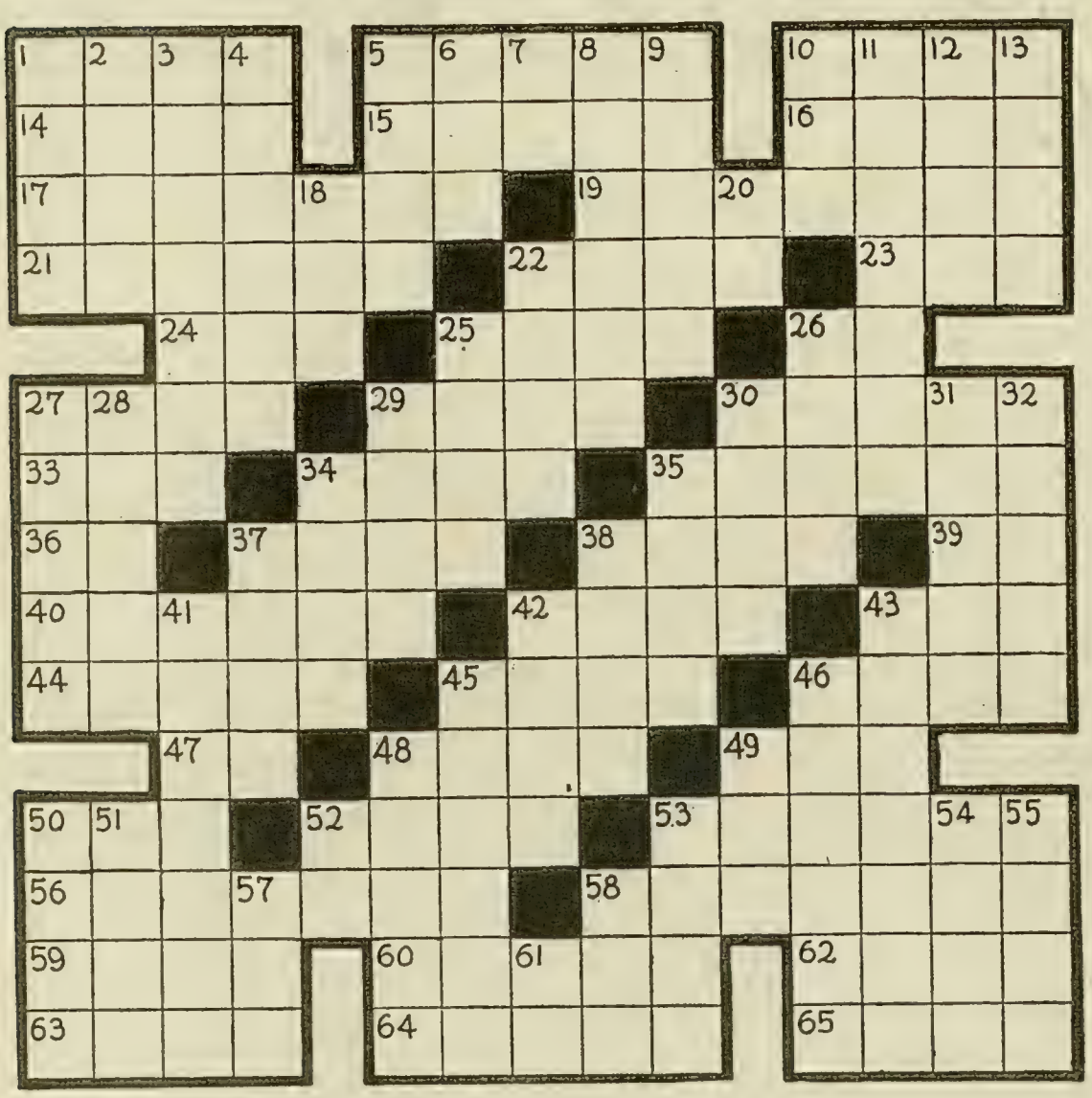
VERTICAL

1 Preserves in brine
2 Utopian
3 Liquid medicinal preparation
4 Measure of area
5 Stitch
6 A shade of red
7 A food fish
8 Devoured
9 Man's nickname
10 Adjective suffix
11 Parts of valves
12 Peel
13 Hail!
14 Considers
15 Anglo-Saxon slaves
21 By
22 Immature equine
24 Bound
26 Ascend
29 Spouts forth
31 Knot or swelling
32 Traveled
33 Confounded, as by wonder
36 Period
37 An honorary title in Turkey
38 Shallow
40 Deer (plural)
41 Measure of length
44 Darkish dots mottling the sun
45 Show contempt
47 Ground of confidence or security
49 Guide
50 Woman's name
51 Metric measures
55 A color
58 Peer Gynt's mother
60 Went horseback
63 A part in singing
65 Performs
68 Dry; withered
69 Provincial governor in ancient Persia
71 Costlier
72 Cavalryman's weapon
73 Segment or section
74 Tears
75 Implements
77 Demeanor (plural)
78 Slip
80 Sharpening device
82 Over and in contact with
85 Animal's offspring
86 Bed
87 Poem
88 Coin of Siam
91 Manuscript (abbr.)
93 Note of the scale



Answer to last week's puzzle

Puzzle Pages

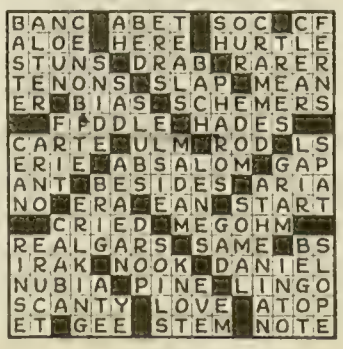


HORIZONTAL

1 A variety of friable earthy clay
5 Blockheads
10 Semiprecious mineral
14 Dark
15 A coupling for pipes, or pipes and fittings
16 Parasitic insects
17 Declare with authority
19 Any complete code of laws
21 Stellary
22 Gambling game similar to keno
23 Lump or mass of moist clay
24 A varying measure of yarn
25 Deficiency
26 Son of Nut (Egyptian mythology)
27 A fish
29 A religious service
30 Man's name
33 Purify or refine, as metals
34 Forbids
35 Guiding device in a loom
36 Arboreal animal
37 Nightfall
38 Sly artifice
39 Small fish of the carp kind
40 Blackhead
42 A public walk
43 A drudge
44 A playing card
45 Embankment in railroad construction
46 Pink or light crimson
47 Note of the scale
48 A temple
49 Thrice (music)
50 Cloth made of camel's hair
52 Lame
53 Untwists
56 To curtail
58 Water buffalo
59 Wings
60 Pertaining to the space between the eye and bill in birds
62 Injure
63 Disgruntled
64 Hogs
65 Any pile to be burnt

VERTICAL

1 Couches
2 Record of a person's death
3 Not broadly or generally
4 A dinner course
5 A tax
6 Pronoun
7 Chinese measure of distance
8 Themes or subjects
9 Slight, hasty repast
10 Long-lived
11 Mottled
12 Medieval figured silken fabric
13 Natives of a Baltic Sea republic
18 Goddess of vengeance (Greek mythology)
20 None
22 Defile
25 Slender and thin
26 Excursion on or in any conveyance
27 English unit of measure for coal and wood
28 Constellation
29 Tahitian loin cloth
30 Give for a consideration
31 Another name
32 A flock of herons
34 Invited
35 Natural elevation of land
37 Town in Hungary
38 Ridge rising above the surface of cloth
41 A region in western India
42 Aromatic plant
43 Discharging end of a mill race
45 Pale yellow
46 Patch again
48 Makes default
49 Seaman
50 Persian coin (variant)
51 Machetelike knife
52 Exclamation
53 Adventitious sound in breathing
54 Den
55 Indefinite quantity
57 Mound
58 A container
61 Japanese measure of distance



Answer to last week's puzzle

CLARA BOW

"... At least twice men who loved her have tried to kill her. Once a man attempted suicide when she broke with him. That annoyed Clara. The man who finally wins her won't have a quiet life, but he will never be bored."

A childhood marred by poverty, disaster, and loneliness . . . a success paid for by many failures . . . loves that were hectic, brief, terrific—these are some of the things that lie behind the smile of Clara Bow.

Adela Rogers St. Johns has written the story of this dynamic film star. Watch for it in next week's issue of

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

SPARE NOT THE MEASURING ROD

Circulation:

Over 2,000,000 net paid average . . . an achievement within five years, a record for all time.

Editorial Content:

Spirited not stodgy. A weekly for everybody.

The Market:

Young and young-minded people who vibrate to the new tempos of the day.

Placement:

80 per cent within the counties containing at least one city of 25,000 or more population. No other medium so intensifies in these pivots of the nation's business.

Visibility:

No buried ads.

Advertising Cost:

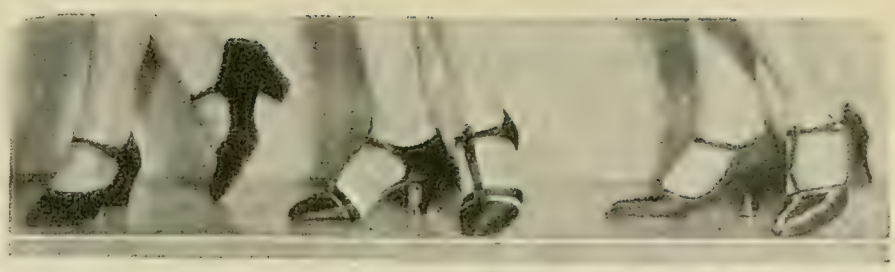
The lowest of any magazine in its competitive field . . . fairly estimated at 21.7 per cent below the average black and white page cost per thousand of the other three weeklies.

LIBERTY

A Weekly for Everybody

For 1930:

LIBERTY guarantees 2,250,000 average net paid circulation. This is an increase of a quarter of a million in circulation, but . . . there will be no increase in advertising rates. The same rates will prevail which were in effect when the circulation was 1,500,000.



Shoes for Cinderella

By Eileen Bourne

IN other days shoes might have been introduced into a beauty department with apologies. What other days we can't imagine, though, come to think of Cinderella and the horde of other devastating little shoe temptresses. No era of shoemaking ever coöperated so heartily, however, with the female instinct to strew her footpath with captive hearts.

We're not going to talk about the kind of shoes you ought to buy, because you'll buy the kind you want anyway. Besides, you have your walking shoes, tennis, afternoon, and evening shoes, and you have shoes to wear with your blue dress, your gray, and your beige.

The sale of racks to hang on the inside of closet doors indicates that it's a poor closet indeed that hasn't half a dozen pairs of shoes. Twenty or thirty pairs is no uncommon sight in circles not affected by wheat or copper declines. But you do not tell a well shod foot by the number of shoes in the closet. By the pristine freshness of two or three pairs may a girl arrive at a high standard of pretty-footedness.

For the most part, this freshness depends upon the activity with which shoe trees are inserted in shoes immediately after they are removed from feet. While the leather is warm and flexible is the time to restore the perfect shape. Walking shoes do best with foot-shaped wooden trees, while the lighter shoes may be gently reshaped with flexible trees or heart-shaped velvet pads.

No longer are well kept shoes left to lie where they may be kicked around closet floors. If you belong to the prosperous class you'll probably have one of those affluent built-in shoe closets with a drawer for each pair. On less expenditure you may have one of those efficiently neat cardboard shoe boxes with room for six or eight pairs of shoes and a top drawer for your best stockings; or there is the closet-door rack.

For your suède shoes have a stiff-bristled brush handy to remove the dust and raise the nap after every wearing. There are good creams for rejuvenating kidskin shoes and those made of reptilian leathers. It is better to buy a prepared lotion than to attempt cleaning this type of shoe with one of the raw cleaning fluids, such as gasoline.

Patent-leather shoes, it is well known, are best treated by olive or castor oil before wearing, and their polishing may be done with the same oil. For shoes made from fabrics like linen and pongee, you may use a good cleaning fluid. The straw shoes may be treated to soap and water if they do not respond to a rubbing with plain art gum. Your crêpe de chine evening slippers or colored satins will respond freshly to a good cleaning-fluid treatment if you know how to clean without leaving spots. On all fabric shoes you may try the art gum first.

The important point about shoes in our meticulous era is that their complexion must rival in freshness that other complexion which exacts such infinite care.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No. ....

City ..... State 154

It hit my mother-in-law on the dome. The old man had a horseshoe buried in it for luck.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

EXTRA!

All About the Wedding

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

At Sea.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIBERTY:

There aint goin to be no letter to Marg this week because me and Marg got married—no kiddin! Yep, we got spliced. Now that the fireworks are all over I thought maybe Id write you and give you the low down on all the details.

Well, in the first place when I got home from the Mediterranan Trip the bunch met me at the dock in a lot of swell automobiles what they hired, and most of em left in the patrol wagon. You see, Mr. Editor, they got on a bit of a bender and began swingin on the shandelier in the speakeasy where they was throwin me a batchelor dinner. They got kinder rough.

Morarity got a Strangler Lewis on the head waitor and threw him out the sixth story window. The head waitor didnt mind that so much, but he bounced so many times on his head in the alley that it gave him a splitting headache. Well, to make matters worse, my new Pappy in Law was makin a speech when the coppers walked in. Just as he was lappin up his 39th highball somebody folded a kitchen chair over his head and he went out like a radio tube.

As he was layin on the floor he was goin through a bunch of goofy motions with a piece of rye bread he had in his hand. He started pullin the carroway seeds out and tossin em over his head, all the time sayin—She loves me, she loves me not. I dont know much what happened after that because the Sargeant at the police station wouldnt let me get a word in sideways.

Anyway, Mulligan, Doyle, Sweeney, and O'Toole took me over to a ritzy Turkish Bath near the Grand Central to get me fixed up for the wedlock rackit. Listen, Mr. Editor, did you ever go to a Turkish Bath? Well, if you didnt you dont hafta go because I'll tell you all about it.

In the first place, they give you a room thats about as big as a broom closet. No foolin, if you asked a question in it you wouldnt have room to answer it. Well, after you get all nakid you go down to the showers. What showers! Its fuller gadgets like prickley heat. On the level you got to take a course in steam engineerin to work the darned things, otherwise youll come out like a six-minute egg. One twist of the wrong thing and you think youre in the Bearing Straights with the seals. Another twist and you might just as well be in a blast furnice.

The minute you get thru frying in the shower a Polock leads you into a Steam Room. What a joint! Its all

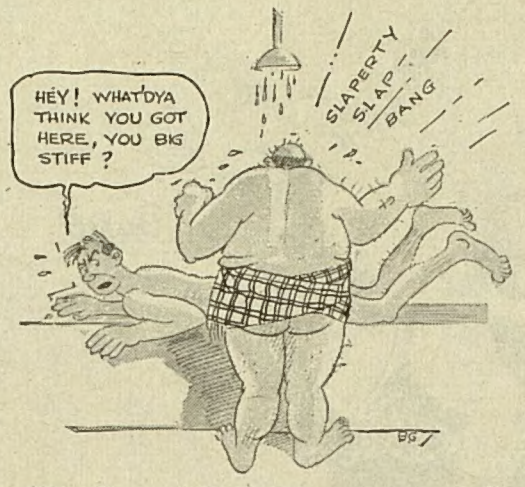
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

smoked up with steam. It feels like your lungs were goin to cave in or blow up. Fat guys are layin all around the place warmin up their tail boards to try and take the reefs out of their bellies because the wives or the Cream in the Coffee kidded em into it. What a laugh! If you could ever see some of the he meat that stands around these Turkish Baths callin themselves Sheiks! Theyd make a rhynoseros look like a rose. I never saw such shapes in my life, not even on trees. One guy in the room had a sixty-five chest that fell thru his vest. He had a pair of legs that were so big I think he put his pants on with a shovel like a shoe horn.

Well, after youve been nicely cooked in the steam room the Polock lays you on a marble ironin board and begins giving you a work-out that sounds like a Chinessee Celerbration. Slaperty-slap slap—bing—bang!!! He rolls you, and pounds you, and when he gets thru youre the color of a nice pair of fresh lungs.

The Swiss Bell Ringer what was workin on Doyle got an awful bad break. Doyle had never had a rub-down before and he no sooner got on the slab than the Swiss Bell Ringer started the slaperty-slap slap business on Doyle. Doyle grabbed him by the adams apple and tossed him over a transom into the ice cold tank. What a squark! He thought the rubber was tryin to give him the works. Honest, they aint never had a postal card from him since!



The Swiss Bell Ringer started the slaperty-slap slap business on Doyle.

Well, Mr. Editor, after you come out of the steam room youre supposed to jump in the ice tank and shrivel up like an apricot. If you dont shrivel up, the phoney doctor comes out with a thing what looks like a gin tester and screws it on your chest. He sticks the telefone in his ears and says breethe deep!

If theres nothin the matter with you he puts a worried expresshon on his pan an tells you that you better go way to his farm up in Washboard-on-the-Hudson where he can jip you about 150 bucks a week to run the pigs offer the farm. If you don't go for the rural rackit he tells you to take a course in the gym. Possibly the settin up exercises will do you good at thirty bucks a throw.

WELL, Mr. Editor, I'll give you the tip-off about the weddin. As soon as I slid in my tuck, me and the guy that stood up for me went over to Margs house. Over in one corner they had a orkastra from the fire house. Mickie McGlocklin was playin a slip horn he just got with soap rappers. Yeh, he was rehearsin his second lesson from the correspondent school. Tinhauser! Mrs. McGlocklin, his wife, was playin the family organ. Between me and you, Mr. Editor, I think the mice muster ate up some of the works.

Well, I no sooner got into the house than Margs mother rapped her arms around my neck and began kissin me all over. She got so eggsited that her upper set hopped out and one of the young kids started runnin around the house with em, and her after him. Such frolic I never seen. She was wild.

Oh, but you shoulda seen the old man. He had on a motormans coat that was big enough to throw over a hack. I think he rented it because the pants fit him loose under the neck. He was a bit lushed up over the nuptial proceedings and I was hopin that Jimmy Galligher wouldnt blow in, because when the two of em get together a fight starts.

Oh, Mr. Editor, I wish you coulda seen Marg! Gosh she was beautiful. She had on a silk slip and the hole business was covered up with moskito nettin. On her head they had *real* orange blossoms. Not the kind that youre used to drainin out of a glass, Mr. Editor Oh, no! Anyhow, she carried a big bouquet of flowers made up of gladilas, dasies, sun flowers, hilyer-tripe, hollyhoks, and water lillies all mixed in with selery. Gosh it was beautiful. I aint no Luther Burbank but when it comes to flowers I know my onions.

Well, after the orkestra found their music they began playin Lowingreens Weddin March, and we started down the isle to the head man what was goin to marry us. Marg was walkin with my new Pappy in Law to steady him, and I ankled on behind with her old lady who had on a pair of number four shoes when she shoulda had on elevens. And brother, cheap ones—what I mean. Every time she took a step it sounded like a wheel-barrow with a busted axle.

WHEN we got to the preacher he read something out of a book and then he asked for the ring. Sure, was I fussed.

I went through my pockets eighty-five times while the bunch was lafin, and all the time I had the thing in my mouth. Oh, I coulda screamed!

Well, anyway, after the weddin the preacher grabbed Marg and kissed her, and right away it looked like a bargain sale in Woolworths. For a minit I thought there was goin to be a fight, but the best man told me it was the custom to kiss the bride.

Oh, I forgot to tell you about Mrs. Donovan, who had been lookin forward to the weddin for six weeks. She seen an ad in a paper up in Mootch Chunk—heres what the ad said:

GET RID OF THOSE TEETH!!!

10 Teeth Extracted Absolutely Without Pain—$2.50.

Have your teeth out whether they pain you or not. They lead to bodily disorders, causing Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, Falling Arches, Neuralgia, Dandruff, Indigestion, Hangnails, Loss of Eyesight, Intestinal Indigestion, Bunions and all manner of leaky valves.

This is your opportunity! *Today only!!* $2.50

PAYNE & HOWE—Dentists—217 Squark St.

Well, she went up and had her dishes out, and to make it worse she sent to Chicago to a male-order house for a Non-Breakable Flesh Colored Plate, and they mailed her a number 6 instead of a number 9 and the poor woman showed up with no tusks.

Gosh, it was terrible! She sounded like a loose pair of rubbers when she talked. (Well, thats life, easy come, easy go!)

Oh, yes! Another thing happened, Mr. Editor. You know when the bride is leavin shes supposed to throw away the bouquet and whoever it hits there supposed to get married next. Well, it hit my mother-in-law on the dome.

You see the old man had a horseshoe buried in it for luck. Boy, what a riot when we left the house!

Well, I got to go now Mr. Editor. Marg is callin me! We're on our funnymoon. We're on board the S. S. Virginia of the Panama Pacific Line. Dont tell nobody. I'll write you about our trip through the canal. Shes got a bug in her scull she'd like to see Hollywood, but I suspect somethin.

I'll give you the tip-off from Havana.

Yours,
Lock, stock, and barrel,
MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Please find out if her old man is out of the hospital yet? He met Jimmy Galligher at the weddin!!

Mike will have more to tell in an early issue.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 41

The horse has only one ear, and his checkrein is not connected with the girth.

Because of obstructions in the hoop the equestrienne could not jump through it.

The tent pole is in the horse's path.

Nails on the elephant's feet are misplaced.

The audience is not facing the ring.

The ringmaster's boots are not mates.

Lovely pearls that gleam and glisten are yours to possess when cloudy film is removed from lovely teeth.

The Film that discolors the whitest teeth

Are your teeth dull, lustreless? Are you prone to tooth and gum disorders? Then remove film this scientific way.

(Send coupon for free 10-day supply)

THE misfortune of cloudy, unattractive teeth might be accepted if nature were to blame. But dull teeth and pale gums softened by disease are not natural conditions.

In a startling number of cases dental science now traces the chief cause of discolored teeth and serious tooth and gum disorders to a film that forms. When it is removed a marvelous change takes place. Teeth become dazzling white and are less subject to decay. Gums grow firmer and regain their rose-like color. By all means test its powers for 10 days free.

Film—its dangers

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dreaded coating — film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—thus invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

How the new way removes film

Brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now the world of science produces a special film-removing agent. First it curdles film. Then light brushing easily removes it.

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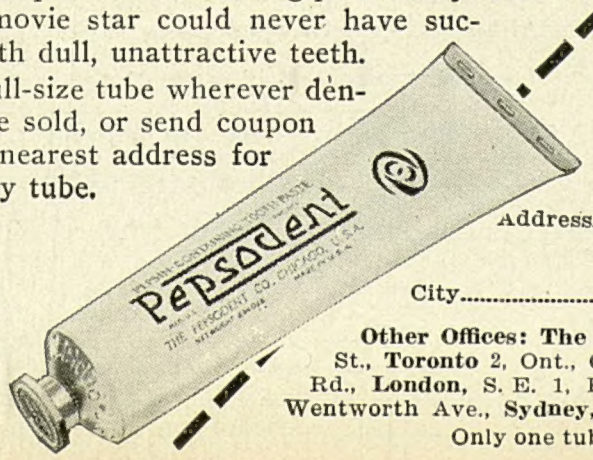

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To Mrs. B.P.L. of Seattle who complained that I didn't name the 72 skin-specialists* who tested and approved Camay for delicate complexions

JUST the other day you wrote me that you read one of my Camay articles in your *Delineator*. You said you were interested to know that 72 eminent American skin specialists had approved Camay. But you objected that I didn't tell you *who* they were and *what* they actually said about Camay. So I'm going to tell you! Not their names, for each one is a physician of highest standing in his profession, and reputable physicians are not publicity seekers. They are *scientists*, to whom one goes for professional—and confidential—advice.

But I *can* tell you about them—enough to assure you that they are *leading* men in their special province—dermatology, the study of the skin. Many of them head the departments of dermatology in our largest universities.

"My family joins me in approving Camay"

And I *can* tell you exactly what they said—as long as my space holds out! I'll start off with a comment from a Professor Emeritus of Dermatology in a great New England university:

"My family joins me in approving Camay Soap. It has a dainty, attractive scent, and its free lathering qualities make it an agreeable and satisfactory soap."

Another authority, who is professor of dermatology in another great Eastern university and one of the foremost skin specialists in New York City says: "I used Camay myself and sent a cake to a daughter whose skin has always been rather irritable. All the members of my family who have tried Camay like it very much indeed."

No other complexion soap in history has received credentials from the Nation's highest authorities on skin care.

But, dear Mrs. L., my own complexion had already told me Camay was a wonderful soap.

Before I had been cleansing my face with Camay's soft smooth lather more than a week I realized that Camay, more than anything I had ever found, was helping me keep my skin fresh and clear.

So, when these important medical men found out by *scientific tests and experiments* exactly what I had discovered in my own bathroom, I was naturally much pleased with myself!

Helen Chase

Face your world with loveliness is a booklet of advice from America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Edited by a former president of the American Medical Association. It will be mailed free if you write to Miss Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-79 509 Fifth Avenue, New York.

*CERTIFICATION—"I have personally examined the signed comments from 72 eminent dermatologists of America who approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this page."

W. Allen Pusey M. D.

(Dr. Pusey is a former president of the American Medical Association; editor of The Archives of Dermatology, and Professor Emeritus of Dermatology at the University of Illinois.)

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